

BATTLE COMING WHICH WILL SHOCK WORLD

Awful Crime in Wisconsin Cottage

MRS. CHENEY AND FIVE OTHERS SLAIN IN FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT BUNGALOW

NEGRO HELPER KILLS FAMILY WITH HATCHET

Architect, in Chicago, Years of Crime and Goes to Scene.

SLAYER CAPTURED

A Barbados negro with a handaxe yesterday added the final crimson chapter to the free love romance of Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect and his soulmate, Mrs. M. Cheney—who since her marriage from Mr. Cheney had adopted her own name, Mamah Borthwick.

The negro, maddened perhaps by the charge of himself and his wife as housemaid, locked the doors of the beautiful Wright bungalow which overlooks the Wisconsin river at Spring Green, and with his hatchet, killed her two children and her husband's six employees at luncheon. Mr. Wright was in the bungalow.

The negro then poured a flood of gasoline about the place and tossed a match in the stream. As fire raced through the house the negro stood at a point of vantage guarding a door and a window. By one as they leaped from the burning structure. Mamah Borthwick was the first to die. Her two innocent little children followed.

All the negro killed six and inflicted serious wounds on three others. His wife was admitted to run away unhurt. He then ran into the basement of the burning building and climbed into the kitchen furnace, which was protected from the fire by iron and brick and stone. It is believed he hoped to crawl out after the search had been abandoned during the night and seek safety.

Lynching Threatened.

After the roused countryside conducted a three hour search of the neighborhood with bloodhounds, some thought to look into the furnace. They pulled the negro forth, he feigning unconsciousness. He was bundled into an automobile and whisked to Dodgeville, eighteen miles away.

Sheriff J. T. Williams and his deputies with drawn weapons stood off a crowd of racing ropes, who pursued in three automobiles and vowed they would hang the negro and lynching him.

On Nov. 7, 1909, THE TRIBUNE first drew to the public the story of the "spiritual" of Frank Lloyd Wright to Mamah Borthwick. The home of the architect and his wife, the bungalow of Edwin H. Cheney, electrical engineer, adjoined each other on Oak Park.

Leave Their Homes.

Mr. Wright left his wife and two sons. Mrs. Cheney deserted her husband, a son and a daughter. After a year in Germany and Japan the elopers started everybody returning to Chicago, and Wright chose the wild beautiful place overlooking the Wisconsin river as the home for himself and his "spiritual mate."

Mr. Cheney divorced his wife. She took her maiden name, Mamah Borthwick. She took custody of her children, John, who is 9, and Martha, 11 years old. Mrs. Wright declined to grant the architect divorce, maintaining she loved him and never or later he would return to his right mind.

Asks Vogelung for Cook.

Three months ago Wright, who was building the Midway Gardens, told John Vogelung, the restaurateur, that he needed a cook and butler. Vogelung recommended Julian Carlson, a negro,



MAMAH BORTHWICK

Bungalow Murder Victims.

THE DEAD.
MAMAH BORTHWICK CHENEY.

JOHN BORTHWICK CHENEY, 10 years old, her son.

MARTHA CHENEY, 11 years old, her daughter.

EMIL BRODELLE, 30 years old, draftsman employed by Wright; lived at 3519 Clark street, Milwaukee.

THOMAS BRUNKER, 60 years old, farm laborer.

EMIL WESTON, 13 years old, chore boy.

THE INJURED.
WILLIAM WESTON, 40 years old, carpenter employed on farm; cuts on head and shoulder.

HERBERT FRITZ, 20 years old, of 3915 Gladys avenue, Chicago; draftsman employed by Wright; deep cut in scalp.

DAVID LINDBLUM, 55 years old, gardener; wounds on body.

his hatchet and dashed to the porch where Mrs. Borthwick and her two children were sitting. He cleft the woman's skull with a clean blow. He turned and hit little John. The child died in his chair, where his charred body was found later. Martha, who was a year older than her brother, apparently was running when the negro struck her. She was found lying in the broad open court that is a part of the interior of the house. The blow from the hatchet had killed her.

The negro saw them seated. Then he slipped quietly without and fastened all doors and windows. He then drew some buckets of gasoline from a barrel Wright kept for his automobile and splashed it about the front part of the house. Apparently he wanted his wife to run.

The servant threw a match into the furnace and closed the door from the outside. Then he took a stand at the

northeast corner of the house, overlooking doors and windows.

Weston Breaks Door.

William Weston broke down the door just as Fritz hurried himself through a window of the living room and rolled down the hill to the creek. The negro dashed at Weston and chopped at his head as the carpenter thrust it out the door. The butler then pulled the carpenter out of the way and brained Tom Brunker as he followed Weston.

Ernest Weston, the carpenter's 13 year old son, who was being taught draftsmanship by Wright, was the next one. He then dashed around to the living room window in time to catch David Lindblum, who was both burned and cut.

Story of Survivor.

"I was eating in the small dining room off the kitchen with the other men," said Fritz. "The room, I should say, was about 12x12 feet in size. There were two doors, one leading to the kitchen and the other opening into the court. We had just been served by Carlson and he had left the room when we noticed something flowing under the screen door from the court. We thought it was nothing but soap suds spilled outside.

"The liquid ran under my chair, and I noticed the odor of gasoline. Just as I was about to remark the fact a streak of flame shot under my chair, and it looked like the whole side of the room was on fire. All of us jumped up, and I first noticed that my clothing was on fire. The window was nearer to me than the other door and so I jumped through it, intending to run down the hill to the creek and roll in it.

"It may be that the other door was locked. I don't know. I didn't think to try it. My first thought was to save myself. The window was only about half a foot from the floor and three feet wide, and it was the quickest way out.

Arm Broken by Fall.

"I plunged through and landed on the rocks outside. My arm was broken by the fall, and the flames had eaten through my clothing and were burning me. I rolled over and over down the hill toward the creek, but stopped about half way. The fire in my clothes was out by that time, and I scrambled to my feet and was about

(Continued on page 6, column 1.)

PACKERS MAY BE INDICTED IN PRICE WAR

Federal Grand Jury to Turn Fire on Big Concerns Again.

CHARGE CONSPIRACY

The government for the third time is going after the big stock yards packing corporations. This time they will be investigated on complaints that they are engaged in a criminal conspiracy to boost the price of meat under the pretext of security occasioned by the European war.

District Attorney James H. Wilkerson is in charge of the investigation. It will begin tomorrow morning before the federal grand jury. Officials of the department of justice in Washington, Tim Tamm learned last night, have divided the food price investigation. The meat inquiry is to be centered in Chicago, with particular emphasis on the boosting of the price of beef during the last two weeks.

Conspiracy to Be Charged.

Investigation of sugar prices will be centered in New York and the federal prosecutor at Minneapolis, it is understood, will take charge of the inquiry into the reasons for the raise in the price of flour.

The government's inquiry all along the line will be prosecuted on the theory that the conspiracy section of the Sherman anti-trust law has been violated in the boosting of prices. Special agents of the department of justice have been at work for several days gathering evidence of the price boosting of beef.

So strong is this evidence, it is said, that the grand jury inquiry promises to be short and sharp.

Wilkerson to Stay on Job.

President Wilson and Attorney General McReynolds are back of the investigation. It is understood that on account of the food inquiry and other big cases pending, such as the Lorimer-Munday bank investigation and the Daddie O'Connor case, no action will be taken on Mr. Wilkerson's resignation for some time, according to Washington officials.

District Attorney Wilkerson and his assistants, it is understood, are in possession of complaints showing that the packers have boosted prices of beef during the last ten days to a figure giving them enormous profits. Their usual margin of profit of about 1 cent, according to the government's information, was increased more than 8 cents.

Indictments Are Expected.

Should this be verified by the grand jury indictments are certain to follow. Such a boost in the price of beef would net the packers several million dollars, which the American consumer would have to pay because of a desire on the part of the beef barons to take advantage of the war situation.

Government investigators, it is said, found that the packers' three weeks' supply of beef in coolers, bought at a low price prior to the coming of the war scare, had been raised arbitrarily to a high level without regard to market conditions. The government's information is that the rates in prices were made by concerted action, practically all done in one day and at the same instant.

Big Chicago Firms Involved.

The packers whose acts are under federal scrutiny are Armour & Co., Swift & Co., Morris & Co., Cudahy Packing company, and Schwarzschild & Sulzberger, known as the "Big Five." Officials and employees of these concerns will be subpoenaed as witnesses before the grand jury tomorrow and for several days this week.

(Continued on page 6, column 1.)

LATEST WAR BULLETINS.

COPENHAGEN, via London, Aug. 16.—According to a special message from Berlin twenty-three Russian generals and admirals, including the former commander in chief of the Black sea fleet, have been interned by the German authorities.

GENEVA, Aug. 15.—A request from Austria for permission to pass four army corps through Italy to mass on the Swiss and French frontiers has been received with stupefaction. The Swiss and Italians say that not a single Austrian will enter Italy and not a single Austrian will be allowed to approach the Swiss passes.

PARIS, Aug. 15.—A dispatch from Berlin printed here gives an official denial to the report that the Germans have mined the North sea. The dispatch says that the mining has been done only on the British coast.

PARIS, Aug. 15.—Dispatches received from Basel reiterate the stories of sanguinary German repression in Alsace. It says villages have been depopulated because the inhabitants sympathized with the French. Muelhausen has been reduced to a vast shambles.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 15.—The capture off Gibraltar on Aug. 6 of the new German steamer Schneefels, from Calcutta to this port with a cargo valued at \$1,000,000, was announced today by A. C. Lombard & Son, local agents for the Hansa line, owners of the steamer. No details of the capture were given.

SUMMARY OF DAY'S WAR NEWS

The commanders in Belgium and along the Franco-German frontier are preparing for a trial of strength which promises to develop the greatest battle in history. It is known that the Germans are attempting to swing their right around toward Brussels and Antwerp, but with what success nobody outside the field of operations knows. The same applies to the attack on the Liege forts, one of which, Pontisse, is essential to German success, as it is nearest to the bridge over the Meuse which the invaders are using to bring troops into Belgium.

Another movement of the Germans indicates an attack on the French center near Longwy.

Definite information has been received of a strong offensive movement by the French troops on the Franco-German frontier extending from Lunville to Sarrebourg. Official announcement is made that Blamont, Cirey, and Avricourt were recaptured after a Bavarian army corps had been driven out.

The retaking by the French of Thann, in Alsace, is officially announced and the wounding of Gen. von Deimling, commander of the Fifteenth German army corps.

The French claim another victory in the capture of the Sables pass in the Vosges mountains, in Alsace. Here, the French official reports say, the Germans again lost heavily by their tactics of close formation, to which, from all accounts, they are adhering.

The French war ministry has prepared the public for a great battle, which will extend over a time more than 200 miles in length and in which several millions of men on either side will be engaged. This battle line will extend from Basel to the vicinity of Maastricht, and the people are warned that at some points

PRINCE AGE OF DENMARK TELLS OF THRILLING TRIP.

Reaches Copenhagen After Being Detained by Germans as French Spy—Rode in Cattle Truck.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—A dispatch to the Central News Agency from Copenhagen says that Prince Age of Denmark, who recently was arrested by Germans as a spy and later released, arrived here Saturday night.

"I had an exciting journey through mobilized Europe," the prince said. "I started from Milan and traveled without incident through Switzerland, but as soon as I crossed the German frontier I was arrested as a French spy. My capors stripped and searched me, but eventually set me free. I then drove in a carriage to France, where I was cordially received."

"It took me fifty hours to reach Paris traveling in a cattle truck and on a military train, my only food being dried bread. Several times I was stopped and examined, but finally got away from Havre on a Swedish steamer in company with several hundred Russian and Scandinavian refugees."

WAR TRAPS 20,000 STUDENTS

Many Who Went Abroad to Study Will Be Unable to Return for Some Time.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 15.—[Special.]—At least 20,000 American students and school teachers went abroad this year and now are trapped in Europe because of the war. Almost every city in the United States has reported to the state department a large number of public school teachers who have gone to Europe for summer study.

FRENCH WIN FOUR TOWNS, ROUTING FOE

Commander of Fifteenth German Corps Wounded in Fight.

Lines 200 Miles Long

PARIS, Aug. 15.—The French ministry of war today made public a statement in which it was admitted that the beginning of the world's greatest battle is only a few hours off.

This battle, the statement said, will be fought out along a front extending 200 miles, from Basel, on the Swiss border, to Maastricht, in the Netherlands. Several million men will be on each side.

Because of the vast extent of the battle line, the statement says, the result will not be known for at least eight days. The public is told victory at one point will not be decisive, and many separate battles may be won or lost before victory comes to either side.

FIRST MOVES BY RIVALS.

Both the allies and the German armies have begun their first movements in the campaign.

Official dispatches announce that the French offensive movement began in great force along the line from Sarrebourg, on the Franco-German frontier, to Lunville, in the department of Meurthe-et-Moselle, last evening.

It continued throughout the night with full success.

GERMANS IN FULL RETREAT.

"Blamont, seventeen miles east of Lunville, Cirey, still farther east, and Avricourt, occupied by a Bavarian army corps, were stormed by our troops," the announcement continues. "The Germans are in full retreat, having left many dead, wounded, and prisoners."

"The French continue to advance to Upper Vosges, the Germans giving way before them."

"In upper Alsace we have retaken Thann."

"Prisoners affirm that Gen. von Deimling, commanding the German Fifteenth army corps at Thann, was wounded in the neck during the fighting. At St. Blas, in the valley of Bruche, a German flag was taken."

TELL OF TRUANT ADVANCE.

A dispatch from Brussels tells of the German army's advance against the Belgian-French forces.

This dispatch said German infantry in heavy force is moving forward in an effort to turn the extreme left wing of the allied army, which rests to the south by east of Antwerp.

Another large German force has been concentrated in the grand duchy of Luxembourg and the Belgian province of the same name. This force is expected to attack the center of the French army near Longwy.

WAR OFFICE STATEMENT.

The statement of the French war ministry was as follows:

"By means of the abandonment of the attack which the Germans planned against Nancy, our concentration has been carried out with regularity and in its entirety, and thus the whole of the French army will battle with the whole of the German forces, with the exception of those German troops concentrated on the eastern frontier of the empire."

"The violation of the neutrality of Belgium has extended the Belgian and French lines to the frontier of Holland. The next battle, therefore, will be fought near Maastricht, with several million of men on each side."

"It is this enormous extension of the front and of the front which will characterize the battle, and it will be profoundly different from all other battles."

EXTENT TO DELAY DECISION.

"When two adversaries engage in battle along a front of from thirteen to twenty miles the engagement is characterized by two features—it is rapid and immediately decisive, with

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a front extending over 200 miles it is not likely to be the same.

"It would appear impossible, from all the evidence, that one of the adversaries would be able to gain decisive advantage upon this long front. The operations along so great a line would have varying fortunes. We will have an advantage at one or several points; the Germans will have an advantage at other points, and the line of battle will continue to be modified until one of the adversaries succeeds by coordination of movements and mass of effort in gaining some point the superiority of which will dislodge the advance front and mark the end of the first battle.

"These observations have for their object the preparation of the public for a battle in new form and without precedent in history."

REVIEWS ACTIONS OF WAR.

Another communication issued by the ministry of war reviews the situation of the war up to date. It says:

"In order that the opinion in France and elsewhere can have a just view and not be lost in the details of news it is of advantage to lay down in broad lines, and without seeking to judge in advance, the development of events and to classify the results required.

"We know from the declarations of German strategists, such as Bernhardi, Falkenhayne, and Von Der Goltz, that the German plan provided for a quick attack of the first line upon our covering troops to the north of Nancy.

"We know equally without any doubt that a second sharp and quick attack was to have been made by passing through Belgium and then immediately striking at the French frontier.

MOBILIZATION PLAN PROOF.

"A positive proof of the verity of this double plan is found in the individual cards of mobilization directing the German reservists from the fifth to the sixteenth day of mobilization to join their regiments in French cities, such as Verdun, Rheims, and Châlons-sur-Marne.

"This double quick attack failed. That directed against Nancy was not attempted in its entirety. The Germans, finding our forces too strong, renounced the plan.

"We know also that the failure of this quick attack through Belgium because of the resistance of the forts at Liege, the valor of the Belgian army, and the intervention of our cavalry, has kept the German forces eight days upon the Meuse. The first results are these checks to the German plan."

ARMY OF CEAR MOBILIZED.

The war office alludes to the regularity of the French mobilization, the concentration and coordination of the French movement with the English and Belgian allies, and continues:

"The Russian army having accelerated its mobilization, will be able to operate at the same time with the French, English, and Belgian armies.

"The Serbian army is now mistress of Herzegovina, and this will cause Austria-Hungary to hesitate to continue to send her troops, which during the last eight days have been on their way toward Alsace.

"Finally, the English and the French squadrons control the sea."

GERMAN LINE UNBROKEN.

[BY CABLE TO THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, Aug. 15.—The Standard's correspondent at Brussels, telegraphing under today's date, says:

"There are good reasons for believing that the main part of the huge army with which Germany is attacking France has concentrated in the grand duchy of Luxembourg and the Belgian province of the same name. Immense numbers of German troops have been located in these regions and several bodies of soldiers have crossed the Ardennes plateau near Florenville, Etalle, and Arlon.

"It is definitely ascertained that there is an unbroken line of advancing Germans from St. Cécile, in the Belgian province of Luxembourg, down to the region opposite Longwy.

"The German plan appears to indicate an approaching attempt to break through the center of the French line of defense and deal a crushing blow at the most vital spot in France. It may be assumed that the attack in the center will be accompanied by a forward movement in Belgium, intended to fully occupy the extreme flank of the Franco-Belgian allied armies, and by offensive operations on the borders of Alsace and Lorraine.

AIR CRAFT INVALUABLE.

The remarkably definite way in which the positions and movements of the German troops have been located by the general staffs of France and Belgium is due almost entirely to the success of aerial reconnaissance. The advent of the aeroplane has already revolutionized strategy and tactics.

"In this regard the superiority of French airmen and French aeroplanes has given the allies a decided advantage over the Germans. Reconnaissance in France by cavalry have been almost superfluous on the Franco-Belgian side, but the Germans, whose aerial scouting is inferior, have had to resort to it all along the line.

"A scouting aeroplane carries two officers—one as pilot and one as observer. The observer carries a photographic apparatus, and in many cases remarkably clear pictures of the enemy's positions have been secured."

ALLIES ARE SUCCESSFUL.

Stories of successes for the arms of the allies continue to be received both from Belgium and from the Franco-German border.

"A rider who arrived at Brussels from the Belgian outpost today reported that



Servian Soldiers in Trenches Facing the Austrians.

The Belgians had gained another victory between Diest and Hasselt, resulting in a German loss of 3,000 killed and wounded. The Germans now are reported to be in retreat.

SAYS GERMANS ARE HALTED.

The British official press bureau in its communication says:

"The German offensive is for the moment arrested in upper Alsace and there are indications that the French have made progress on that side.

"The French troops are advancing into the high Alsatian valleys of the Vosges mountains. Since their occupation of the Saele region, in German territory, on the frontier of Alsace, which was announced yesterday, the French troops have entered the town of Saele itself, driving out the German troops.

"Today they collected the kits abandoned by the German fugitives.

"In the Woerw district, in the department of the Meuse, the French troops today fired at and brought down a hostile aeroplane which was flying at a height of over 1,100 yards. The two German officers occupying the flying machine were taken prisoner.

GERMANS PUT TO FLIGHT.

"In the same district a battalion of French light infantry put to flight a battalion of German landwehr, taking forty prisoners.

"The Belgian cavalry continues successful in the neighborhood of Hasselt.

"News from official sources continue to indicate that the French and Belgian artillery is proving superior to the German, and also that the German infantry men do not determine to face bayonets."

DEFEAT LOSS OF DIEST.

BRUSSELS, Aug. 15.—The Belgian minister of war today officially denied the report that the Germans had occupied the fortified town of Diest, to the northeast of Louvain.

An official statement issued tonight says:

"The German troops who were beaten yesterday at Diest and retreated on Hasselt lost heavily. They tried to resume the attack on the Belgian's southern flank, and a German cavalry division charged. This operation was repulsed. In the evening a column of German infantry moved in the direction of Vise and Tongres, but no engagement occurred.

"We found heaps of abandoned equipment, showing that the flight of the Germans was precipitate."

FEW GERMANS ESCAPED.

According to the latest advices in the Belgian capital barely 500 German soldiers escaped unhurt out of the 4,000 or 5,000 engaged in the battle of Diest. Many of the field guns of the German artillery were lost in the swampy. The soldiers who remained of the German attacking column retired to Tongres.

A special train has been sent out from Brussels to collect the wounded on the battlefield.

A Belgian sergeant who escaped from Liege asserts that there is much demoralization among the German troops there. A German officer and eight soldiers committed suicide by throwing themselves into the River Meuse.

A company of Belgian infantry ambushed two companies of German cyclists at Vessenech, northwest of Cumiach, Friday morning. The Germans broke and fled, leaving fifty dead. The Belgians suffered no casualties.

CALLS GERMANS VICTIMS.

New York, Aug. 15.—A dispatch from German official sources in Berlin was received here today via the Sayville, L. I. wireless station as follows:

"The Seventh French army corps and an army division from Belfort, which had invaded upper Alsace, were defeated yesterday by German troops near Muelhausen."

The dispatch, somewhat mutilated by poor transmission, indicated that French intrenchments were taken at the point of the bayonet.

KAISER DEFIANT; WILL SACRIFICE ALL TO WIN WAR

Heavy Losses in Men to Date Only Make Emperor the More Determined.

BY KARL H. VON WIEGAND.

ROTTERDAM, Aug. 15.—Germany is prepared to fight until every man capable of bearing arms is slain, before surrendering. That was the last word I received when I left the German foreign office in Berlin on Thursday.

The fighting to date has cost Germany many, many men—just how many, the war office alone knows; but the losses have had the effect only of making the kaiser and his advisers the more determined that the German cause shall prevail.

The nation itself is calm, and reports of anti-war demonstrations are absolutely untrue.

Little News from the Front.

When I left the station to accompany the first installment of American refugees only brief stories from the front were being printed. Some of these were denied by the general staff, chiefly on the ground that the Germans had taken the French forts of Belfort. It was stated, however, that in the fighting in Alsace the German army had driven the French back toward the frontier and was holding them in check.

The fighting in Belgium came as a surprise in advance between the two countries. The German imperial chancellor had promised Belgium that any damage caused by the movement through Belgian territory would be paid for by Germany, and that Belgium's territorial integrity would be respected. But when Belgium resisted the kaiser and the general staff agreed that it must be conquered at any cost.

The very fact that French troops entered Belgium almost simultaneously with the Germans shows an understanding in advance between the two countries.

Germany Sees Sure Success.

The German plan of campaign is, naturally, grand, but such officers of the staff as I saw maintained that there could be only one outcome.

The German army is going to Paris. The officers say, and in such an undertaking great losses must be expected.

The emperor is in almost constant consultation with his chief military advisers. He has aged greatly in the last fortnight. The deep lines in his face seem even more accentuated and the customary smile has disappeared. But his household insists that he continues determined to sacrifice everything for the national cause.

Although deeply grieved over the loss of German soldiers, there is no disposition to recede from the war. The kaiser's position is that this war was forced on Germany and that she must continue to fight.

HOW "FRENCH" MOBILIZES.

Strategic Berlin Paper Describes It Much as a Shopping Trip of Midday.

[BY CABLE TO THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, Aug. 15.—The strategic paper, *Le Berlin*, prints a sarcastic version of a French mobilization order. A soldier who is ordered to go to Paris starts first for Bordeaux to obtain his trousers. Then he goes to Lyons for his tunic, and to Havre for his rifle. Then he buys a newspaper to see where the battles are being fought.

AUSTRIA ENDS WIRE SERVICE.

Suspends All of Telegraphic Relations with France, Serbia, and Montenegro.

New York, Aug. 15.—Austria has suspended all telegraphic relations with France, the French colonies, Serbia and Montenegro for both terminal and transit traffic. This announcement was made today by the Commercial Cable company.

GERMANS STORM FORTS AT LIEGE; ARE PUSHED BACK

Continue Assaults Under Cover of Bombardment; Fail to Oust Belgians.

CONTINUOUS CLASH IS ON

PARIS, Aug. 15.—An official announcement today says the Belgian major in command of the forts surrounding Liege contradicts the rumors that they had surrendered.

The battle is declared to be still going on today after continuous fire and repeated assaults by the Germans last night.

The official announcement adds that the conduct and courage of the soldiers and inhabitants of Liege have been exemplary, as they realize that France has replied to the appeal of Belgium for aid.

The repeated repulses of the German forces apparently do not deter the war office in Berlin in its plans to take the forts, no matter what the cost in lives may be.

Germans Commit Suicide.

BRUSSELS, Aug. 15.—Reports from Liege state that great demoralization prevails among the German troops and that many officers and men have committed suicide by drowning in the Meuse. All the troops are suffering greatly from the heat.

Determined to Take Forts.

[BY CABLE TO THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, Aug. 15.—The ardent desire of the Germans to capture the forts, especially those on the left bank of the Meuse, and the enormous importance they attach to the possession of the strongholds is evidenced by the continued and determined attempts to take them by force.

They have hurled dense bodies of men against the forts time after time, but each attack has failed and resulted in great loss of life.

Elsewhere along the line of advance the Germans show how desperately determined they are to take up the positions planned at no matter what cost in lives.

This was shown in the Haelen fight, where the German cavalry charged for two days against the batteries, as if modern rifle fire was no more dangerous than lance.

But nowhere is their determination to go ahead shown more plainly than in the desperate assaults on the Liege forts.

Hurl Masses of Men at Forts.

Abandoning the slower process of bombardment, for the last three nights the Germans have thrown masses of men armed with hand grenades and similar weapons against the forts.

The storming force, following the example of the Japanese at Port Arthur, brought mattresses and sandbags to fill the trenches and steel shells to fill the trenches and steel shells to fill the trenches.

But the reckless bravery of the invaders proved futile. The storming parties were not able to make use of the mattresses and bundles of wood for the filling of the trenches. They would get to the places of Fort Pontisse, which was subjected to the most violent of the assaults, then Belgian machine guns, trained with the deadliest effect on the bare, smooth slopes, mowed them down. The survivors were forced to fly pell mell down the slopes, leaving their dead lying in piles outside the fort.

Belgian Gunners Accurate.

The Belgian gunners were deadly accurate in their fire and were assisted by the firing of star shells which illuminated the neighborhood of the fort.

The other forts attacked simultaneously with Fort Pontisse were Lier, Lanin, Londen, Hologue, and Fiemelle, which in the hands of the Belgians are a powerful weapon against the Germans should the Belgian main army march toward Liege, while for the Germans, if in action, they would be a base for an action against the Belgian center or a defense against attacks.

Fort Pontisse is the most important of all the forts. It dominates Maastricht, the canal, the railroad, and the main road running north to Maastricht, as well as the Dutch frontier. It has been more instrumental than any of the other forts at Liege in preventing the Germans from crossing the river.

Lone Man Rout Germans.

CARDIFF, Wales, Aug. 15.—A letter received here from a private in the Belgian army, who took part in the fighting at Liege, describes how a young corporal named Lupin shot the officers and gunners of a German battery and then was killed by a German shell.

The letter says the Germans, having failed in a frontal attack, were bringing up artillery, when Lupin, exclaiming, "Leave them to me," dashed out.

Taking cover behind a wall to the German left, he enfiladed the crew of the German battery. He shot down in quick succession the chief officer, then the under officers, and finally the gunners. Confusion ensued among the Germans, who directed their last gun at the wall, bringing it down and crushing Lupin to death.

TURKS FLOUT THE ENTENTE; DETAIN ALLIES' VESSELS.

Fraternize with Teutons Aboard Warships Which Still Fly the German Flag.

LONDON, Aug. 16, 1:30 a. m.—The *Military* correspondent of the *Reuter* Telegram company, who has just returned to his post after passing five days in the Dardanelles aboard the Italian steamer *Roumania*, which the Turks are detaining in hope of inducing its officers to surrender its cargo of flour, sends the following dispatch:

"I transferred to a small American vessel, which left yesterday, and arrived here this [Friday] morning.

"The German cruisers *Goeben* and *Breslau*, after escaping the British fleet entered the Dardanelles Monday night. German officers from the cruisers boarded several ships the next morning and gave peremptory orders that they should not move.

"The Germans smashed part of the wireless installation on the French liner *Saghalien*, which had about 600 reservists. Turkish officers visited the cruiser. I saw them through glasses fraternizing with the Germans.

"The *Goeben* proceeded eastward Tuesday. The rumor was circulated that it had been purchased by Turkey, but it was seen in the Sea of Marmora on Thursday flying the German flag. The *Breslau*, also flying the German flag, was still in the Dardanelles on Thursday.

"According to reliable information the Porte apologized to the powers for the arbitrary proceedings, but no explanation was forthcoming as to why the cruisers were flying the German flag.

"The Turks are acting most arbitrarily in the Dardanelles, detaining all day vessels belonging to the countries of the triple entente and Italian vessels without explanation. A strict military censorship exists at Constantinople."

ALIENS IN UNITED STATES CAN IGNORE CALL TO ARMS.

Bryan Announces No Foreign Nation Can Force Its Citizens to Return—Inquires Many.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 15.—In response to many inquiries from foreign born residents of the United States in all parts of the country, Secretary Bryan announced today that "the United States is not a party to any treaties under which persons of foreign origin residing in this country may be compelled to return to their country of origin for military service, nor is there any way in which persons may be forced into foreign armies against their will as long as they remain in the United States."

The inquiries came from persons who have been naturalized, others who have made declarations of their intention to become American citizens, and some who have taken no steps toward American citizenship.

General Staff Announces Telegrams Also Has Been Cut—Avoid Frontier Battle.

ST. PETERSBURG, via London, Aug. 15.—The Russian general staff today announces that Russian troops have destroyed local railroad and telegraph in the province of East Prussia at points between Schmalhagen and Rumburg frontier and Tilsa.

German troops also have damaged the frontier roads.

On Wednesday the Twelfth German Uhlans and the Ninth German rifle regiment, accompanied by artillery, discovered on the German frontier the neighborhood of Kallix by the Russian troops. The Germans avoided contact, retreating to the north.

Last German Cable to Be Cut.

[BY CABLE TO THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, Aug. 15.—The only cable connecting Germany and America in the Baltic and the English Channel has been cut in a few miles from the coast. The cable was from Germany and was cut by wireless.

CONFIDENT HER ATTITUDE

Not Give United States Uneasiness.

New York, Aug. 15.—Cables from Tokyo to the East and West, a Japanese news agency, says:

"A high official of the foreign office says: 'Japan has received never from the American government connection with the present crisis. We are confident that States understand full well the of Japan, and, consequently, think for a moment that our her Japan, which is a source of uneasiness by the attitude of'

Count Okuma, Japan's premier, declared that "Japan, if forced European conflict, will do a single purpose of fulfilling her obligations with her ally, and of the cause of justice. Her maintenance of peace in the East is a source of uneasiness by the attitude of"

Washington, D. C., Aug. 15.—Pronounced activity in the developments in the far east was evident in official circles. The closest secrecy is being maintained in the Japanese embassy.

The reports from London, Tien Tsin forecasting a German war by Japan against Germany, given general credence here, among ambassador Vissac called at the state department for a declaration of war against Germany was broken was given. The Russian, Mr. Bakhtesteff, journeyed from R. L. to Washington, and once with Mr. Bryan. He likely to disclose the subject of the

Burden Too Great.

The one logical reason advanced here to substantiate the Japan will not get into the her financial situation is the burden of war expenditures, frightfully on her people.

On the other hand, it is Japan can reasonably hope her operations in the far east would, however, drive the conflict affects the only through the effect upon markets.

But whatever plans Japan the far east are likely to be of vital importance to the An alteration of the map hardly affect the United States, for Japan, Japan States are both Pacific power

THE NEW SAXON \$395

Automobile Commonsense

If a Saxon will carry you 1,000 miles on \$5 worth of gasoline, why invest in a car that eats up \$15 worth in the same distance?

If a Saxon requires only \$1 worth of lubricating oil in 1,000 miles, why drive a car which uses \$3 worth?

If a Saxon tire costs \$10, why pay \$50 for a big car tire which will last only one-third as long?

Finally, if a Saxon at \$395 will go as far as any other car; if it will do what any other car will do and do it with equal comfort, why buy a car which costs two to five times as much to begin with and two to five times as much every day you run it?

We can prove every one of these points in favor of the Saxon. And these are facts too vital to ignore.

Ride in the Saxon Today

The Saxon is ready—waiting for you. Don't put off the many and varied pleasures of motoring any longer.

Think of the low price—consider the low upkeep cost, and then investigate the Saxon. If you can possibly do it come take a drive in a Saxon today.

Saxon Motor Co. of Illinois

2437 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

GREENE'S

230 S. Michigan Blvd.

New Jackson Blvd., Railway Exchange Bldg., Ground Floor

Sweeping \$5 Sale

Clean-Up Values—Entire Summer Stock at Ridiculously Low Prices

Every Garment Must Be Sold

We will not pack any goods away. Must make space for our fall goods.

You One Big Chance

You Have Waited For

\$35 Coats, Dresses and Suits

Made in dressy silk or mannish tailored models, peau de cygne lined coats—perfectly tailored through-out—sleeves regular—

\$45 Linen, Cloth and Silk Suits

Stunning models—some hand embroidered—others handsomely braided—some sizes missing—

\$5

\$8.75

\$5

\$2.50

This sacrifice includes dresses of triple value in taffeta silk, satin, foulards and crepe.

\$25 Linen Suits and Dresses

These garments are made in French and Ramee linens and all sizes and colors—slightly soiled.

How the Armies of Europe Are Being Mobilized for Battle.

STRIAN ARMY,
100,000 STRONG
BEATS SERVIAN

t of Huge Force After
Battle Crosses Save
River and Takes Sabac.

PULSED ALONG DANUBE

NDON, AUG. 15.—A dispatch to
er Telegram company from N
s, says that after incessant
ment along the entire frontier
e Rivers Save and Drava, the
s have succeeded in forcing an en
Sabac on the Save, thirty-seven m
of Belgrade, and into Lomnica,
River Drina.

Austrians renewed their attack
the Danube at Belgrade and
points, but were repulsed.

Concerted Austrian Attack.
correspondent of the Exch
graph company at Nish, describ
same fighting, says that 400,000
made a concerted attack abo
ative Serbian frontier, but were
with heavy casualties.
dispatch to the Reuter company fr
dated Aug. 15 and sent by way
s, gives the Serbian official
of recent fighting on the frontier.

Describes Fierce Battle.
four hundred thousand Austrians
the war office, "attacked the Ser
last night. A fierce battle extend
along the line. Finally the Austrians
repulsed with heavy casualties.
rda Tekla, on the Roumanian
ier, and also repulsed from the
s, where they had attempted to
the Danube, but through numeri
forty the enemy succeeded in cross
the Save."

Servians are concentrating for
management, which is expected
arily. The chief of the Serbian
staff considers "the fall of Sabac
ious importance."

SIAN TROOPS DESTROY
RAIL LINES IN PRUSSIA

ral Staff Announces Telegram
so Has Been Cut—German
oid Frontier Battle.

PETERSBURG, via London, Aug. 15.—The Russian general staff today
s that Russian troops have
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province of East Prussia at three
between Schmalhengen on the
an frontier and Tilsit.
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a frontier road.

Wednesday the Twelfth German
s and the Ninth German rifle
accompanied by artillery, were
on the German frontier in the
berhood of Kallitz by the Rus
s. The Germans avoided con
tact, retiring to the northwest.

German Cable to Be Cut.
ABLE TO THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
ON, Aug. 15.—The only cable now
Germany and America is via the
Baltic and English seas, and is
in a few days by French ships. Of
s from Germany at present is
by wireless.

ON \$395



monsense

1,000 miles on

invest in a car

same distance?

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FRENCH CAVALRY BIVOUACKED IN STREETS OF PARIS. PHOTO © UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD.

JAPAN SAYS SHE CAN GO TO WAR CONSCIENCE FREE

Confident Her Attitude Need Not Give United States Uneasiness.

New York, Aug. 15.—Cable dispatches from Tokyo to the East and West News Bureau, a Japanese news agency, are as follows:

"A high official of the foreign office says: 'Japan has received no note whatever from the American government in connection with the present crisis. Even in case a necessity arises for Japan to take upon herself the duty of discharging her treaty obligations to Great Britain, Japan sees no need of any explanation for such an action, for she shall act with a clear conscience in conformity to justice. We are confident that the United States understands full well this position of Japan, and consequently, we cannot think for a moment that our good neighbor America, shall be swayed by any uneasiness by the attitude of Japan.'"

Count Okuma, Japan's premier, declared that "Japan, if forced to join the European conflict, will do so with the single purpose of fulfilling her treaty obligations with her ally, and of upholding the cause of justice. Her object is the maintenance of peace in the Orient."

Washington Watches Japan.
Washington, D. C., Aug. 15.—(Special.)—Pronounced activity to meet expected developments in the far eastern situation was evident in official circles today. The closest secrecy is being maintained, however, both by the state department and the Japanese embassy.

The reports from London, Paris and Tientsin forecasting a declaration of war by Japan against Germany were given general credence here. The Japanese ambassador Viscount Chinda, called at the state department for a conference with Mr. Bryan, secretary of state. Neither of them would state the subject under discussion. When the direct question was put whether the matter of a declaration of war by Japan against Germany was broached no reply was given. The Russian ambassador, Mr. Bakhmeteff, journeyed from Newport, R. I., to Washington for a conference with Mr. Bryan. He likewise refused to disclose the subject of his conference.

Burden Too Great, Hope.
The one logical reason advanced by officials here to substantiate their hope that Japan will not get into this war is that her financial situation is such that the burden of war expenditures would weigh frightfully on her people.

On the other hand, it is admitted that Japan can reasonably hope to prosecute her operations in the far east in this situation at a minimum cost and can kill two birds in the bargain.

It is learned that the state department is prepared to act for the preservation of China's neutrality or, more accurately, to obtain the localization of the conflict in the far east. Whether it has acted cannot be learned.

Outweighs European Angle.
From a political viewpoint, the part to be played by Japan in this conflict will outweigh the importance of conflict in Europe itself. So far as the European belligerents themselves are concerned their conflict affects the United States only through the effect upon commercial markets.

But whatever gains Japan makes in the far east are likely to be of great if not of vital importance to the United States. An alteration of the map of Europe can hardly affect the United States. A decided alteration of the map in the far east would, however, directly affect the United States, for Japan and the United States are both Pacific powers.

GERMANY ISSUES CONTRABAND LIST

Goods to Be Seized Conform to Announcement Made by Great Britain.

U. S. WARNS SHIPPERS.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 15.—The state department today made public the German proclamation as to contraband of war. The list corresponds as regards absolute contraband to the commodities set forth in the British declaration.

Regarding both absolute and conditional contraband, Germany gives notice that she will apply the provisions of the declaration of London, provided the other belligerents do not disregard them.

In making public the list, Solicitor Johnson of the state department said his advice were "based on the most accepted and generally accepted principles of international law and usage and are general and advisory only, the department being unable to forecast the precise course or position of the belligerent governments in particular instances."

Other Nations Delay Announcement.
The declarations of the other belligerents regarding contraband have not yet been received, but it is assumed they will, in the main, follow those of England and Germany.

Advice to Cargo Owners.
"When a vessel containing cargo of a citizen of the United States is captured and is carried before a prize court, as it will be presumably, he should give notice of his claim of property to the prize court authorities and be prepared to furnish proof of his ownership and the non-contraband character of his goods."

"Goods of a neutral, not a contraband of war, shipped on a neutral vessel are not rightfully subject to seizure or interference by any of the belligerents, and it is not presumed that the vessels of neutrals carrying only noncontraband cargoes will be interfered with."

The message from the German government, owing to errors of transmission, is somewhat obscure, but it is assumed to coincide with the English declaration.

GERMAN WOUNDED ARRIVE AT MOSCOW FOR TREATMENT.

Members of Tolstoy's Family, Including His Widow, Offer Services for Red Cross Work.

LONDON, Aug. 15, 1:10 a. m.—German wounded are beginning to arrive at Moscow, says a Reuter dispatch from St. Petersburg, and they are being well cared for.

Several members of the Tolstoy family, including Tolstoy's widow, have offered their services to the government for Red Cross or other work.

The Austrian and German consuls have left Vienna.

A semi-official communication is published, denying the charges that Russians have sacked the Armenian districts bordering on Russia and that the Russians have massacred many Muslims.

CONFIRM VON EMMICH DEATH
Brussels Dispatch Says Liege German Commander Will Be Succeeded by Gen. von der Marwitz.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—A dispatch from Brussels to the Exchange Telegraph company says the death of Gen. von Emmich, the German commander at Liege, is confirmed. He is to be succeeded by Gen. von der Marwitz.

LOAN TO FRANCE FROWNED ON, BUT NOT PROHIBITED

Morgan Interests May Float Issue, but Only Against Wilson's Wishes.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 15.—(Special.)—J. P. Morgan & Co. may finance the military operations of France by underwriting the \$100,000,000 loan to that country, if they please, without interference by the administration, but such an act would not be conducive to a friendly relationship between the New York bankers and President Wilson in the future.

In a particularly worded statement issued by Secretary Bryan today, relative to the proposed French loan, the bankers are told that they are free to go ahead and make the loan, but that such an act would not be looked upon as being entirely consistent with the professed neutrality of the United States under present conditions abroad.

Bryan Declines to Comment.
Secretary Bryan would not say today whether he had conveyed the administration's views on this matter directly to J. P. Morgan, nor would he even admit that the New York banker has made inquiries to ascertain the attitude of the state department. Nevertheless, there is every reason to believe that the bankers have had an intimation that if they value their friendly relations with the administration they will refrain from making the loan at this time.

The statement issued by Secretary Bryan follows:
"Inquiry having been made as to the attitude of this government in case American bankers are asked to make a loan to foreign governments during the war in Europe, the following statement is made:
"There is no reason why loans should not be made to the governments of neutral nations, but in the judgment of this government loans by American bankers to any foreign nation which is at war is inadvisable and with the true spirit of neutrality."

Believe Warning Sufficient.
It is evident from the attitude of the government officials that they believe the warning contained in this statement will be quite sufficient to cause the American bankers to withhold the loan, and that nothing more will be heard of it.

It is pointed out, however, in official circles that the attitude taken by the government with respect to the proposed French loan is at variance with the attitude of the United States and the European powers during the Russo-Japanese war, when Japan financed itself by floating loans in New York, London, Paris and Berlin.

All of these nations had declared their neutrality toward the belligerents in that war, and it was not then suggested that it was a breach of neutrality to loan money to Japan.

Austrian Moratorium Extended.
VIENNA, via London, Aug. 15.—The Austro-Hungarian moratorium, affecting private debt, was extended today till Sept. 30.

HISTORIC PLACES SCENES OF FIGHT

Geographic Society Explains Location of Towns Named in News.

WIDE DISTRICT SHOWN.

[BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]
Washington, D. C., Aug. 15.—(Special.)—The National Geographic society today gave out the following descriptions of places mentioned in dispatches from the European war zone:

Ramillies (Ra-me-see)—A village of Belgium between the sources of the Little Othe and the Meuse. It was here that the allies, under the Duke of Marlborough, gained a notable victory over the French under Marshal Villeroi in May, 1706. The position of the French on the high ground around the town was marked by the villages of Andekirch on the left and Taviere on the right, with Othe and Ramillies forming the center. The town stands almost on the watershed of two rivers, and it was here that Marlborough decided to deliver his main attack. The French army lost in killed and injured some 15,000, while the allies, with the Dutch bearing the brunt of the fighting, lost scarcely one-third that number. Ramillies is twenty-seven miles west of Liege and the same distance southeast of Brussels. It is the half-way point between Namur and Tirlemont.

Egbesee—A Belgian town ten miles north of Namur, on the railroad running from Diest southward to Namur, via Tirlemont. It is about five miles south of Ramillies.

Birthplace of First Pippin.
Landen—A small town of Belgium on the railroad between Liege and Louvain, about twenty-four miles northwest of Liege. It was the birthplace of the first Pippin, distinguished as Pippin of Landen from his grandson, Pippin of Herstal. The French defeated the Anglo-Dutch army here in 1693, and the Austrians defeated the French in 1793.

Jodeligne—The half way point on the railroad from Diest to Namur, seven miles up the Gheste river from Tirlemont.

Wavre (Vayr)—A town in Belgium, fourteen miles southeast of Brussels, with a population of about 10,000. Here Grouchy advanced on the day of Waterloo, gaining a useless success over a Prussian corps. The fate of the campaign was decided elsewhere.

Dyle river (Dile)—A stream whose upper course flows southward from Louvain to Melle, passing fourteen miles east of Brussels, with Wavre on its banks, and with its headwaters ending only about ten miles from the Sambre river, which leads into France from Namur.

Nancy Place of History.
Nancy (Nong-se)—The capital of Lorraine, in France, on the main line of railroad between Paris and Strasbourg. Its population is given as 100,000. It is about ten miles from the German frontier, thirteen miles east of the stronghold of Toul, and thirty-five miles west of north of Epinal. Charles the Bold perished at its gates. The city became French in 1739, was occupied by the allies in 1814 and 1815, and put to ransom by the Prussians in 1870, which was paid by France.

Post a Mosson (Pong-tay-Mosson)—A city of some 15,000 inhabitants in northeastern France, the half way station between Metz and Nancy. It is a sort of outpost of both. It is an important manufacturing town.

COLONEL ON WAR, SAYS IT PROVES TREATIES FUTILE

Arbitration Pacts Now Pending Inimical to Our Interests?

Hartford, Conn., Aug. 15.—Nearly half the political speech Col. Roosevelt delivered tonight before the Progressive state convention here was devoted to a discussion of "The great calamity which has engulfed all Europe in war."

If the Monroe doctrine had not been steadfastly maintained, he said, the United States, in all probability, would have been drawn into the present struggle. "Africa, south of the equator, is now being drawn into the fight, although without any interest in it. We would have been drawn in in the same way if it had not been for the observance of the great principle which the Monroe doctrine contains, the principle that this continent shall not be treated as a place for territorial aggrandizement by old world powers."

Haps U. S. Peace Pacts.
"The peace of the western hemisphere largely depends upon the preservation of this doctrine. It is for this reason I feel that the arbitral treaties now pending in the senate would if adopted be inimical to the interests of the United States and of peace, in so far as they would have any effect whatever. I doubt if they would have any effect because in the event of their attempted execution against the interests of this people I do not believe they would be executed. But surely it is not an honorable thing for this nation to enter into treaties which either could not or ought not to be kept. Such action argues badly for our sincerity and good faith."

Under the proposed treaties if as a result of this war Denmark or Holland should part with their islands in the West Indies to some great old world power, or if at some future time Mexico should similarly part with Magdalena Bay to some old world power, we would be solemnly bound to join in the creation of a commission which would investigate all the matters at hand before we could take any action, and this commission would include representatives of outside powers."

Forces Rules Anyway.
"Within a fortnight we have had fresh proof of the utter worthlessness of treaties, of names signed to pieces of paper, unless backed by force, if power or interest demands their violation. This fact has been demonstrated again and again within the last dozen years by almost every one of the great nations who are now engaged in this war, or who stand with their armies partially mobilized and their fleets gathered because of the possibility of being drawn into it."

"These proposed arbitration treaties of ours would not be worth the paper on which they are written if it became to the interest of any great military power to violate them, and if it thought it could violate them with impunity. We would have bound ourselves in such cases as I have illustrated to wait a year or so while a joint commission pursued its weary course of investigation and during that time old world military power, if it desired to retain its new possessions, could make a Gibraltar of one of our West Indian islands, or of Magdalena Bay, or any other point of territory."

German Artillery Going to the Front at Interburg, East Prussia.

which it acquired, and it could then defy us to turn it out save at the cost of war which might be as dreadful as any now raging."

In resolutions adopted at a meeting prior to the arrival of Col. Roosevelt, the Progressives of Connecticut affirmed their allegiance to the principles of the national platform, endorsed Theodore Roosevelt for the presidency, condemned the Democratic national administration as "disastrous to the interests of this state," declared it would be "a calamity and a disgrace to our state if our people, in the just effort to rebuke Democratic incompetence, were left with no alternative except to vote a restoration of power to the discredited and machine ridden Republican organization," and favored a permanent, nonpolitical tariff commission.

FRENCH CHEERS FOR FRENCH
British Field Marshal Given Great Reception on Arrival in Paris—Confers on War Plans.

PARIS, Aug. 15.—Field Marshal Sir John French, commander in chief of the British field army, was greeted by a vast crowd when he arrived at the railroad station in Paris today.

The people cheered and sang the British national anthem when the field marshal came out of the station in his khaki uniform. He was attended by the British ambassador and the French minister of the interior and was followed by a numerous staff.

Sir John passed the day in conference with Adolphe Messimy, minister for war and in paying formal visits to President Poincare and Premier Viviani.

LAST INSPECTION OF ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEER RESERVES BEFORE GOING TO FRONT.
PHOTO © UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

RUSSIA OFFERS POLES HOME RULE FOR WAR SUPPORT

Czar Makes Plea for Their Loyalty in Strife of Allies Against Germany.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—A message to Reuters Telegram company from St. Petersburg says that Grand Duke Nicholas, commander in chief of the Russian army, has addressed a manifesto to Poland, appealing for the loyalty of the Poles and promising them autonomy in return. The manifesto reads:

"The hour has sounded when the sacred dream of your fathers may be realized. A hundred and fifty years ago the living body of Poland was torn to pieces but her soul survived and she lived in hope that for the Polish people would come an hour of regeneration and reconciliation with Russia."

"The Russian army brings you the solemn news of this reconciliation which effaces the frontiers severing the Polish people whom it unites conjointly under the scepter of the czar of Russia. Under this scepter Poland will be born again, free in her religion, her language and autonomous."

Russia Pleads for Loyalty.
"Russia expects from you only the loyalty to which history has bound you. With open heart and a brotherly hand extended, great Russia comes to meet you. She believes that the sword which struck her enemies at Greengard is not yet rusted."

"Russia from the shores of the Pacific ocean to the North sea, marches in arms. The dawn of a new life commences for you. In this glorious dawn is seen the

sign of the cross—the symbol of suffering and the resurrection of a people."

Poles Remain Quiet.

Recent conditions in Warsaw, the capital of Poland, are described in a dispatch to the Chronicle today from St. Petersburg, where the Warsaw correspondent of the Chronicle now is.

"Up to last Tuesday," he said, "the populace remained admirably quiet, the people showing praiseworthy self-control in spite of the occupation of some frontier towns."

"Russians and police join in cheering enthusiastically the British flag. I have seen an absurd Polish paper printed under German censorship at Ciesochow, which is attempting to mislead the public by reporting that Sweden and Japan have declared war against Russia."

"Owing to the inexhaustible brutal treatment of Poles, who are Russian subjects, especially Polish women returning from Germany, the hatred of Germans, which has always smoldered in Poland, has burst into flame."

A Daily Mail dispatch from St. Petersburg says the Germans are using their aeroplanes to drop manifestoes in Poland, exhorting the people to revolt and promising them independence. The people, says the dispatch, take no heed of the proclamation.



Our Annual
August Sale
All This Week
Diamond Rings
\$39

Worth Nearly Double You Can Prove It

You can easily find out what this sale means to you. Step into any reliable jeweler's and ask to see diamonds of any grade. Make a note of the weight and quality, remembering their price, then call on us. We will not urge you to buy. Just use your own judgment. What we do say about these diamonds is that they are the best in the city. They are remarkable in color, brilliant and strong, and are cut to look like the finest of the world. They are sold at a price which is nearly double the price of the same quality diamonds sold elsewhere. This is a rare opportunity. We shall offer them at this price until 9 P. M. Saturday.

Rare Opportunity

Observe these weights and prices of a few of the "Special Diamond Rings" offered in this sale. There are no duplicates.

Weight	Price	Weight	Price
1/2 of a Carat...	\$15	1/2 of a Carat...	\$25
3/4 of a Carat...	\$20	3/4 of a Carat...	\$35
1 of a Carat...	\$25	1 of a Carat...	\$40
1 1/4 of a Carat...	\$30	1 1/4 of a Carat...	\$45
1 1/2 of a Carat...	\$35	1 1/2 of a Carat...	\$50
1 3/4 of a Carat...	\$40	1 3/4 of a Carat...	\$55
2 of a Carat...	\$45	2 of a Carat...	\$60
2 1/4 of a Carat...	\$50	2 1/4 of a Carat...	\$65
2 1/2 of a Carat...	\$55	2 1/2 of a Carat...	\$70
2 3/4 of a Carat...	\$60	2 3/4 of a Carat...	\$75
3 of a Carat...	\$65	3 of a Carat...	\$80
3 1/4 of a Carat...	\$70	3 1/4 of a Carat...	\$85
3 1/2 of a Carat...	\$75	3 1/2 of a Carat...	\$90
3 3/4 of a Carat...	\$80	3 3/4 of a Carat...	\$95
4 of a Carat...	\$85	4 of a Carat...	\$100

Lowest Prices Diamond Rings in America

Roberts & Co.
DIAMOND IMPORTERS
8th Floor, North American Bldg
36 State St., N. W. Corner State & Market
OPEN SATURDAY UNTIL 9 P. M.

RESORTS & HOTELS
NEW JERSEY

Marlborough-Blenheim

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HEALTH RESORTS

NORTH SHORE HEALTH RESORT

Sauquoit, N. Y. Tel. 211

25 miles north of Chicago. On shore of Lake Michigan. Willing to take the best of the best.

Dr. Fred C. Lewis, Medical Director

Phone Wisconsin 211

young surgeons and have...
DRY GOODS 'FAMINE'
St. Laurent Ascertains...
Manufacturers of dry goods...
annual Sale
Six \$55
customers
particular
telephoned
could put it
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Regular
Sale
Price
\$90.00 \$55.00
145.00 85.00
70.00 48.00
215.00 140.00
185.00 90.00
127.00 95.00
65.00 35.00
250.00 110.00
210.00 90.00
45.00 18.00
85.00 60.00
145.00 95.00
50.00 38.00
30.00 19.50
30.00 20.00
50.00 38.00
70.00 30.00
22.00 12.50
335.00 220.00
65.00 38.00
105.00 72.00
75.00 48.00
60.00 36.00
125.00 54.00
60.00 40.00
55.00 42.00
95.00 45.00
14.50 8.00
\$33.50
company
venue
books

1,500 AMERICANS LEAVE ENGLAND ON FOUR LINERS
Thousand Sail from Glasgow and 1,400 Embark at Naples and Rotterdam.
LIVERPOOL, Aug. 15.—The sailing from this port today of the St. Louis, the Campania, and the Minnewaska for New York, and the Megantic for Montreal, reduced the number of Americans who had been stranded in England by 4,000.
The American Line steamer St. Paul from New York arrived yesterday.
Seven Hundred Leave Naples.
NAPLES, Italy, Aug. 15.—The steamer Giovanni sailed for New York today with 700 American passengers on board. The Campania is expected to leave tonight or tomorrow, the San Guglielmo Aug. 16, and the San Giorgio on Aug. 30.
Thousand Leave Glasgow.
GLASGOW, Aug. 15.—The departure of 1,000 Americans from Liverpool today was followed by that of another thousand from Glasgow.
The carrying capacity of the vessels sailing for transatlantic ports during the next 15 days is estimated at 50,000, or three times the number of Americans in the British Isles. While the number on the continent of Europe is not known, it is believed not to exceed 80,000. A large number of these are returning by Dutch, Danish and Italian lines.
The members of the committee say they will see the necessity for the dispatch of transports to take stranded Americans to the United States in view of the fact that the ships which have been announced.
Seven Hundred at Amsterdam.
A dispatch to Reuters' Telegram company from Amsterdam says 700 Americans from Berlin arrived at the station at Amsterdam during the night. Some hundreds were sheltered at the hotels there, while others proceeded to The Hague and Rotterdam, where arrangements are being made for ships to take them home.
Seven Hundred Leave Rotterdam.
ROTTERDAM, Aug. 15.—The Noordam sailed for New York this afternoon, carrying 344 first class passengers and 46 second class passengers.
GERMANY TO GIVE AID.
Washington, Aug. 15.—Germany will permit the cruiser Tennessee, bearing gold for Americans, to enter Bremen, and will provide trains to bring Americans from the baths and resorts in the south to that port. This government was so advised today.
The New York relief committee today applied for \$10,000 of the amount appropriated for Americans in Europe to cover checks of destitute Americans arriving in New York.
It was stated that the Cedric brought a number of Americans from Liverpool who were entirely without means with which to live over the time until they could reach friends or obtain some means of transportation.
The national relief board here, which has charge of the money appropriated by congress, is considering the request.
EXODUS ON THIS WEEK.
Washington, D. C., Aug. 15.—[Special.]—Beginning next week there will be a heavy movement of American refugees from the various European ports where they have been concentrated, according to information received today by the board of relief.
The release of the liners Lusitania, Mauretania, Olympic and Adriatic for transatlantic service will relieve the situation so far as the American "repatriation" in England are concerned. The five army transports and the Cristobal of the Panama Railway line will sail from Newport News for various European ports early next week and will be ready to embark passengers wishing to return home in about ten days.
Besides it is reported to the board of relief that several boats sailing under neutral flags have been chartered by American ambassadors in Europe and are expected to sail early next week.
Wants Rescue Boats Neutral.
The state department has made inquiries from belligerent powers to find out whether an agreement can be reached that will permit "enemy" vessels to proceed across the ocean without being molested if they carry only American citizens.
Ambassador Gerard has cabled that both the German and Austrian governments are willing to co-operate in securing ships if such an arrangement can be made. England has not replied to the inquiry of Secretary Bryan and as her navy is in command of the ocean, the plan to use German and Austrian ships depends on the attitude of the British government.
Relief Funds Scarcely Used.
It was reported to the board today that the demands of stranded Americans for money have been measurably relieved. There is reason to believe, however, that of the vast sums that have been deposited with state and treasury departments by individuals in this country for the relief of relatives abroad little has actually been sent. The total amount which has been deposited has reached the sum of \$1,075,000.
The relief board is informed that in spite of the delay in sending this money abroad practically every case of distress has been ministered to by the diplomatic officials or the relief committees of Americans, who are able to obtain money in London, Paris, and Berlin.
Help Americans Out of Russia.
The Russian ambassador, George Baklanoff, made a flying trip to Washington today from his summer home at Newport to see Secretary Bryan. He assured the secretary that Russia is doing all it can for the 200 Americans in that country, and has credited the American ambassador in St. Petersburg with \$10,000, with which to assist Americans in the war zone of that country.
Efforts are being made to get the Americans in Russia out of the country, either to Sweden or Denmark, and as soon as this is accomplished a ship will be sent to bring them home.
Minister Stovall in Switzerland has notified the state department that he is conferring with the Italian and French representatives concerning transportation for 15,000 Americans. The railway service in southern France is still in operation, and it may be possible to send many of the Americans in Switzerland to some French Mediterranean port.



HURRIES OUT OF STORMY BERLIN
Pianist Leaves All Money and Property to Catch Last Train.
TELLS OF HARDSHIPS.
The plight of Americans in Berlin and interior towns is worse by far than that of the Germans, according to Howard Wells, a Berlin refugee, who arrived at the Hotel Sherman yesterday after a hurried flight on the last train to leave Berlin Saturday, Aug. 1, on an hour's notice by the American consul. Mr. Wells was compelled to abandon his household goods in a furnished flat and to leave all baggage, clothing, and personal belongings to catch the last train before the expected answer of the French foreign department to the German ultimatum on Aug. 1.
Mr. Wells says he will not return to Germany, where for seven years he has been a professional pianist. He expects to locate in Chicago, and says that until Germany loses some military cockade, the foreigners formerly living there will have no chance to regain their belongings or get fair treatment from the officials.
Americans in Bad Plight.
"The Americans in Germany are in a desperate situation," said Mr. Wells. "The stores began refusing paper money July 31, and the banks were issuing nothing but paper money. The stores would give no change but paper money. This started in the morning. By night the streets were crowded by a seething, fighting mob. Everybody had to fight his way along the streets. The confusion was indescribable."
"I got my passport as early as I could reach the American consul the next day. He advised me to be sure and leave on the 1:15 train, because the answer to the ultimatum to France was due that afternoon and war was expected to be declared at once. The train was the last one to leave Berlin. The turmoil in the station was terrible. Trunks were piled two stories high on the sidewalks."
"I was compelled to leave on a police of an hour and a half. Five pounds in English money was all I could obtain at the bank. I left everything: my clothes, property, bank balance, household goods, and all the furnishings in my apartment."
"The train I was on was crowded by hundreds of refugees. It was stopped at the German border as we were crossing to Holland and everybody was obliged to walk out in the middle of the night and change to a Holland train. The next day I sailed with Americans fleeing the war zone on a channel boat from the Hook of Holland."
Inspected by English.
The boat was weighted down by passengers. It was stopped at the English port and inspected by a military tender. American women were frightened to death by the harshness and strangeness of their experiences and privations.
"The steamship company refused Ger-

man gold, and I had finally to give a gold watch, presented to me by an American church, for the balance of my fare. I secured passage on the steamship Philadelphia from Southampton and sailed on Aug. 5. As we were pulling out we were told the harbor was closed and no more ships could use it."
Mr. Wells said passengers were held up by the stewards and attendants of the liner all through the trip.
OFFER PRAYERS FOR PEACE.
All Churches of Rome Hold Service at Order of Pope-Pontiff Joins.
ROME, via Paris, Aug. 15.—This being Assumption day, in all the 400 churches of Rome special prayers were offered by direct instruction of the pope for the cessation of the war. The pontiff himself after celebrating mass in his private chapel in the presence of his sisters and niece and the by the American consul. Mr. Wells was compelled to abandon his household goods in a furnished flat and to leave all baggage, clothing, and personal belongings to catch the last train before the expected answer of the French foreign department to the German ultimatum on Aug. 1.
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"The steamship company refused Ger-

AMERICANS LESS ANXIOUS TO FLEE FROM GERMANY.
Necessity for Leaving War Zone Less Urgent—Train Service to Frontier Resumed.
BERLIN, via Copenhagen and London, Aug. 15.—The necessity for Americans returning to the United States seems to be less urgent now. A special train which left the capital yesterday, bound for Holland, was not filled to its capacity with tourists, but at the same time many wish to return as soon as the opportunity offers. Germans everywhere are helpful.
War Closes Carlsbad to Americans
But you can have the benefits of Carlsbad right at home. A limited supply of the famous Sprudel Water and Sprudel Salts is now in this country. Prices will not be advanced while the supply lasts. Sprudel Water is nature's curative agent for liver, stomach and rheumatic troubles.
For sale at all dealers. Write for Booklet to Eisner-Mendelson Company 90 West Street, New York

COMPLAINS OF STEERAGE; SWIM, CAPTAIN ADVISES.
Commander of Liner Celtic Has Short Reply for American Who Was Finticky.
New York, Aug. 15.—[Special.]—Capt. A. E. S. Hamblen, commander of the Celtic, told today of a telegram he had received in Liverpool just before sailing.
"Can't get anything but third class on Celtic; what shall I do?" it read.
"What did you answer?" he was asked.
"I saved a lot of money for him," replied Capt. Hamblen with a twinkle in his eye, "for I responded in only one word: 'Swim.'"
Final Clearance
OF Summer Dresses
This is the opportunity of a lifetime. We have to close them out to make way for Fall merchandise.
Dresses that Sold to \$85 Now \$15
No exceptions made—every garment included. All kinds of summer materials.
The Rest of Our White and Colored Summer Dresses Go in 2 Lots \$7.50 and \$10 Values Up to \$35.
All Waists at Clearance Prices \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5 and \$7.50 Values as High as \$17.50.
Initial Showing of Fall Apparel NOW \$10.00

CHICAGO WOMAN WRITES CHATTY LETTER ON WAR
Mrs. Alan C. Dixon Tells of Her Experience in London Since Trouble Began.
FINDS PLENTY TO EAT
A letter has just been received from Mrs. Alan C. Dixon of 311 Belden avenue, Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon were among the tourists who were caught in London by the war. Mr. Dixon is the youngest son of Arthur Dixon, president of the Dixon Transfer company. Mrs. Dixon is the daughter of Mrs. Adeline Emerson Thompson of 1508 Harlem avenue, Rockford, Ill. The letter, which was written from the Savoy hotel, London, Aug. 4, follows:
"Sorry no more letters can be written at such a time. We are busy every moment trying to get and keep gold. No bank notes of England will be accepted. They are only paying 3 shillings 6 on the American dollar. One shilling had to have some money immediately, so he changed an American \$20 gold certificate and only got \$16.00 in exchange. The people are panicky. They say there are 50,000 Americans in England alone, and 200,000 on the continent.
Praises Banking Association.
"We have met loads of friends. Every one who can is returning steers to America. I have sent a short note by Mrs. J. A. of Chicago, who expects to go overseas with her husband and sister tomorrow on a White Star liner. She is to call you up and tell you everything. They can scarcely get enough money to get to Liverpool.
"The banks have been closed since Saturday noon with no chance of any letter of credit being used. The American Bankers' association has come gallantly to the fore and has been paying as much as \$40 in gold to each person who holds American Bankers' association travelers' checks. Its office being in the Savoy.
"We fortunately had cashed \$200 in gold and a 10 pound note on Saturday, preparing for warlike times. So we are very fortunate in the eyes of most every American. We paid our bill at the Savoy Monday morning with our ten pound note and went to Queen Anne's Mansions and we are with Judge Jesse Holdom of Chicago.
Chicago Man's Machine Taken.
"I have run into many people who have known. One Chicago man had his machine seized in Germany and he fled without any baggage on the last boat. Ran into Mrs. Frank P. Graves and she and

a friend of her's left Paris after the train service had stopped and they had to pay \$200 for a machine to take them to a boat they thought might cross the channel.
"Other friends, who were fortunate to leave when the could get baggage across, had to wheel their own trunks on trucks and load on on the train on reaching the English coast. Most of the refugees, however, have only the clothes they have on their backs. We have no message whatever from Kate or Bert Dixon. We are much worried about them.
Streets Mob All the Time.
"If they ever get away now it won't be till after the war. The streets are mobs most of the time. We aren't able to get to sleep at night till 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning on account of the shouts and singing of great mobs of people. It is truly a most remarkable time.
"Ran into Mrs. George Nelson Holt today and gave her our address so she can let us know if she has any news whatever. When we are down the whole situation seems so hopeless. There are such crowds and crowds of people. It takes three hours to get into the American Express building even. We did manage to get in once this morning to inquire for mail, but, of course, there was nothing. I do hope you won't worry about us.
Better Off than Others.
"Think how much better off we are than most of the Americans. I really feel that we are very well off. We had paid our return passage (although the ticket hasn't been sent us from Liverpool) on a boat with a royal naval reserve commander in charge and a boat that has provision for guns—a boat that can go faster than almost any gunboat.
"Our average speed coming over was twenty-three and three-quarters knots, and we weren't hustling. The boat doesn't sail there could hardly be a safer place anywhere than London. Mr. Charles Thomson is in London and has promised to come to whatever aid he may. We were there for dinner last night and had a most enjoyable time. He has sixty gallons of petrol in his garage for an emergency. That would take us all to the end of the island. He figures 900 miles to that sixty gallons. Sunday he could buy no petrol at all. He was lucky even to get this. A friend of his paid 10 shillings (\$2.50) a gallon yesterday.
English Keeping Their Heads.
"The Americans are all very much alarmed over here, but the English are much wiser. They don't seem to be losing their heads at all. The only obstacle that affects or might affect us is their refusal to change a bank note. No one who had \$25 note can get anything to eat.
"At Simpson's, however, you can deposit that \$25 note and keep coming back till you have literally eaten up that \$25 note, but they will not change it. Every one is holding on to change. We have learned most of the underground tube routes now and can really find our way around wonderfully well without having to call a taxi. We are saving, even hoarding, our pennies. We are not economizing on our food, because we must keep healthy if it is a possible thing.
Can't Keep Up with History.
"England declared war on Germany last night and that is plenty. There are extras every moment, and we are kept busy trying to keep up with history. It's hard, and, of course, there are lots of false reports get circulated around. We usually have to wait a day or so for officially confirmed news. At present there is no word or rumor of the Cunard liners not going. The American liner Philadelphia sailed this morning, went out two hours, but was recalled.
"ADALYN THOMPSON DIXON."

WARNS GERMANS NOT TO BELIEVE FALSE REPORTS
Manifesto by Gen. Stoin Says Britons and French Are Spreading Errors.
PLEDGE TO GIVE TRUTH
COPENHAGEN, Aug. 15, via London.—The Berliner Tagblatt of Aug. 12, which reached here today, contains a manifesto to the German nation by Gen. Stoin of the German general staff in which the public is cautioned against believing any statements except those given out by the general staff. It says:
"In England and France falsehoods are being spread broadcast. You Germans have too much faith in your government to accept rumors too easily.
False Report on Holland.
"The English accuse us of having suggested partition with Holland in exchange for its neutrality. Such charges are beneath contempt and demonstrate the righteousness of our cause and the wickedness of our enemies.
"You Germans also are spreading rumors of victories and defeats such as the German occupation of Belfort and the destruction of French regiments wholesale.
Promises Full Truth.
"Everything will be published at the proper time and we have given our word that nothing shall be exaggerated and nothing minimized.
"Few except those who are experienced in warfare can know or show with what difficulties victories are won.
"Another Berlin paper declares that Great Britain is paralyzing American diplomatic relations by provoking the American ambassador's sending dispatches in cipher.
HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE TO SELL FLEET IN U. S.?
Says It Has Offer on Ships Worth \$30,000,000—Would Inaugurate Yankee Merchant Marine.
New York, Aug. 15.—The Hamburg-American line issued a statement this afternoon saying it had under consideration offers to purchase some of its steamships in American waters, valued at \$30,000,000.
The fleet embraces the great steamer Vaterland, largest in the world. If sold the vessels would fly the American flag and would be the first big acquisition to the proposed American merchant marine.

The Exquisite Six
The most interesting car in the city today is the new-model HUDSON Six-40. All motorists should see it.
It has many features not yet found in any other car.
It has beauty all its own. In big things and little it shows the skill and pains of a great engineering corps.
The Future Type of Car
In a finished way it shows the HUDSON idea of the future type of car. That means the idea of Howard E. Coffin and his 47 engineers.
Last season's model showed the result of their three years' work on this car. This new-year model shows another year's improvement—31 new refinements.
End of Excess
This car marks the end of excess—the end of over-tax. No man can see this new HUDSON without admitting that a new day has come in car design.
Over-size, over-weight, and over-price must go.
This graceful car has ample room for seven. This power is sufficient—the car shows 47 horsepower. This weight is sufficient—2,890 pounds—for the sturdiest sort of car. Such lightness involves many costly materials and rare skill in designing. But it has cut down tire expense immensely.
The new-type motor in this HUDSON Six-40 has cut operative costs about 30 per cent.
LOUIS GEYLER COMPANY
LOUIS GEYLER, President "The Hudson Distributors" J. L. McLAREN, Treasurer
2500 Michigan Avenue Phone Calumet 3226

203 S.

AUGUST 16, 1914.

DRIVERS ARRIVE
FOR AUTO RACES
AT ELGIN COURSE

De Palma, Tetzlaff, Mulford and Burman Among Stars That Reach Camp.

FIRST CONTEST ON FRIDAY

BY JACK PROCTOR.

Ralph De Palma, Teddy Tetzlaff, staph Mulford, Bob Burman, and Billy Carlson were among the speed kings who checked in at Elgin yesterday, ready to start actual training for the annual road race, which will be run over the Kane county circuit next Friday and Saturday.

With them came their cars, and their advent caused considerable excitement at Elgin, which already housed many of the speed merchants. De Palma came directly from New York, where he has been tuning up his German Mercedes, which is the 275 inch car Louis Wagner drove into second place in the recent French Grand Prix. Tetzlaff and Carlson came from Salt Lake City with their manager, R. A. Moros, fresh from their recent record breaking feat. With the Maxwell team was Wilbur DeAlene of Los Angeles, who is booked to drive a Marmon, a sister car to the big one entered by Charles E. Erbstein.

Shades Burman's Record.

Naturally Tetzlaff was an object of interest because of the fact that last Wednesday at Salt Lake City he drove for Brother Ralph, in place of Tom Alley, who is equivalent to 142 miles an hour and a shade faster than Burman's famous mile record, made on the Florida sands.

De Palma brings with him his brother John, who also is a well known driver, and Brother John will serve as mechanic for Brother Ralph, in place of Tom Alley, who has been given a mount on one of the Duesenbergs. De Palma also had had news for the Chicago Automobile club, for he announced that E. J. Schroeder, the New Jersey millionaire, who had nominated a Peugeot for the Elgin meet, would not send that car here. Schroeder had made the declaration in the hope that he could get De Palma for pilot, but after the latter had signed with E. C. Patterson the Jerseyman decided not to send on the Peugeot.

Been in Every Meet.

Mulford's French Peugeot has been at Elgin for several days, but in Elgin, Ralph did not report until later. He has taken his old camp near Udim and goes into the fray with the distinction of being the only driver who has participated in every one of the Elgin meets.

Only one new entry was declared yesterday, but there is every reason to believe that the mail Monday morning will produce several others—the Burman Special, which Klein will drive; the Kerston, which Callaghan is after, and possibly one or two others. It is reasonably certain that there will be at least thirty cars declared when the final count is made.

The new entry, made yesterday, was that a third Duesenberg, which will be the free-for-all only, and which will be driven by Eddie O'Donnell.

List of Entries.

The list to date is as follows:

No.	Car and entrant.	Driver.
1	Peugeot, E. J. Schroeder.	Not named
2	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, R. O. Field	Stutz
3	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, G. Anderson	Anderson
4	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, W. H. Grant	Grant
5	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, G. B. Baker	Baker
6	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, W. H. Grant	Grant
7	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, L. Holmstrom	Holmstrom
8	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, F. H. Desbora	Desbora
9	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, R. de Palma	De Palma
10	Duesenberg, F. Duesenberg & R. Duesenberg	Duesenberg
11	Frederick Bullock, W. Chandler	Chandler
12	Duesenberg, F. Duesenberg & R. Duesenberg	Duesenberg
13	Tahla, P. Robinson	M. Roberts
14	Mercer, Mercer Automobile company	W. Whitall
15	Mercer, Mercer Automobile company	E. Pullen
16	Mercer, Mercer Automobile company	C. Luttrell
17	Gray Fox, Frank Fox	W. Wilson
18	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford
19	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford
20	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford
21	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford
22	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford
23	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford
24	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford
25	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford
26	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford
27	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford
28	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford
29	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford
30	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford

WAR MAY PREVENT RETURN
OF PUGH'S DISTURBER IV.

Commodore William Hale Thompson of the Associated Yacht and Power Boat Club of America yielded a letter yesterday from James A. Pugh stating that he arrived at Southampton with Disturber IV, just at the time war was declared. Pugh said he was at once notified that the international races for the Harwood trophy had been called off, but he had his hydroplane launched and tried it out.

According to Pugh, the waters at Cova were deserted and the yacht was left drifting at night, with no lights, and the sailors hanging around the call to arms. Pugh said he was surprised at the difficulty in getting his boat back to America, but he thought the belief it could be shipped by sea for the local market was a mistake.

Unless Disturber IV arrives on time, Adam F. Weckler's Baracade and Earl Deakin's Hydro Bullet will be the only Chicago boats to defend the championship won last year by Mr. Pugh's Disturber III.

Thirty speed boats, ranging in size from little twenty foot flyers to big forty foot hydroplanes of the Disturber IV type, are assured for the third annual war carnival in the Grant park harbor. About thirty races will be run during the week of Sept. 13-22.



THE NEW "HAMMOCK"

SHIFT DRIVERS;
BONINGTON WINS

Grand Circuit Judges Replace Dickerson with Andrews in 2:12 Trot. GETS \$200 FOR DRIVE.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Aug. 15.—An afternoon of ordinary sport was furnished for the closing day of Kalamazoo's Grand circuit meeting. There were five events on the card, but the thrills were lacking. The weather was ideal, track fast, and all conditions pointed to fast time, which was lacking throughout.

The only thing that approached a feature occurred in the 2:12 trot. The judges were dissatisfied with the showing made by Bonington in the third heat, so they removed Driver Dickerson and put Billy Andrews up. Bonington won the next two heats easily. Andrews was allowed \$200 for driving the mile.

The free-for-all race, the time being 2:07 1/2, 2:08 1/2, and 2:09 1/2. The 2:12 pace, 2:07 1/2, 2:08 1/2, and 2:09 1/2. The 2:12 trot, 2:07 1/2, 2:08 1/2, and 2:09 1/2.

Results of Races.

No.	Car and entrant.	Driver.	Time.
1	Peugeot, E. J. Schroeder.	Not named	2:07 1/2
2	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, R. O. Field	Stutz	2:08 1/2
3	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, G. Anderson	Anderson	2:09 1/2
4	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, W. H. Grant	Grant	2:10 1/2
5	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, G. B. Baker	Baker	2:11 1/2
6	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, W. H. Grant	Grant	2:12 1/2
7	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, L. Holmstrom	Holmstrom	2:13 1/2
8	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, F. H. Desbora	Desbora	2:14 1/2
9	Stutz, Stutz Motor Car company, R. de Palma	De Palma	2:15 1/2
10	Duesenberg, F. Duesenberg & R. Duesenberg	Duesenberg	2:16 1/2
11	Frederick Bullock, W. Chandler	Chandler	2:17 1/2
12	Duesenberg, F. Duesenberg & R. Duesenberg	Duesenberg	2:18 1/2
13	Tahla, P. Robinson	M. Roberts	2:19 1/2
14	Mercer, Mercer Automobile company	W. Whitall	2:20 1/2
15	Mercer, Mercer Automobile company	E. Pullen	2:21 1/2
16	Mercer, Mercer Automobile company	C. Luttrell	2:22 1/2
17	Gray Fox, Frank Fox	W. Wilson	2:23 1/2
18	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:24 1/2
19	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:25 1/2
20	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:26 1/2
21	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:27 1/2
22	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:28 1/2
23	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:29 1/2
24	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:30 1/2
25	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:31 1/2
26	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:32 1/2
27	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:33 1/2
28	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:34 1/2
29	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:35 1/2
30	Peugeot, Peugeot Import company	R. Mulford	2:36 1/2

ESCH BEATS TWO SPEEDERS
IN MATINEE FREE FOR ALL.

Esch, Freda Mac, and Frank McKee were the stars at yesterday's West Chicago Driving Club matinee. The first, driven by its owner, Joe Hartford, figured in a sensational finish with Skuli's Chinese in the second heat of the 2:25 trot and the judges were alone able to decide the winner. Jack again landed his free-for-all trot over Empress Yula and Baron G. Sherman in six furlongs.

Frank McKee, own brother to Joe Bowers (2:09 1/4), scored his initial matinee win with owner Ed Stierman up. Summary:

2:25 trot—Frank McKee, by, by Synthes (Stierman), won; Esch, second; Jack Dryden, third; Doctor Jim, fourth; Doctor Brook, fifth.

2:25 pace—Helen Boudreau, by, by DeVal (DeVal), won; Esch, second; Esch, third; Esch, fourth; Esch, fifth.

Free for all trot—Esch, by, by Red Medium (Leary), won; Esch, second; Esch, third; Esch, fourth; Esch, fifth.

Free for all pace—Esch, by, by Esch, won; Esch, second; Esch, third; Esch, fourth; Esch, fifth.

2:25 trot—Esch, by, by Esch, won; Esch, second; Esch, third; Esch, fourth; Esch, fifth.

2:25 pace—Esch, by, by Esch, won; Esch, second; Esch, third; Esch, fourth; Esch, fifth.

RESOLUTE OUT OF SERVICE.

Bristol, R. I., Aug. 15.—The racing season Resolute, the most successful of the three yacht built this year for the defense of America's cup, went out of commission today. Resolute, which was launched on April 25, won fifteen of the eighteen cup races in which it participated.

DON'T USE A CHEAP
SMALL REEL—Says Neal Brown.

(Copyright, 1914, by Neal Brown.)

IT is much to be regretted that the trout is so often killed by the use of a cheap, small reel. The trout is a very delicate fish, and it is very easy to kill it by the use of a cheap, small reel. The trout is a very delicate fish, and it is very easy to kill it by the use of a cheap, small reel.

A hooked trout must have his head in the water in order to breathe. If he is hooked in a dangerous position, he will die. The trout is a very delicate fish, and it is very easy to kill it by the use of a cheap, small reel.

The subject of flies has been treated in desultory fashion throughout the season, and not much has been said about them. The trout is a very delicate fish, and it is very easy to kill it by the use of a cheap, small reel.

Many flies are whipped off in this way, and many more are broken off by the first trout that seizes the fly. The trout is a very delicate fish, and it is very easy to kill it by the use of a cheap, small reel.

One of the great flymen of the world, herself a practical angler, says that while she makes for the trout an infinitely greater number of the snelled flies, yet the fly is the most sensible and practical fly to use.

A most bewildering assortment of flies confronts the angler. He will finally settle down to a steady use of about a dozen varieties.

For northern Wisconsin and Michigan I would enumerate the following: Brown Drake, Caddisfly, Squirrel Tail, Cow Dung, Robin Wood, Gray Hackle, Grizzly King, Queen of the Waters, Silver Doctor, Black Onat, McGinty.

JOHNSON 'BROKE'
IN SOLEMN PARIS

Entire \$30,000 Purse of Frank Moran Fight Tied Up by Creditors. WANTS MONEY BADLY.

BY KNOCKOUT.

Jack Johnson's broke in Paris. Further more the purse of \$30,000 which the negro champion was guaranteed for his bout with Frank Moran in Paris on June 26, was attached by creditors of the negro champion and he never has been able to secure a penny of it.

Along with Johnson's broke, the \$30,000 which Moran was to receive, was included in the attachment of the fighter's share of the receipts. This information was brought to Chicago by Max Annenberg, circulation manager of The Tribune, who has just returned from abroad.

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ST. PAUL MAY LOSE A.A. TEAM

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 15.—The St. Paul club of the American Association may be transferred to Toledo, O., in the near future, according to a report in circulation here tonight.

MANDEL NINE BEATS JAPS
AT WEEGHMAN PARK, 2 TO 1.

In a certain rivalry to the Tim-Pittsburgh game at Weeghman park yesterday, the St. Paul club of the American Association defeated the Japanese team, 9 to 2, in a game which was played at Weeghman park.

The St. Paul club of the American Association defeated the Japanese team, 9 to 2, in a game which was played at Weeghman park.

GIANTS BEAT ROSELAND, 8-1.

Hitting the ball hard in the first two innings, when they scored six runs, was the game for the Los Angeles Giants against the Roseland team.

The Los Angeles Giants defeated the Roseland team, 8 to 1, in a game which was played at Weeghman park.

BEACHEY IN AIR
BEATS OLDFIELD
IN AUTOMOBILE

Aviator Takes Revenge for Recent Defeat at Cleveland, O., in Mile Race.

DROPS DOWN 5,500 FEET

BY KEENE GARDNER.

Lincoln Beachey thrilled 10,000 spectators yesterday at the Hawthorne race track with his looping the loops, upside down, straight up, and "corkscrew" flights, in which he descended from a height of about 6,000 feet to about 600 feet, looping the loop four times.

Beachey also demonstrated the practicability of airships in time of war by completely demolishing a structure resembling a warship by dropping three bombs down at it from a height of 600 feet, while traveling faster than a mile a minute. All his exhibitions were received with bursts of enthusiasm.

Revenge on Oldfield.

Beachey also avenged his recent defeat by Barney Oldfield at Cleveland, O., when he beat the motorist in a mile exhibition race.

Oldfield after the race complained about the softness of the turn and offered Track Superintendent Metz a bonus of \$100 if he would harden the turns for today's race.

Metz promised to earn the extra \$100, and Oldfield is confident of turning the tables on the birdman.

Oldfield came in for his share of the story when he lowered Louis Diabro's track record by two and one-half seconds, driving a mile in 31.1 seconds. This was considered marvelous on account of the unusually poor condition of the track.

Drives Record Car.

He also drove his \$200 horsepower Christie in a mile exhibition race. This is the same car with which he made his one and two mile world's records of 48.25 and 1:46, respectively.

This car is geared for a perfect track; therefore he uses his Flat Cycle in his exhibition race with Beachey, and in his mile race against time for the track record.

Perfect Auto Roads.

Perfect automobile roads can be found out Washington boulevard to Forty-eighth avenue, then south; also out Ogden avenue to Forty-eighth avenue, then west.

COCHRAN, BOY CUE STAR.
TO TURN PROFESSIONAL.

Walter Cochran, the boy billiard prodigy, has decided to jump from the amateur ranks and become a full fledged professional. This decision was reached on receipt of an offer from Manager Burton L. Mank of the Champion Billiard Club to join the ranks of the stars who will compete in the circuit this winter.

Cochran is described as a shrewd boy, who would be easy game for half a dozen American heavyweights or middleweights. Before the outbreak of the war he was clearing \$8,000 to \$4,000 a week in English music halls, where he is a popular idol.

CHAMPIONSHIP TO SEWARD.

Seward park's 105 pound track team won the championship of the north parks system by defeating Hamlin park in a dual meet on the winners' field yesterday.

The Seward park team, consisting of Seward park's 105 pound track team, won the championship of the north parks system by defeating Hamlin park in a dual meet on the winners' field yesterday.

SOUTH SIDERS WIN AT NET.

In the double event of the Lincoln park tennis championship the second round in each division was practically completed yesterday.

MAY PROTEST YACHT RACE.

The third yacht race for possession of the George B. Carpenter & Co. trophy was called yesterday over the arrowhead course at the Evanston Yacht club.

In the Wake of the News

BY KING W. LARDNER.
(Copyright, 1914, by King W. Lardner.)

Steve: Well Steve I am back in old Chi and I am some of these fellows I would be a shame to come in to town after what we done on the eastern trip but how could I help, what we done when O'Day did not never give me no chance to brake in to the game and if he had I bet the Chicago fans would of gave me a grand reception because they were not looking for me to be any more because I could not of killed if I had been in there and honest Steve if I was some of these here men on the club I would send in my resignation to the owner of the club for not batting 500 against the pitching we sent in the east and losing them games in Phila and N. Y. was a joke. But I don't care now if O'Day ever leaves me get in there or not because I have just a bout made up my mind that I will jump to the federal next time they make me a offer and it is likely to be any day now because I see they are after Ty Cobb again and I suppose I will be the next.

Well Steve I wish you could of saw how tickled the little girl was to have me back again and she says she hopes O'Day don't never take me on no more trips because her heart was near broke every minute when I was a way and why not because she was not looking for me to do with me, not in Chi and not no body to show her a time, though they is a hole lot of fellows is all ways at her to go out with them but she wont have nothing to do with them now she has got me. And I wish you could of saw how tickled she was when I give her the present I brot back from N. Y. to her and I guess I better tell you what it was because then you can see she had a lissen to be tickled and why not? What I got for her Steve was a diamond brooch, and they must be 25 diamonds in it but of course not 25 grade big diamonds because they would cost a hole lot of money but just little diamonds but all perfect and the boys all says I got a grate bargain though I am not looking for no bargain when I buy some thing for the little girl and they would not no body but a cheap guy do that. But this here brooch I give up \$3.85 for it and I bought it on 9th. ave. in N. Y. which is not only a block off 5th. ave. the jewelers there they got the brooch I fixed up with a pin to it so as she can pin it on her some where and it is guaranteed that the brooch wont wear out in more then 1 year.

Well Steve I certainly had 1 time in N. Y. and if I do jump to the federal I guess I will insist on jumping to the Brooklyn federal so as I can live in N. Y. all the time and may be if they give me a big enough salary I and the girl can fix it up and get married but then if we lived in N. Y. I would have to walk up and down the back st. all the time and not have any of the boys to come and see me and I would have to be a cheap guy do that. But this here brooch I give up \$3.85 for it and I bought it on 9th. ave. in N. Y. which is not only a block off 5th. ave. the jewelers there they got the brooch I fixed up with a pin to it so as she can pin it on her some where and it is guaranteed that the brooch wont wear out in more then 1 year.

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SPORTS

BOXING MATCHES
SOMETIMES HURT
ILUSTIC GAME

"Much Friendship"
When Boxers Meet
e or Four Times.

F RIVERS VS. CROSS

RAY C. PEARSON.

For Rivers, the Spanish-American, who accomplished everything in the lightweight division except the world's championship, the fight with Cross, the sturdy New Yorker, was a real test. Last Tuesday's fourth meeting of this pair and recent clash demonstrated beyond shadow of doubt that it is not for a promoter to stage contests boys who have swapped before.

Tom McCarey probably adjudged to be swayed by his for Rivers. Rivers always a sort of protégé of "Uncle" it has been McCarey that has more ring work than any other. In fact, there was a time not so long ago when Rivers was not a boxer but a trainer for a not adhere strictly to training. McCarey threatened to put him in the cold. But the hard showed so strongly he that the promoter relented, more ring work, and has been tches with Rivers as one of the ever since.

ers vs. Cross Case.

Logic for any one at all boxing that Rivers and Cross, with as they are, each other's not put up a smashing battle. Sensational features such as the to see when they go to a box.

When they fail to see knock-out wonder why and not a great em try to fathom the thing out, once, take the case of Rivers for. His first battle with Cross a good view into his opponent's ns. He had a chance to find out things. He learned just how "short" his foe was on cleve compared to himself. He strength of Cross's punch and positions the dentist usually and with it. He found out, Cross knew how to "stall" as when in trouble and he got a of Cross' general ability as a battler and a ring general.

Chance for Dentist.

Other hand, Cross had the same size up the Spanish-American. pick out Rivers' strong points weak ones. That one bout was both fighters, although it was a close contest. The natural river, was that when they were for another bout in New York a pretty fair idea of what to expect the other. But the effect of ledge wasn't helpful from the standpoint, and their second as't as interesting as the first. fight a third time and a fourth the only thing that could have e contests exciting at all would for one or the other boy to ed the ring out of condition and en knocked out.

ck a little ways reminds one of of Sam Langford, the Boston "meal tickets" on his It was his battles with a few ers that enabled him to garner the much needed change now One of the "meal tickets" anette and another was Jimmy o hailed from Chicago.

ngford and Jennette.

er time the promoters matched against Jennette, and pretty try time they started Langford the winner on a decision. They a lot of no decision clashes and ette managed to hear the re- nance that the battle was a draw. e an old story, this meeting of ones, for they know so much o other's way of mulling that will be the same any time they e same way with Barry against with the exception that Barry e to hold his own at all against "baby". He received the knock- n the jaw frequently. Some- or it in the first round and other r. It got so that he knew l what to expect when he faced

Farland and Britton.

ent than this case is another, concerned Packey McFarland, stock yards fighter of Chicago. Britton, who also claims Cal- ume. This pair have met three the chances are that there e another McFarland-Britton

st meeting was in Memphis over ound route. Both claimed that on, although the verdict was a or a long time they haggle ether match, and finally was a ten round tilt, which was New York. The result of this eting developed the undisputed, that McFarland was master of, he handed Jack a good lesson. Britton was on his feet at the

her Afraid of Other.

however, was the end of road een the two Chicago boys, ly hooked up for a third clash, ickies ring. The result was that started into action they acted had been intimately acquainted lives. Packey knew just what ould do with his left or right Britton knew just how Packey ect himself.

e bout was finished the boxer n suspended McFarland for, although it is hard to e was to blame any more than

The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

PART FOUR.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

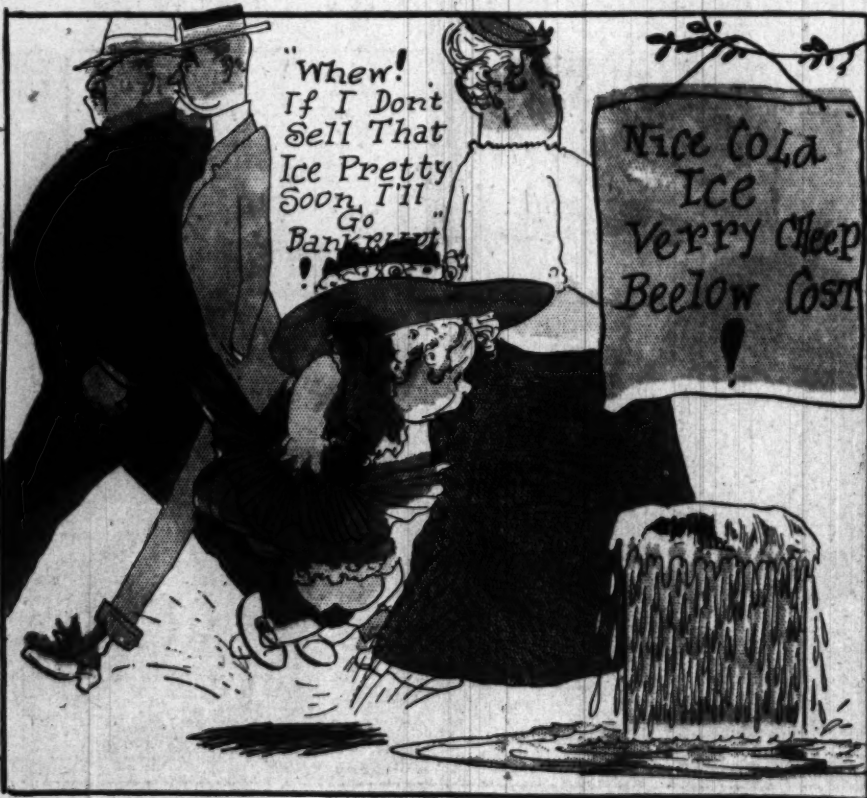
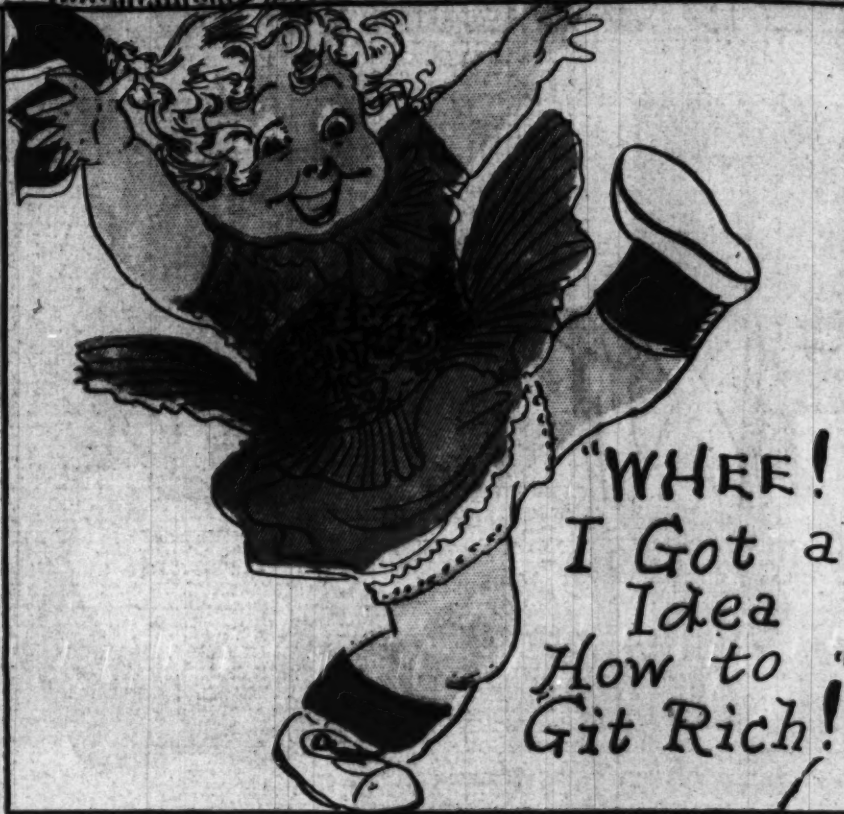
AUGUST 16, 1914

COMIC.

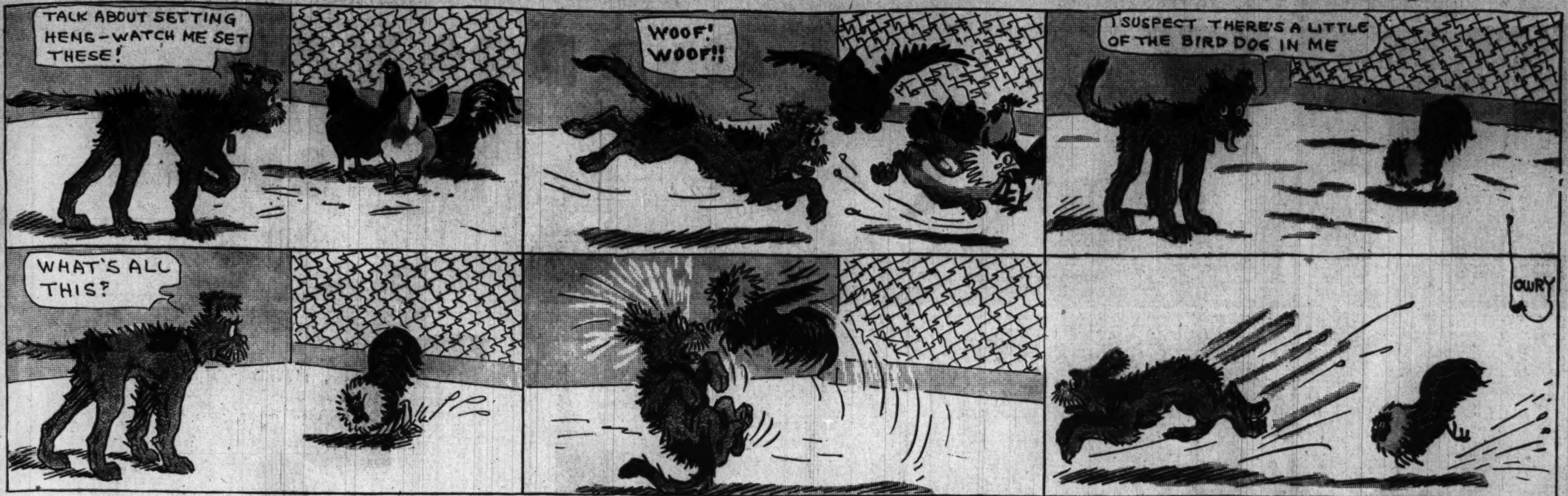
DOUGHNUTS FOR TWO BY RUDOLPH DIRKS

Originator of the Katzenjammer Kids
Copyright 1914 By Press Publishing Co.

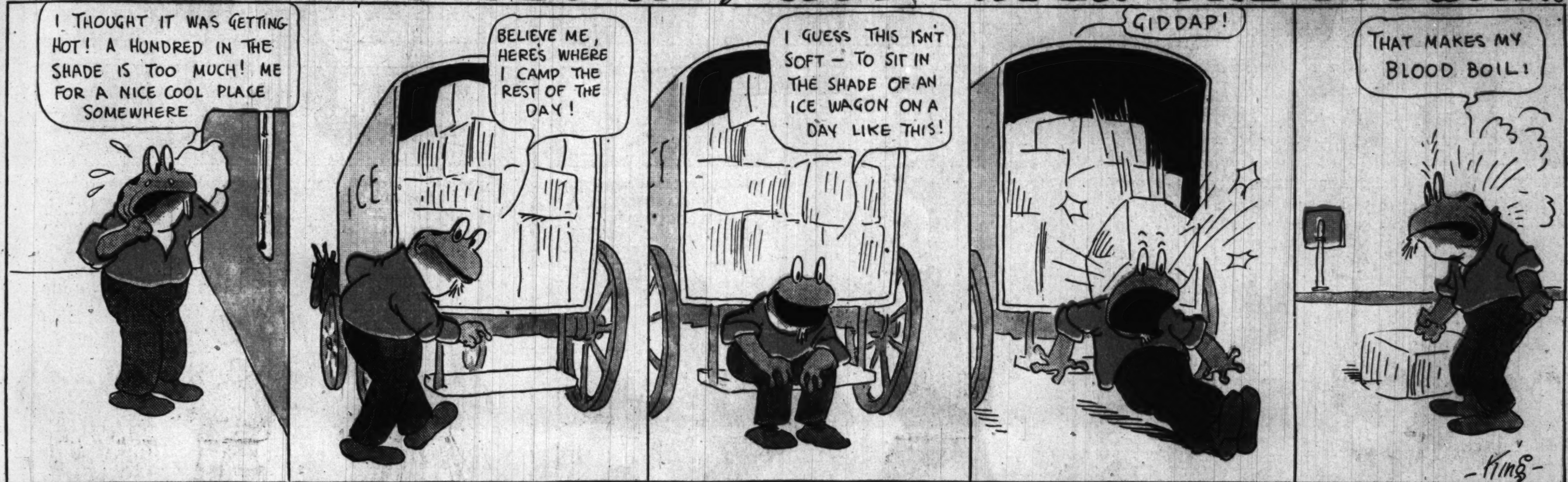




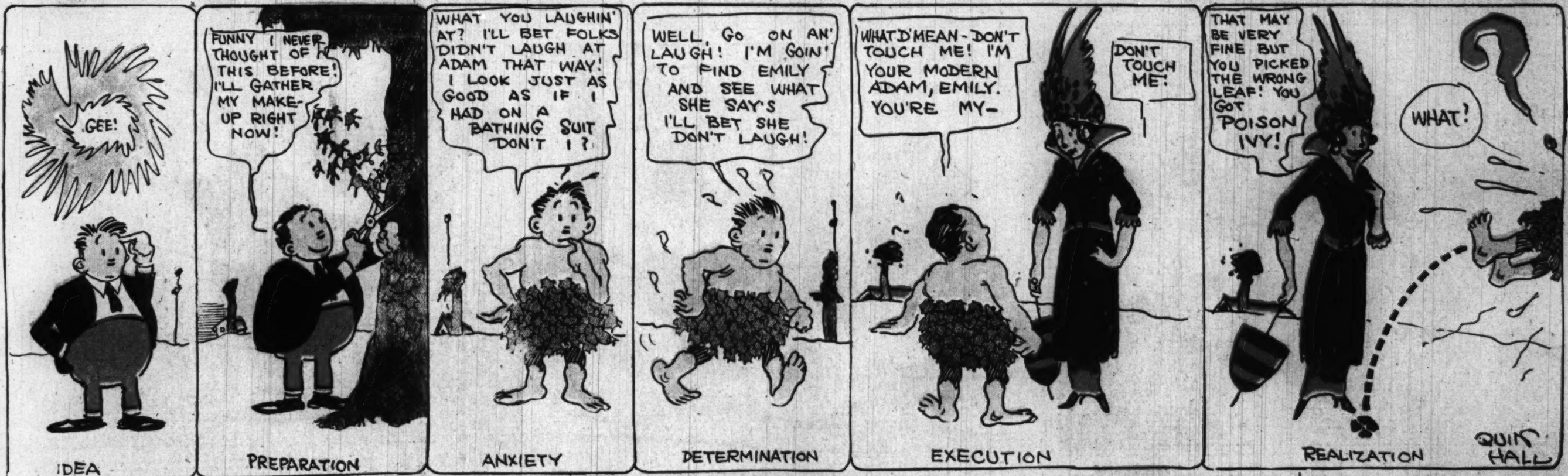
And his name is "Mr. Bones".



HI HOPPER COOL? NO, NOT UNDER THE COLLAR!



GENIAL GENE-ADAM MUST HAVE STUDIED FORESTRY



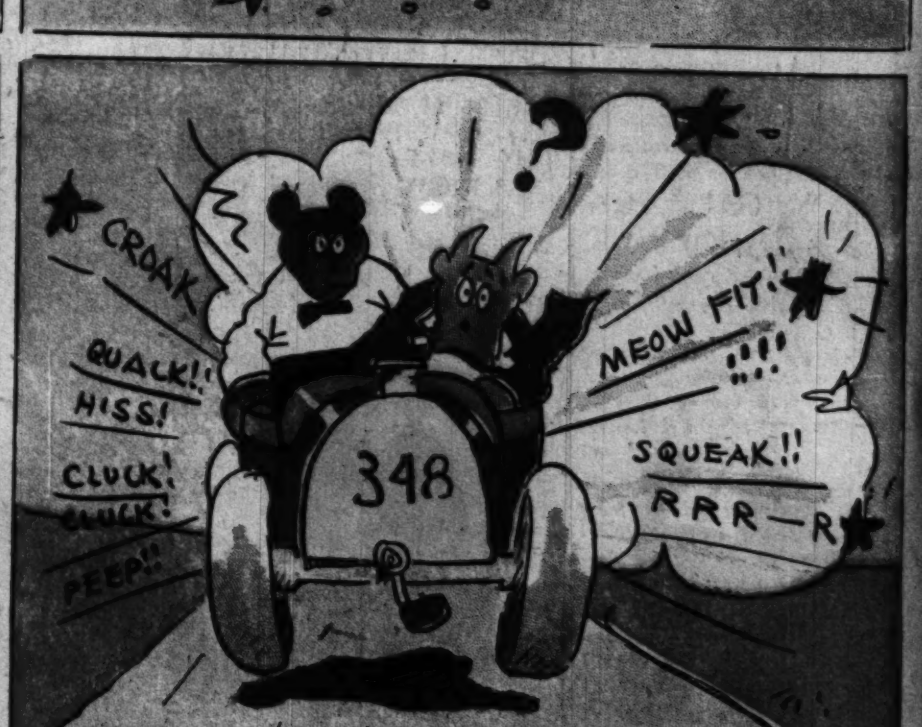
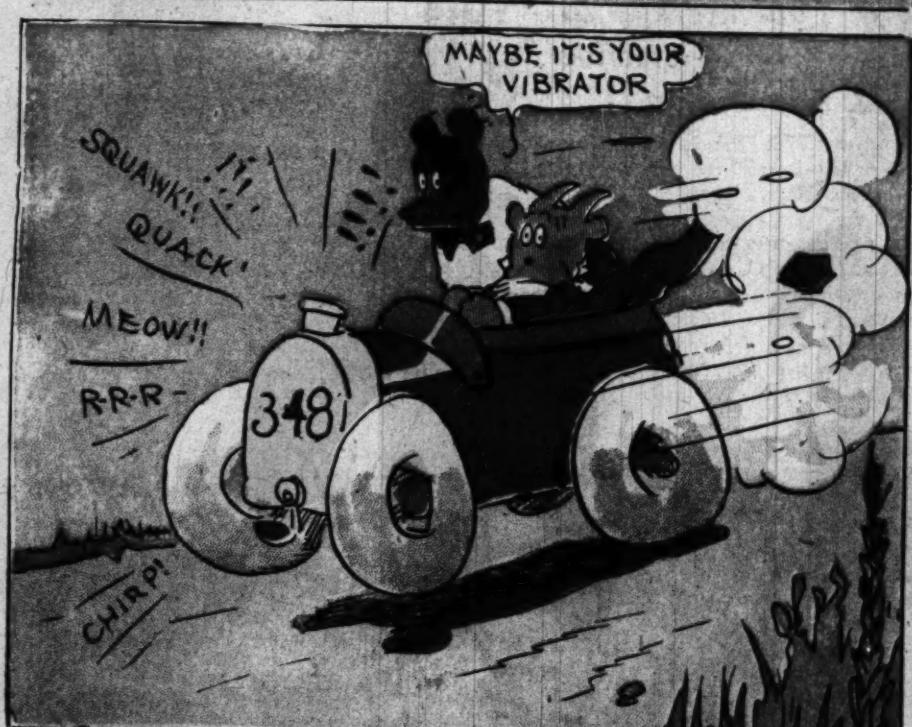
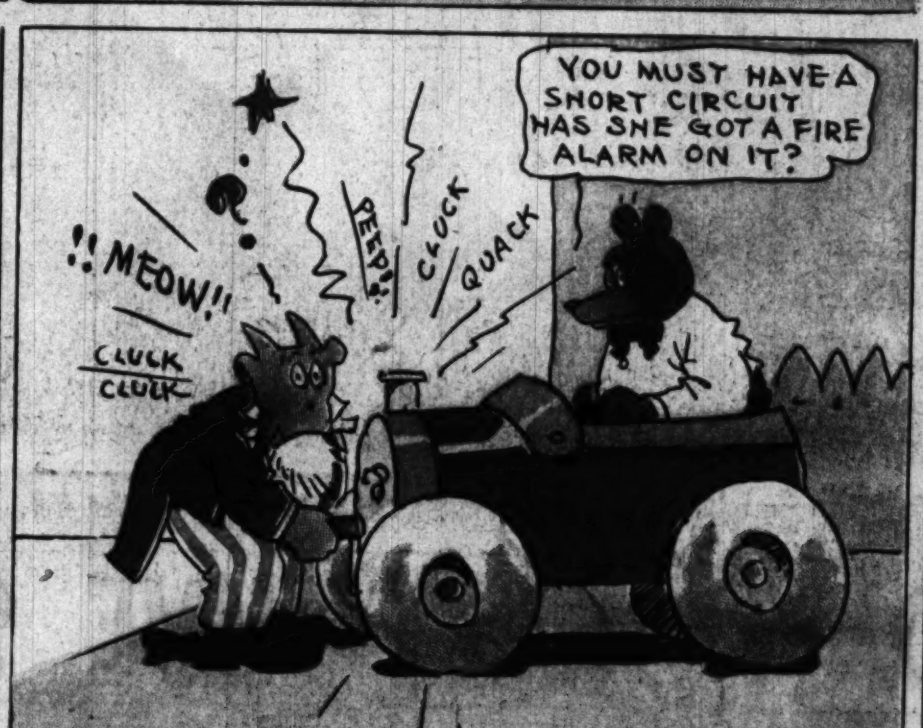
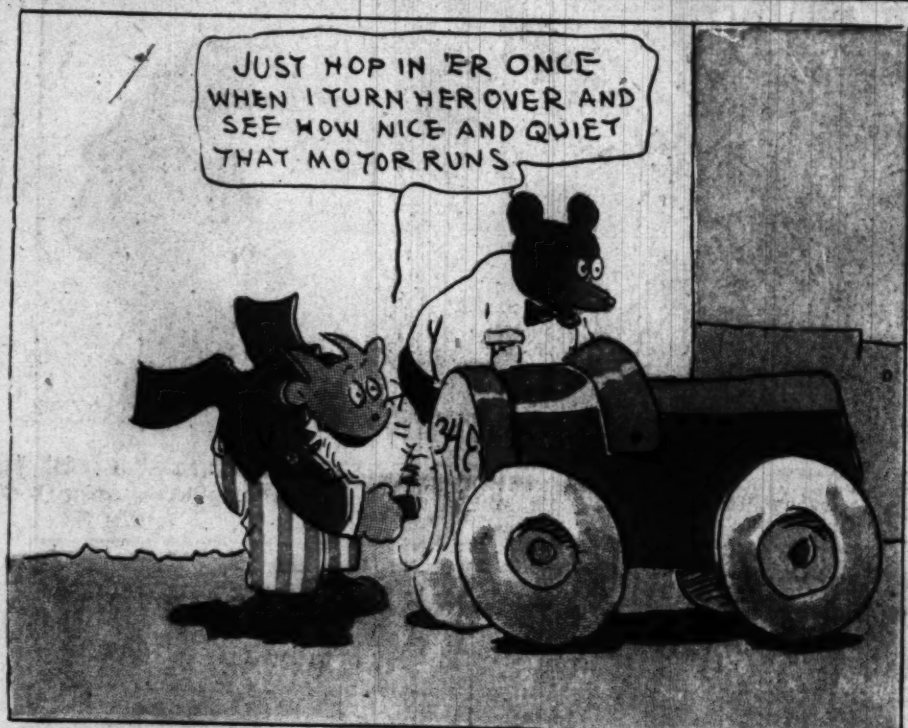
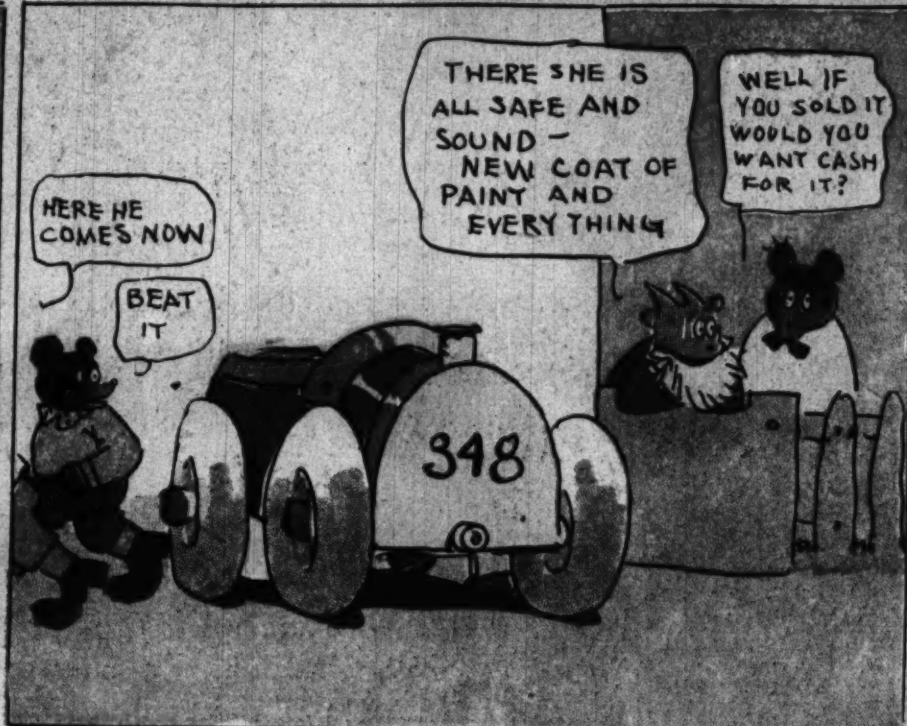
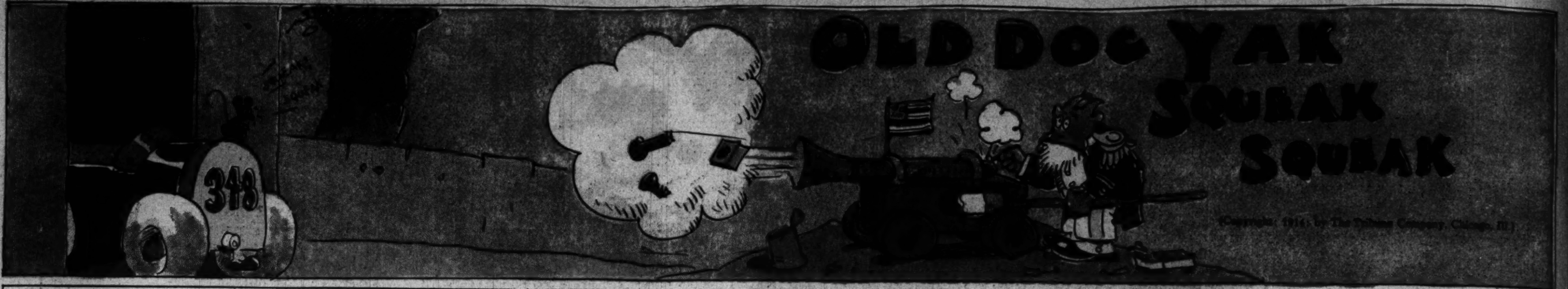
The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

PART FOUR

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

COMIC.

AUGUST 16, 1914



"The Million Dollar Mystery" by Harold MacGrath will be found on pages four and five.

The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

PART FIVE

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

COLOR SECTION.

AUGUST 16, 1914

The GREATEST DETECTIVE of them ALL



THE man with 10,000 eyes might have been a fitting title for Richelieu, the greatest cardinal of France. Perhaps no man in the history of the world has risen from such a humble origin to an equal height of wealth and power and has held that power until death caused him to loosen his grasp. And he maintained his position solely because of his system of espionage, the most wonderful organization of its kind ever perfected.

A greater detective than Sherlock Holmes, because of his thousands of spies, Richelieu knew what the king of Spain ate for breakfast, what Marie de Medici was plotting against him and where the more important of the bourgeois spent their Sunday afternoons. He had the qualities of a great detective. He was sagacious and suspicious; he had an analytical mind; he was cold and cruel, but a man of action and fearless when beset by trials.

Richelieu is described by one writer as a man "of steel and flame," by another as "cold and hard, a soul of steel in a fragile frame." He was merciless in his vengeance and he was able to thwart his enemies simply because his spies informed him of all the inner workings of each cabal before even the plotters themselves had perfected their plans.

At the height of his power he was supposed to have had a spy in the inner circles of all the courts of Europe, in the household of every family of importance in Paris. The French court was filled with his creatures, male and female, old and young. His expenses for many years

Cardinal Richelieu Organized the Greatest Secret Service System in History; Paid Millions to Spies, and Was Called the Man with 10,000 Eyes. He Had the Qualities of a Great Detective for He Was Sagacious and Suspicious, Cold, Cruel and Crafty, but Fearless in Action.

amounted to a sum equal to \$4,000,000 a year of our money, and much of this was paid to men and women who brought him information.

The great cardinal-duc had this advantage over his enemies: he could say to a young provincial who had come to court and had worked his way into the good graces of the king, "Report to me everything you see or hear and I can make you not only rich but powerful; fail me and I will crush you." And the young man had before him only too many examples of the terrible weight of Richelieu's hate.

Information or lack of information meant life or death to Richelieu; probably at no time during the eighteen years he was prime minister was he free from danger. And once he had faltered, once he had shown signs of weakness, he would have been set upon and dragged down as a band of curs pull down a wounded bear.

If at any instant during all those years he had allowed his enemies to surround him in any but a public place he would have been murdered then and there. And the murderers probably would never have been punished; for this cold, severe, implacable man was not one to inspire friendship. He was kept in power by the king because the ostensible ruler of France needed his extraordinary ability in the arts of peace and war. But when the news of his death was brought to Louis, the king remarked coldly, "There is a great politician dead," and turned away without a sign of sorrow.

Richelieu belonged to that race of poor, proud, and greedy French country gentlemen who led the strenuous life of the sixteenth century. His father, a bold, ready, and not overscrupulous fighter, died so heavily in debt that it was necessary to put in pledge his collar of the Order of the Holy Ghost to pay his funeral expenses. Richelieu died the richest man in France.

Began as Bishop of Lucon.

The young Armand Jean du Plessis de Richelieu was given a good education and at the age of 22 was given the bishopric of Lucon and was duly consecrated.

During his residence at Lucon the young bishop from time to time visited Paris in order to gain the confidence of the men in power, and as a result obtained his first chance to display his ability before the French public.

On Oct. 26, 1641, the last—properly so-called—states general assembled, and among its members was a man, not yet 30, who was destined so to strengthen the French monarchy that for nearly 200 years the representatives of the French people were not again convened.

The bishop of Lucon was chosen as spokesman of the clergy, and so pleasing was his address to the queen-mother that he immediately entered her circle of favorites.

As a result, two years later he was appointed as one of the king's secretaries—state under Concini.

With the fall of Concini fell Richelieu's ambitious plans. He saved his head, but he was forced to resign his office, and, as he puts it, was exiled to his bishopric. Then for seven years he did not play an important part in French politics.

Luckily for Richelieu, Luynes, the king's favorite, an enemy of the cardinal's, died, so that when a rapprochement was engineered between the party of Marie de Medici and that of Louis, Richelieu rode into office again.

Once he had entered the ministry the cardinal's advance was rapid. His undoubted energy and wisdom, his fitness for the office, gained him the leading position in the council. Then for eighteen years, by means of his system of spies, he managed to hold his place as prime minister and to gain more and more power as his ability was recognized by the king, and his own enemies fell one by one before the merciless churchman.

His policy may be expressed in his own words: "I never venture to undertake anything until I have thoroughly considered it; but, when once I have formed a resolution, I go straight to my object; I overthrow everything and cut down everything; and then I cover all with my scarlet robe."

The taking of La Rochelle was the crowning military feat performed by the cardinal-duc. In 1625 the Huguenots in Upper Languedoc were in open revolt. The Huguenot refuge city of La Rochelle had long felt that Fort Louis, which threatened their city, must be destroyed, and they formed an alliance with the Duke of Buckingham, who promised the assistance of England in an attack on the Royalists. After hesitating somewhat about declaring war on one of their own French cities, Richelieu took up the work of besieging La Rochelle with great energy. He established a camp around the city that was a model camp for that age; the camp, he says, "was a convent; the siege an act of faith."

Direct Siege of La Rochelle.

The cardinal himself became general, chief engineer, and paymaster. With the help of his engineers he started the great mole that effectively bottled up the city.

The population of the city swelled by the zealous Huguenots of the surrounding country numbered 30,000, and they were a race of fierce and intrepid corsairs, hardened to fatigue and danger, accustomed to live in a state of perpetual siege in order to preserve their freedom of worship. Such men were not to be conquered easily; starvation alone defeated them, and there were terrible days within the walls of the ancient city. The weak and aged died by thousands; the strong maintained life by eating shell fish, grass, stewed hides, and leather, and even

worse food. Near the end of the siege the old men, women, and children were driven out of the city—they must be fed but they could not fight.

This pitiable band reached the royalists lines, but the steel hearted cardinal turned them back and they starved to death between the two lines. After being besieged for fourteen months La Rochelle capitulated to hunger. More than 15,000 of the city's inhabitants had died; less than 200 of her heroic fighting men remained. Never again did a French city stand up against the monarchy until in 1789 Paris swept that ancient institution away.

Women Spies in His Pay.

Throughout this siege Richelieu received reports from his spies in Paris. Naturally even the most painstaking of modern historians is unable to discover the identity of more than a very small number of these creatures of the cardinals. It is stated that Charles de la Melle, captain of the queen mother's guard, Denys Bouteiller, the private secretary, and Saint Simon, the king's gentleman in waiting, were spies for the cardinal.

The opposing forces in these court intrigues often were led by beautiful feminine captives. Richelieu, although a decidedly handsome man, never was able—and, indeed, probably never tried—to win over the women of the court by any other means than offers of suitable rewards either in power or money, but he had in his pay a number of feminine spies. Mlle. de Chemerault, a charming young maid of honor and a friend of Mlle. de Hautefort, the king's platonic friend, reported daily to Mme. Maline, who in turn reported to the cardinal.

The plots formed against Richelieu during his prime ministry are too numerous to mention, but he weathered all storms, great and small. In 1626 Mme. de Chevreuse, as beautiful as she was immoral, started a conspiracy to prevent the marriage of the king's young brother with Mademoiselle de Montpensier. They decided to kill the cardinal, to throw the king into prison, and in the event of his death, to marry his younger brother to the queen.

Then the cardinal acted. The governor of the king's brother was thrown into prison, M. d'Alligre, the chancellor, was disgraced, and the Duc de Vendome and his brother were forced to meet the king at Blois and were arrested. The Comte de Chalais had been involved in a sort of secret plot for this rash young man. At that young man in the full time he had sworn to be faithful to Richelieu, but the vigor of youth, De Thou, young man was in love with the fair intriguante, Mme. de Chereuse, and again he was drawn into a plot.

This time no mercy was shown him. The formality of a trial was gone through and the unfortunate young of espionage and of his trial was condemned to death. His friends in a mis-



taken attempt to aid him kidnapped the public executioner, but his place was taken by a condemned wretch from the prison. The victim of the cardinal's vengeance received one stroke of the sword and thirty-four blows of a cooper's ax. At the twentieth blow young Chalais still groaned "Jesus Maria," and a shudder of pity ran through the crowd.

Pitiless Unto Death.

To the end Richelieu fought conspiracies. Cinq-Mars, the son of Marshal d'Effiat, had been introduced at court by the cardinal and his fortunes had been advanced by his powerful patron. This ungrateful young man conspired with Gaston, the king's brother, and others and they made a secret treaty with Spain, agreeing to give up to that country all the territory that the cardinal had won for France.

In January, 1642, the king started for the south to take part in the campaign in Catalonia, but Richelieu, then so ill that he was unable to sign his name, was forced to abandon the expedition, leaving the king in the hands of his new favorite, Cinq-Mars. The latter endeavored in every way to poison the king's mind against his minister, but Richelieu's spies were busy and they brought to him a copy of the secret Spanish treaty. Cinq-Mars and De Thou, a son of the great French historian, and a friend of the new favorite, were arrested. Both of them were tried, found guilty, and later executed.

Late in August of 1642, but a short time before his death Richelieu started up the Rhone on his way from Tarascon to Paris. He was too weak to travel by carriage—sometimes he traveled by water and sometimes he was borne in a litter. At the houses where they stopped an opening was knocked in the wall big enough to admit the litter and it was then carried into the room where the cardinal slept.

As they started up the river, in the magnificent barge leading the procession was a dying man too weak to lift his head, but one who held his power to the end. Chained shortly, a victim of the master detective's system of espionage and of his trial was condemned to death. His friends in a mis-

The LOOK AUSPICIOUS A HINDU LOVE STORY

By Rabindranath Tagore

Here is a love idyll—"Subha-Drishit"—that transcends any of our accidental conceptions of the fictional art. It was written by Rabindranath Tagore, that remarkable Bengalese dramatist, novelist, and poet mystic, who was the first oriental ever to receive the Nobel prize for literary achievement. The translation was made from the Bengali by Basanta Kumar Roy exclusively for The Sunday Tribune. It was Tagore's lyrical poems and his narratives such as this, of a love adventure with its tragic climax and fateful yet agreeable ending which contrasts strangely with our western love stories and sex fiction, that endeared him to the most lovely of the Bengalese and at same time caused the Nobel commission to recognize his classic importance.

KANTICHANDRA was widowed in youth, and still he did not care to marry again. He bent his best thoughts and energy exclusively on hunting. He was tall in stature, lean and wiry in physique, as also he was sharp sighted and infallible as a marksman. He was in the habit of dressing like the people of upper India. Wherever he went he was accompanied by wrestlers like Hira Singh and Chakau Singh, and singers like Khan Saheb and Mia Saheb, and a bunch of others like them. And he always had with him more than enough of worthless retainers and lazy hangers on.

It was in autumn when Kantichandra, with some friends and followers, was out hunting by the Nalidighi morass. He and his friends lived in two huge house boats, while his followers were in several small ones. The village that was all hemmed in by these boats full of strangers. The village women for the time being had to give up bathing in the dead river and drawing water from it for household work. In daytime the entire countryside trembled with the noise of rifles, and at night the music of the singers banished all sleep from the village.

One morning Kantichandra was seated in his houseboat, and was engaged in cleaning the barrels of a favorite rifle with his own hands. All of a sudden, he was startled to hear some ducks cackle. On looking around he found that a young girl had brought two young ducks to the boat. Her hands held them closely pressed to her bosom. There was no current in the little stream, and it was full of mosses of different kinds. The girl let the ducks go into the water, but at the next moment she was trying to lift them with loving solicitude so that they might not swim away beyond her affectionate reach. It was easy to understand that on other days she would have returned to her home leaving her pets alone in the water. But now she was afraid of the hunters and did not dare to leave them to themselves.

The girl was freshly beautiful. It seemed as if the architect of the universe had just finished giving the finishing touches on her. It was hard to guess her age. Her form was developed, but her face looked immature, and in it there was not to be found the least trace of worldliness. It seemed apparent that the news of the approach of her blooming youthfulness did not reach her yet.

Kantichandra slackened his ardor in cleaning his rifle. He was simply wonder struck. He never could expect that he would see such a face in a village like that, and yet that face was more appropriate to that environment than to a royal palace. A flower becomes a plant better than a golden vase. The blooming Kasha bed was glowing with autumn dew enlivened by the rays of the morning sun. Amidst such an enchanting surrounding that guileless face indubitably pointed on his mental canvas a captivating picture of the approach of an unknown joy in autumn. What a pity that Kallidas had forgotten to paint a pen picture of how young Parvati was wont to come to the Mandakini river with such ducklings near her bosom.

All of a sudden the girl shivered with fear, hastily gathered the ducks to her breast with tear bedewed eyes, and left the boat with some inarticulate ejaculation of sorrow. Kantichandra came out to determine the cause of her action, and saw one of his humorous friends pointing an empty rifle at the ducks in order to frighten their protectress, just for fun. Kantichandra snatched the rifle away and dealt a scorching slap on his friend's cheek. The slap could be heard from a great distance. Thus unexpectedly checked in the enjoyment of his fun, the friend dropped on the boat in pain and despair. Kantichandra returned to his room and began to cleanse his rifle again.

Curiosity laden Kantichandra soon passed through many bushes, ostensibly to shoot at birds, but he soon discovered the thing he was hunting for a homestead. It looked prosperous. There were granaries all round the courtyard, and he saw the same girl seated under the shade of a plum tree near the spacious and clean barn, with a wounded dove nearest her breast. She was sobbing as if her heart would break, and at the same time was busy wringing out drops of water into the mouth of the bird from the end of her sari dipped in a bowl of water. Her tame cat had its forepaws placed on her lap, as it was looking up and casting wistful glances on the wounded bird. The girl of and on slightly touched the cat's nose with her forefinger in order to check the ardor of its greed.

Kanti felt exceedingly embarrassed to find himself in the presence of the young maid with a gun in hand. He felt as if he was a thief caught red-handed with the stolen goods; as he also felt like putting forth, under some pretence or other, an explanation to say that it was not a shot from his rifle that had wounded the dove. He was thinking as to how to launch the subject. Just then a voice from the bungalow called "Subha!" The maiden started. Again the voice cried

"Subha." Then the girl left the shade of the plum tree in a hurry, and with the little dove in hand walked toward the house. Kanti thought within himself that there could not be a more fitting name for her than "Subha" (Lecturer).

Kanti handed over his rifle to one of his followers, followed the public highway, and soon reached the front door of the bungalow. There he found a middle aged, clean shaven Brahmin, with a strikingly serene face, seated on the veranda. He was engaged in reading the scriptures of the Harikabhi bhask. In the deep and untroubled expression of that devout face Kanti discovered a striking resemblance to the sorrowful face of Subha.

"I feel thirsty; may I get a glass of water to drink?" said Kanti, as he bowed to the Brahmin. The host received the guest with due respect and showed him to a seat. Then he went inside the house and brought some sweets on a brass plate and water in a glass and placed them both in front of his guest. When Kanti had finished eating his little repast the Brahmin inquired who he was. Kanti told his host, and said, "I shall feel fortunate indeed if ever I can do anything for you."

"There is nothing," said Nabin Bannerjee, "that you can do for me, my child. But I have, nevertheless, a grown up daughter, not yet married. Her name is 'Subha'. If I can give her in marriage to a suitable person then I can be free from the debts I owe to this world. I can find an eligible young man in this part of the country, and I am too old to go out a-hunting for grooms. And, again, I never go anywhere leaving my family god, Gopinath, behind."

"If you would care," said Kanti, "to come to see me in my houseboat I would indeed be glad to discuss a match for your daughter, 'Subha'."

In the meantime Kanti's agents began to inquire about the girl from the village people in secret. And they all in one voice praised "Subha" to the skies to say that she was a unique girl, and that it would be hard to find her peer.

The next day, when Nabin Bannerjee came to the boat, Kanti bowed low at his feet and made it known to him that he would be willing to marry the girl himself. The old Brahmin was choked to speechlessness for a while to hear of such an unexpected stroke of good fortune. He thought that there must have been some mistake in speech or in hearing, and he spoke out loud, "Will you marry my daughter?"

"I am ready," replied Kanti, "if you are willing."

"Marry Subha?" the old man asked again.

"Yes."

"Then what about seeing her?" said Nabin calmly.

Kanti pretended he never had seen her and said: "It will be done once for all on the auspicious occasion of Subha Drishti at the time of marriage."

Nabin was overpowered with a curious feeling, partly joyous, partly sad, and said: "My Subha is the gentlest of girls—she is matchless as a housekeeper. Now that you are prepared to marry her, even without seeing her, I bless you that Subha may grace your home as a dutiful wife to add to your happiness as long as you live. May you never have the least reason to be sorry for your action."

Kanti was not at all willing to defer the marriage. So the month of Magh was decided upon for the ceremony, and it was to take place in the mansion of the Mozumdars of the village.

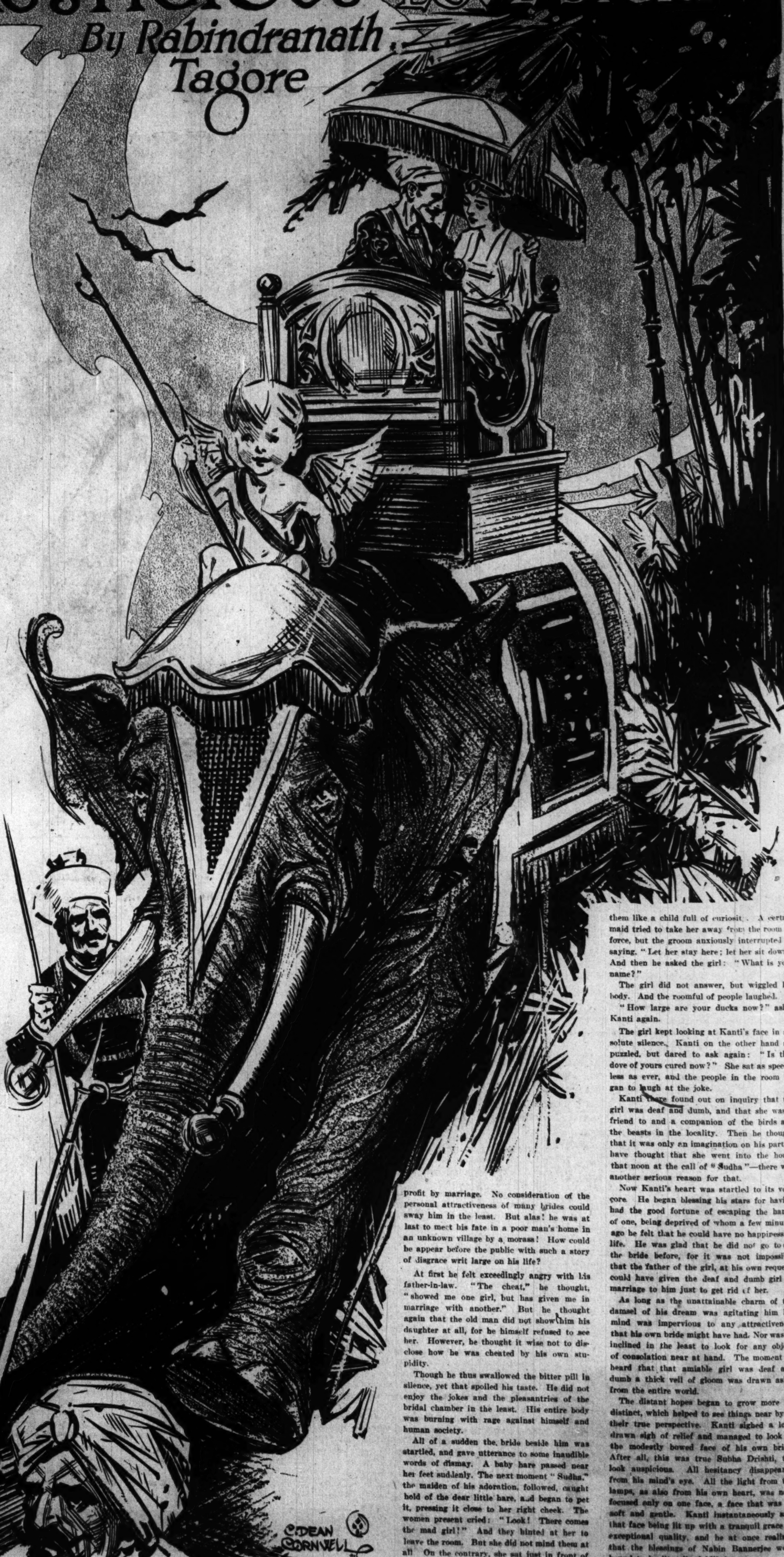
Riding on an elephant, the bridegroom on the appointed day reached the mansion. The road was lit with torches and music livened the bridal party. At the time of Subha Drishti the groom looked at the bride. He could not see Subha's full face, as her head was bent low with a tapering bridal hat on her head. She had marks of sandal paste on her face, too. But more than that, the excess of joy in his heart dazzled his eyes.

In the bridal room the village "grandma" forced the groom to lift the veil of the bride with his own hands. Kanti started to see the face that stood unveiled before his eyes.

That was not Subha!

At once it seemed to Kanti that a red hot thunder bolt struck his heart, and it instantly passed onto his brain. The bridal room seemed to him to be enveloped in darkness, and it soon covered the face of the bride as well.

Kantichandra took a vow not to marry again. Was it for fate to crack such a huge joke and nullify his vow so easily. He rejected so many excellent proposals for marriage—he disappointed so many of his friends by repeated refusal to marriage. He stood the temptation of high connection and plenary



them like a child full of curiosity. A certain maid tried to take her away from the room by force, but the groom anxiously interrupted by saying, "Let her stay here; let her sit down." And then he asked the girl: "What is your name?"

The girl did not answer, but giggled her body. And the roomful of people laughed. "How large are your ducks now?" asked Kanti again.

The girl kept looking at Kanti's face in absolute silence. Kanti on the other hand sat puzzled, but dared to ask again: "Is that dove of yours cured now?" She sat as speechless as ever, and the people in the room began to laugh at the joke.

Kanti began to feel on inquiry that the girl was deaf and dumb, and that she was a friend to and a companion of the birds and the beasts in the locality. Then he thought that it was only an imagination on his part to have thought that she went into the house that noon at the call of "Subha"—there was another serious reason for that.

Now Kanti's heart was startled to its very core. He began blessing his stars for having had the good fortune of escaping the hands of one, being deprived of whom a few minutes ago he felt that he could have no happiness in life. He was glad that he did not go to see the bride before, for it was not impossible that the father of the girl, at his own request, could have given the deaf and dumb girl in marriage to him just to get rid of her.

As long as the unattainable charm of the damsel of his dream was agitating him his mind was impervious to any attractiveness that his own bride might have had. Nor was he inclined in the least to look for any object of consolation near at hand. The moment he heard that that amiable girl was deaf and dumb a thick veil of gloom was drawn aside from the entire world.

The distant hopes began to grow more indistinct, which helped to see things near by in their true perspective. Kanti sighed a long drawn sigh of relief and managed to look at the modestly bowed face of his own bride. After all, this was true Subha Drishti, the look auspicious. All hesitancy disappeared from his mind's eye. All the light from the lamps, as also from his own heart, was now focused only on one face, a face that was so soft and gentle. Kanti instantaneously saw that face being lit up with a tranquil grace of exceptional quality, and he at once realized that the blessings of Nabin Bannerjee were bound to be literally fulfilled.

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AMERICA'S LEADING OUT-OF-DOORS GIRL

Miss Marion Hollins, a New All Around Champion, Has Dethroned the Former Pre-eminent Sportswoman, Miss Eleanora Sears.



MARION HOLLINS SOCIETY BOB



MARION HOLLINS DRIVES HER OWN CAR

Miss Hollins handles a four-in-hand with the skill of an Alfred Vanderbilt, plays polo like a Milburn, swims like a Daniels, plays golf like a Vardon, is a cup winner in tennis and what is "the dearest, sweetest, prettiest girl you'll find anywhere."



MARION HOLLINS CHAMPION SPORTSWOMAN

that she does to golf. Even without systematic practice she has many cups and trophies to attest her prowess in the game. Many a hard fought set has gone to her, for she plays tennis with the same cool, clear determination that she uses in managing a four-in-hand or in timing her onslaughts on the polo field. Miss Hollins' love of outdoor sport has by no means marred her social popularity. Like Miss Sears, who was always the heroine of the maddest, merriest, most mischievous pranks of her set, Miss Hollins is always ready for anything. She is the daughter of H. B. Hollins, a broker of New York. She has accepted her social duties and she fulfills them with the same success which crowns her athletic feats. She is one of the most popular girls of her set. She is sweet tempered and thoughtful, and, as her admiring fellow sportswoman said, "the dearest, prettiest girl you'll find anywhere."

TWENTY-ONE and a champion in every outdoor sport is a score with life that no other woman in the United States is making except Miss Marion Hollins.

When the women's golf handicaps were announced in the spring it was discovered that Miss Hollins was in a class by herself, with a handicap of plus one. "That's it," one enthusiastic sportsman said when she saw the announcement. "Marion Hollins is in a class by herself in everything, and that class is the highest. She rides as well as she golfs. She's the best woman driver in the east. She's the star of the Long island polo team. She swims like a reincarnated mermaid. She plays tennis like a whirlwind. I'd trust myself with her in a motor climbing the Jungfrau if she took it into her head to drive to the top and if they'd level the trails a bit. If there's anything she can't do and hasn't done better than any woman in the country I'll never ride to another hunt. And with all her triumphs she's the dearest, sweetest, and prettiest girl you'll find anywhere."

Miss Hollins well deserves the name of being the best sportswoman in the United States. She is everything that the name implies. She never forgets the rules of the game. She never takes a mean advantage. She loves the game. And she plays with every bit of her wonderful young vigor.

Last fall Miss Hollins battled with Miss Gladys Ravenscroft of England for the international woman's golf championship. The game went to England, as championships have had a habit of doing in the last decade, but the game was the most brilliant and the most zealously fought struggle of the season.

Miss Ravenscroft won by the narrow margin of 2 up. The loss of the game was a great disappointment to the earnest young player. But even if she did not have the opportunity of holding the international championship she holds the Metropolitan title, and there is little possibility of her ever losing it if she continues playing the steady, splendid game that she plays now. Miss Hollins is, week in and week out, probably the best balanced golf player in the United States.

Country's Best Woman Whip.

With hors a this versatile young sportswoman passes almost as a genius. Since her earliest childhood she has loved horses, and they have loved her, or she would not have had the success with them that she has had. In the saddle she has won blue ribbons which literally cover the stalls of her stables. She first came into prominence as an exhibitor of saddle horses. The quiet determination with which she subdued a fractious mount won admiration and applause for her even when she was very young. When she was only 18 years old Marion Hollins won the prize of Morris H. Howlett. He proclaimed her the foremost woman whip in the country. At that time she was the youngest whip as well. She drove Mr. Howlett's public coach, the Magnet, from the Holland house to Arrowhead inn, Fort Washington, in one hour and five min-

utes, the exact time scheduled for the run. The run was made with the precision of a government clock. Rare horsemanship was displayed on the trip. With ease and grace the four-in-hand was piloted through congested Fifth avenue.

For several years Miss Hollins has driven a coach in the annual parade of the Ladies' Coaching club in New York. In the long distance runs of the club Miss Hollins never relinquishes the reins until the entire course has been covered. That ceremony is invariably accompanied by the cheers of her coach mates, for she always arrives at her relay station on the stroke of the clock.

The skill with which Miss Hollins manages horses is more apparent on the polo field than anywhere else. Into the thickest of the game she plunges. She is a reckless player, but she is so skillful that she takes practically no risks when another less skillful player would be endangering life and limb at each gallop. She scorns skirts to ride in. In her mannish togs she makes a most attractive picture. In the woman's championship polo team of Long island Miss Hollins plays back, a position in which she has won distinction.

In the hunting field she is an intrepid cross country rider, and when the hounds run their quarry to cover she is always one of the first to see the "death." In the steeplechases she knows no fear. She rides to the amazement of her audience, and she even causes devotees of the sport to wonder whether she has not a charmed life as well as a "way with horses."

At Home in Other Sports.

Miss Hollins is as much at home in the water as she is on the back of a horse or on the rolling links of the country club. She swims with all of the skill that she displays in playing golf. Like Miss Eleanora Sears, who used to be called the sportswoman pre-eminent of the United States, she wears a bathing suit of a fashion to give absolute freedom to her limbs. No current or undertow is strong enough to overpower her. She revels in a hard battle with the surf. In the north in the summer and in Florida in the winter she swims with unexcelled strength and swiftness.

Tennis offers Miss Hollins another field to display her skill in. She is a splendid player, and she would undoubtedly be a winner in the national tournaments if she devoted the same amount of practice to tennis



IN POLO COSTUME



DRIVING A FOUR-IN-HAND

WINNING A GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

THE CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE.

terpy Harold Mac Grath



ment; but Norton declined to tell him to be forced to rearrange his habits. It was a revolution in ease, for he loved ease when he was back. He had the sensation of having been robbed of his home, of having been out into the streets. And on top of that he had to go and fall in love!

There was no longer a shadow opposite the Countess Perigoff. Braine went slightly without discovering any rather worried him. It gave him the idea that the shadow had found out what he was seeking and no longer needed to be coming and going of either himself or Countess Perigoff.

It looks as if we were at the end of the world," he said discouragedly. "We have all attempts so far. The devil watches the girl."

God," replied the countess gloomily. "Every instance her success has been chance. Somehow I'm convinced that she's wrong. We should have let her escape quietly, followed him, and as fast when the right opportunity came. Mouth or so his vigilance would have been no longer needed to the belief had eluded us."

"He wasn't vigilant years in which he did elude us? How could he never sought but guarded? He never was anything else all sixteen years. The truth is, success eluded a coarseness in our methods. It is too late for finesse. We have every device we can think of; and there—the girl free, Norton unharmed, and as secure in his retreat as though an invisible cloak. My head aches. I need to be inventive."

Two are in love with each other," you sure of that?"

My eyes. But I begin to wonder."

Other or not Jones suspects me and is rope to hang myself with. Not once police been called in and told what happened. They are totally at sea. It has become of the man over the way?"

"The Lord Harry!" exclaimed Braine, his hands. "I believe I've solved that. A man coming out of Hargreave's. Since he's been no one across the way. One man!"

That knowledge doesn't get us anywhere. You say they are in love?"

My. I don't believe the butler has an of it. It is possible, however, that Susan caught the trend of affairs. But, being a fanatic, she will in no wise interfere."

smoked in silence. Presently a smile on her lips.

Have thought of something?" she asked. "I might try it," he said. "They have a friendship; whether with ulterior aims to be learned. She has been to the house two or three times to tea and at home safely."

"O, the money doesn't matter. It's the game. It's the game of playing fast and loose with Society, of pilfering it with one hand and making it known with the other. It's the sport of the thing. What was your thought?"

"We could go away together, to South America. We'll make a name for ourselves."

"And tire of each other within a month," he retorted shrewdly. "No; we are in the same boat. We could not live but for this never ending excitement. And, more than that, we never could get far enough way from the long arm of the First Ten. We'll have to stick it out here. Can't you see?"

"Yes, I can see."

But in her heart she knew that she could have lived in a but with this man till the end of her days. She abhorred the life, though she never, by the slightest word, let him become aware of it. There was always that abiding fear that at the first sign of weakness he would desert her. And she was wise in her deductions. Braine was loyal to her because she held his interest. Once that failed, he would be off and away.

The next afternoon the countess, having matured her plans against the happiness of the young girl who trusted her, drew up before the Hargreave place and alighted. Her welcome was the same as ever, and this strengthened her confidence.

The countess was always gesticulating. Her hands flitted to emphasize her words. And the beautiful diamond solitaire caught the girl's eye. She seized the hand. Having an affair of her own, it was natural that she should be interested in that of her friend.

"I never saw that ring before."

"A gift of yesterday." The countess assumed a shy air which would have deceived St. Anthony. She twisted the ring on her finger.

"Tell me!" cried Florence. "You are engaged?"

"No, no!"

"Is he rich?"

"No. Money should not matter when your heart is involved."

As this thought was in accord with her own, Florence nodded her head sagely.

"It is nothing serious. Just a fancy. I shall never marry again. Men are gay deceivers; they always have been and always will be. Perhaps I'm a bit wicked; but I rather like to prove my theory that all men are weak. If I had a daughter I'd rather have her be an old man's darling than a young man's drudge. I distrust every man I know. I came to ask you and Susan to go to the opera with me tonight. You will come to my apartments first. You will come?"

"To be sure we will!"

"Simple little fool!" thought the Russian on the way home. "She shall see."

"I believe the countess is engaged to be married," said Florence to Jones.

"Indeed, miss?"

"Yes. I couldn't get anything definite out of her, but she had a beautiful ring on her finger. She wants Susan and me to go to the opera with her tonight. Will that be all right?"

Jones gazed abstractedly at the rug. Whenever a problem bothered him he seemed to find the solution in the delicate patterns of the Persian rugs. Finally he nodded. "I see no reason why you should not go. Only, watch out."

"Jones, there is one thing that will make me



"YOU WANT ME TO WIN HIM AWAY FROM HER. IT CAN'T BE DONE."

"What do you mean?"

"Lies."

"Ah! I understand. You want me to win him away from her. It cannot be done."

"Pshaw! You have a bag full of tricks. You can easily manage to put him into an equivocal position out of which he cannot possibly squirm so far as the girl is concerned. A little melodrama, arranged for the benefit of Florence. Fall into Norton's arms at the right moment, or something like that."

"I suppose I could. But if I failed..."

"You're too damnably clever to fail in your own particular work. Something has got to be done to keep those two apart. I've often thought of raiding the house boldly and carrying off the whole family, Susan and all. But a wholesale affair like that would be too noisy. Think it over, Olga; we have gone too far to back down now. There's always Russia; and while I'm the boss over here they never cease to watch me. They'll make me answer for a failure like this."

She eyed him speculatively. "You have money."

"O, the money doesn't matter. It's the game. It's the game of playing fast and loose with Society, of pilfering it with one hand and making it known with the other. It's the sport of the thing. What was your thought?"

"We could go away together, to South America. We'll make a name for ourselves."

"And tire of each other within a month," he retorted shrewdly. "No; we are in the same

"Is it wrong for me to call Mr. Norton Jim?" she asked with a bit of banter.

"It is not considered quite the proper thing, Miss Florence, to call a young man by his first name unless you are engaged to marry him or grew up with him from childhood."

"Well, supposing I were engaged to him?" haughtily.

"That would be a very grave affair. What have you to prove that he may not wish to marry you for your money?"

"Why, Jones, you know that I haven't a penny in the world I can call my own! There is nothing to prove, except your word, that I am Stanley Hargreave's daughter."

"No, there is nothing to prove that you are his daughter. But hasn't it ever occurred to you that there might be a purpose back of this? Might it not be of inestimable value that your father's enemies should be left in doubt? Might it not be a means of holding them on the leash? There is proof, ample proof, my child; and when the time comes these will be shown you. But meantime put all thought of marrying Mr. Norton out of your head."

"That I refuse to do," quietly. "I am at least mistress of my heart; and no one shall dictate to me whom I shall or shall not marry. I love Mr. Norton and he loves me, knowing that I may not be an heiress after all. And some day I shall marry him."

Jones bowed. This seemed to appear final to him, and nothing more was to be said.

"I have a right to be happy," she added, in defense of her attitude.



"I NEVER SAW THAT RING BEFORE"

brave and happy. Will you tell me if you are in direct communication with my father?"

"Yes, Miss Florence," he answered promptly. "But do not breathe this to a single soul, neither Susan nor Norton."

"I promise that. But, ah! hasten the day when he can come to me without fear."

"That is my wish also."

"You need not call me miss. Why should you?"

"It might not be wise to have any one hear me call you thus familiarly," he objected gravely. "Please yourself about that. Now I must telephone Jim."

"Jim?" the butler murmured.

He caught the word which was not intended for his ears. But for once Jones had been startled out of himself.

"No one denies that. Are we not all of us striving that in the end you may be happy? Have we any other thought?"

"We are quite willing to wait till the snarl is untangled."

"I am sorry that this has happened. I do not consider it quite honorable of Mr. Norton, when he knows how really helpless you are. But of course, I have no authority. I can only warn you." He bowed and walked toward the kitchens.

Florence flouted her head and rejoined Susan and forgot to telephone Norton. Had she done so she would have been saved many a heartache. At any rate, she had unburdened her conscience and she must tell Jim that the secret was out. When, eventually, she did call him up he was not to be found. She left word, however, for him to call after the opera and escort her home. Norton did not return to his rooms till 7. He found the telephone call and also a note in a

handwriting unfamiliar. He tore off the envelope and found the contents to be from the Countess Perigoff.

"Call at 8 tonight," he read. "I have an important news story for you. Tell no one, as I cannot be involved in the case. Cordially, Olga, Countess Perigoff."

Humph! Norton twiddled the note in his fingers and at length rolled it into a ball and threw it into the wastebasket. He, too, made a mistake; he should have kept that note. He dressed, dined, and hurried off to the apartments of the countess.

He arrived ten minutes before Florence and Susan.

And Jones did some rapid telephoning.

"How long, how long!" the butler murmured. How long would this strange combat last? The strain was terrific. He slept but little during the nights, for his ears were always waiting for sounds. He had cast the chest into the sea, and it would take a dozen expert divers to locate it. And now, atop of all these worries, the child must fall in love with the first comer! It was heartbreaking. Norton, so far as he had learned, was cool and brave, honest and reliable in a pinch; but as the husband of Stanley Hargreave's daughter that was altogether a different matter. And he must devise some means of putting a stop to it, but—

But he was saved that trouble.

Monogamy and cobra, that was the game being played; the cunning of the one against the deadly venom of the other. If he forced matters he would only lay himself open to the strike of the snake. He must have patience. Gradually they were breaking the organization, lopping off a branch here and there, but the peace of the future depended upon getting a grip on the spine of the cobra himself.

The trick was simple. The countess had news; trust her for that. She exhibited a cablegram, dated at Gibraltar, in which the British authorities stated definitely that no such person as William Orts, aviator, had arrived at Gibraltar. And then as he rose, she rose also and gently precipitated herself into his arms, just at the moment Florence appeared in the doorway.

Very simple, indeed. When a woman falls toward a man there is nothing for him to do but extend his arms to prevent her from falling. Outwardly, however, to the eye which saw only the picture and comprehended not the cause, it had all the hallmarks of an affectionate embrace.

Florence stood perfectly still for a moment, then turned away.

"I beg your pardon!" said the countess, "but a sudden fainting spell seized me. My heart is a bit weak."

"Don't mention it," replied the gallant Norton. He was as innocent as a babe as to what had really taken place.

Florence went back home. She wrote a brief note and inclosed the ring which she had secretly worn attached to a little chain around her neck.

When Norton came the next day she refused to see him. It was all over. She never wished to see him again.

"He says there has been some cruel mistake," said Jones.

"I saw him with the countess in his arms. I do not see any cruel mistake in that. I saw him. Tell him so. And add that I never wish to see him again."

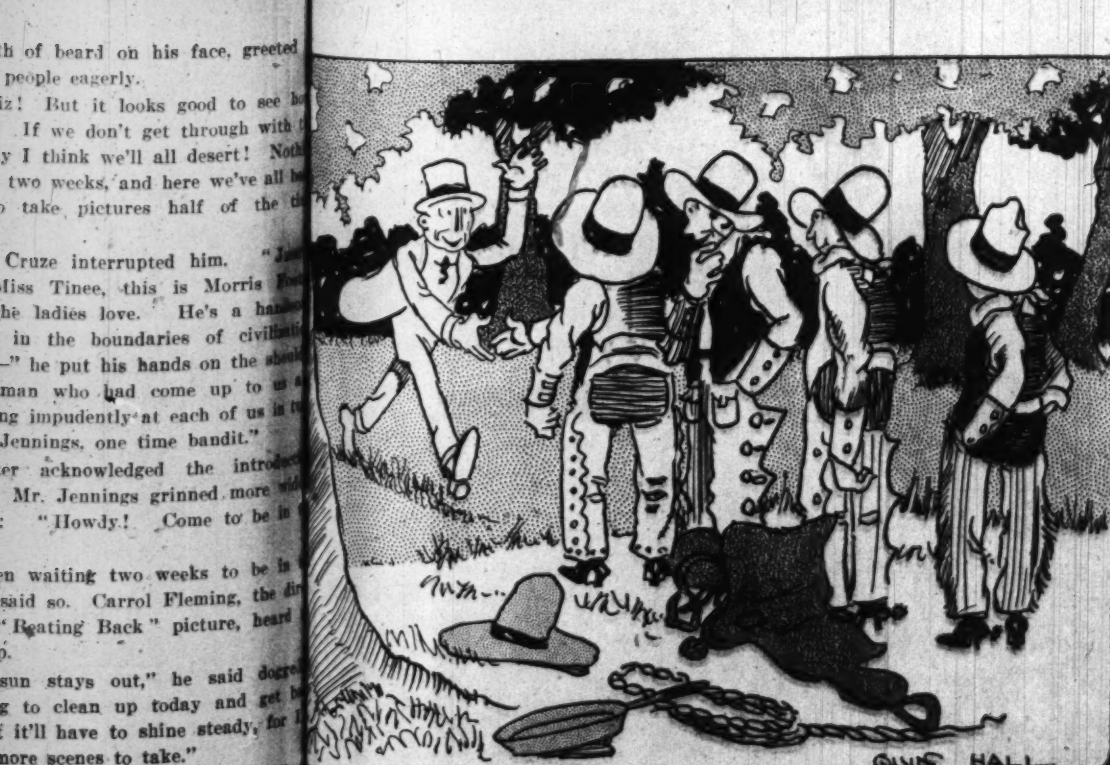
Then she ran swiftly to her room, where she broke down and cried bitterly and would not be comforted by Susan.

"In heaven's name," demanded the frantic lover, "what has happened?"

The comedy of the whole affair lay in the fact that neither of the two suspected the countess, who conspired them both.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

e Tharouser Stars and a Reformed Bandit by Mae Tinee



"Gee whiz! But it looks good to see home folks again!"

the funny little train would have to pull up down the track a number of miles to a farmhouse—after the holdup.

"When," we wanted to know, "is the holdup to be?" But nobody knew.

At last, about 3 o'clock, Mr. Fleming, wiping his face with his handkerchief, shouted hoarsely for the "extras." They crowded around him. I with them. Mr. Cruze and Miss La Badie

had not come up for that picture. They had come to take a scene in another for the "Million Dollar Mystery," in which Mr. Cruze, grasped to the tracks, was to be rescued by Miss La Badie, who turns the switch just in time to prevent a train from going over him. Oo-oo! that was awfully thrilling. But back to the holdup.

Our funny train had disappeared somewhere and in its place was a chartered train—a regular one. Where it came from the gods know, I don't. But there it was, and it was the one to be featured in the holdup. We were all told to get in. Then, in each car, some one gave instructions.

"Windows are all open until train stops. Then everybody stick out their heads to see what's the matter. When the shots begin to come pull in your heads and shut the windows. When you're ordered to come out, fairly tumble over each other and line up by the train. All the men hold up your hands, and then bandits will go through your pockets. The women will be given jewelry to hand over."

The women were. The instructors passed through the cars doling out strings of beads, plated bracelets, and fake money. And then we rehearsed.

Poor Mr. Fleming! Such a time as he had with us! We may have played with Sir Henry Irving and satisfied all the most subtle aspirations of David Belasco, but when it came to pictures we simply were—well—what rhymes with it? We would forget to pull in our heads and shut the windows, and we came out of the train, he said, like a party about to behold some beautiful and wonderful surprise, smiling, nudging each other, and otherwise making perfect limits of ourselves. Not an expression of fright could he frighten into our beaming faces for O,

ever so long—though we did try—I know I did. But it was most awfully thrilling. If you had a good imagination and could forget that you had just been chatting merrily with your captors, why, it would have been what, I think, the real thing might be.

At last it was over. Mr. Fleming said he guessed it would "do." Then he told us our train would be back to take us for food. Miraculously the holdup train disappeared among the trees on some switch or other and our little engine backed up, dragging our funny cars. We climbed in and were taken to the farmhouse, where on the lawn we were served sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, and coffee. Then we went back, and again the scene taking went on.

At last Mr. Fleming announced that all the "Beating Back" pictures had been taken and he summoned Mr. Cruze and Miss La Badie for the "Mystery" picture. Of course, I had to tag along. Up the track a ways was a switch. We passed it and went on a little. With us was the conductor—yes, a real one—of the chartered train. With half closed eyes he estimated distance. Then he and Miss La Badie walked back to the switch and he showed her how to use it. You know if she didn't do it just right, why, it would be good-by, Jimmie Cruze, for he was to be really tied and so near the switch that if there was any slip-up the engine would surely hit him. I was so scared the perspiration came out all over the palms of my hands. Does it do that way with you?

Well, Miss La Badie practiced and practiced with the switch. At last she said, a little nervously, that she thought she could work it all right.

"Do you know you can?" the conductor asked her. He turned to Mr. Fleming and Jimmie Cruze. "You folks are the responsible parties, you know. No responsibility attaches to this road if anything happens."

They assured him cheerfully that they knew it and the picture commenced. Mr. Cruze was bound hand and feet and placed on the tracks a little distance from the switch. Miss La Badie discovered him—then she discovered the train in the distance and started on a wild run for the switch, which she manipulated

just in time to avert the engine on to another track, after which she flew to the side of the prostrate Jimmie and began feverishly to untie the knots in the ropes that bound him. And all the time the camera was grinding, grinding!

When it was over Mr. Fleming shook hands with the stars.

"Bully work!" he exclaimed heartily. "And now—let's all go home!"

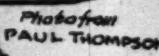
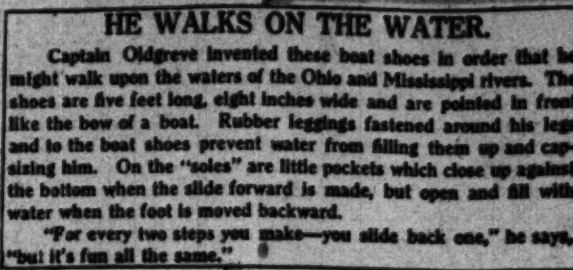
And we all did!



Miss La Badie started on a wild run for the switch.



CHICAGO MAYOR'S SON TO WED BOSTON
GIRL ON AUGUST NINETEENTH
C. H. Harrison, Jr. Miss Lucy Brady Cook



**A LITTLE
MADCAP
PRINCESS**

She's the Princess Marie-Jose of Belgium, and, dimpled and golden-haired, is regarded as the most beautiful royal child in Europe. But for all that, she's a rogue and is noted for her mischievousness. She numbers among recent achievements throwing a teddy bear at a diplomat's nose; grimacing into the face of a prime minister about to drink his tea, and sticking out her tongue at a populace assembled to do her royal parents and herself homage. But she's a lovely mint and the people adore her.

WOMAN FOR WOMEN

WOMAN FOR WOMEN
Presenting Mrs. Jean De Grey who was recently appointed assistant district attorney of San Francisco. She will handle the cases of the women coming under the jurisdiction of the district attorney. She was formerly a newspaper woman.



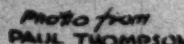
**CZAR
NICHOLAS**

**KING
GEORGE V**

EMPEROR
WILLIAM II

Here are the war lords of Europe, who, fact that they insist on flying at the throat of each others throats. Russia has called upon his first cousin, King George of England, to help reduce to utter subordination their mutual kinsman, Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. William's mother was George's father's sister and William and Nicholas are also related.

**HEALTH NOTE—IN
HOT WEATHER A
DAILY BATH IS
INDISPENSABLE.**



HERE'S
said
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pens to you."

"O, yes, that is response for some-
ism that had ch-
tor's suggestion.
you want a story
the 'punch' in it.
"Now," contin-
missing me by b-
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right out on the
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pher."

"Did you say p
I asked. But the
engrossed in writ
Lillian Russell's a
son was in Europe
of Jim Jeffries no
a bright side to
look for it.

I exercised my
and had the office
I put on my coat
tle an airy tune,
with a vision of u
three line obituar

Most of my fighters had been up the "cave man" stuff that was pre- engagement on a c very many sum interest in the p as the result of engagement. Ab came in contact tioned" prize fig in the pink page

I Learn
I wasn't able
I timidly opened
nasium over on
bunch of fellow
near the entrance

"Was there Howard, one of those 'Kid' Howards most withering? I was too much minute or two.

"What you want to take a trip here to collect?"

"I—I—I want to—I stammer and then the other fellow says:

"You want to accent on the 'everybody's attention'?"

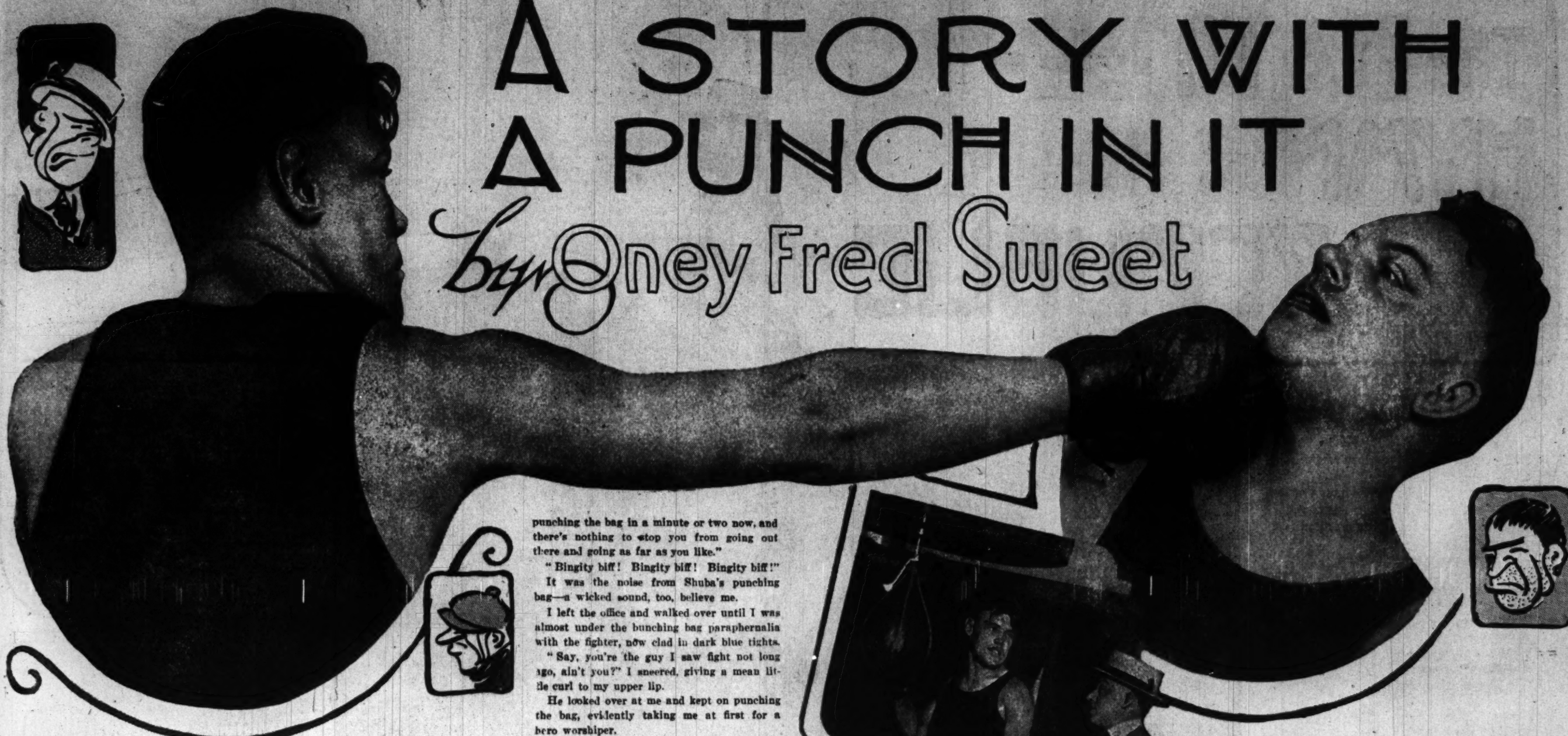
"Yes," I went



I HAD
FEEL

A STORY WITH A PUNCH IN IT

By Oney Fred Sweet



HERE'S a swell idea for a story," said the Sunday editor. "It's easy to get, too. All you have to do is to go out and insult a bunch of prize fighters and see what happens to you."

"O, yes, that is a swell idea," I gasped, my response for some reason lacking the enthusiasm that had characterized the Sunday editor's suggestion. "I see what you want—you want a story that will be sure to have the 'punch' in it."

"Now," continued the Sunday editor, dismissing me by becoming busy with papers dealing with other subjects, "you can start right out on the story. I'll expect to hear from you later so as to send out a photographer."

"Did you say photographer or undertaker?" I asked. But the Sunday editor was too far engrossed in writing a headline for one of William Russell's articles. O, well, Jack Johnson was in Europe and no one would be afraid of Jim Jeffries now, anyhow. There is always a bright side to everything if you want to look for it.

I exercised my right arm a moment or two and had the office boy feel of my muscle. Then I put on my coat and, forcing myself to whistle an airy tune, started down the elevator with a vision of my last story in the form of a three line obituary.

Most of my education concerning prize fighters had been acquired when I had eaten up the "cave man" and "abysmal brute" stuff that was printed prior to the Reno engagement on a certain Fourth of July not so very many summers ago. It is true that my interest in the pastime had somewhat waned as the result of the outcome of that Nevada engagement. About the nearest I had ever come in contact with a real "pink of conditioned" prize fighter was in seeing his picture in the pink page.

I Learn What Word to Use.

I wasn't able to even force a whistle when I timidly opened the door of the Forbes gymnasium over on Clark street. There was a bunch of fellows standing around the desk near the entrance and they all glanced up as I entered.

"Was there something?" asked "Kid" Howard, one of the proprietors.

"Kid" Howard can look one over in the most withering fashion of any man I ever met. I was too much withered to answer for a minute or two.

"What you want?" he insisted. "D'ya want to take a course of baths or d'ya come up here to collect a bill?"

"I—I—I want to insult some prize fighters," I stammered, standing first on one foot and then the other. "I—I—"

"You want to what?" he exploded, with the accent on the "what" loud enough to attract everybody's attention.

"Yes," I went on, "I understand there's a

bunch of them hangs out around here, and I came up to insult 'em and then see what would happen."

Pursing his lips, "Kid" Howard brought me around by his desk and shoved out a chair. He looked me over for a while, that look of his becoming none the less withering.

"Well, I'll tell you," he explained finally, "there's only one way that you can insult a prize fighter, and that is to call him a 'quitter.' You can call them anything else you want to and you can even give them a punch on the nose and they won't mind it, but call 'em yellow—tell 'em they dogged it—call 'em a 'quitter,' and you've got 'em crazy. Haven't I seen enough of 'em to know? Why, three years ago I went east with Harry Forbes and we were putting on that bout with Joe Coster at the Bedford Athletic club, our bank roll was on the bum, and we were a thousand miles from home. Harry was knocked down four times in the first round and was actually in a daze for the next five. I was getting desperate, and just before the seventh round I steps up to him and bites him in the ear. 'You're a quitter,' I hissed. Why, that word worked like magic! His eyes brightened up right away. With that next punch he bit Coster over the eye and then with another landed him flat in the ring. He couldn't stand that word—that was all."

"It's something you can't explain—that something in a man's makeup that makes him want to quit," he continued. "He may take all sorts of abuse in gymnasium workouts, and then when he gets in the ring he becomes the victim of something inherited way back—something in his blood. Not knowing why, he turns yellow and wants to cover up. There's no word so bitter to the fighter as 'quitter.' It's the one terrible word they do resent. Now, the bunch here begins to show up in a few minutes. If you want to do some real insulting, don't waste any time at anything else—just pick out your man and call him a 'quitter.'"

I Meet My First Fighter.

Well, it wasn't the pleasantest thing, sitting around there and waiting for the door to open and let in a prize fighter whom I could call names even if I did know what names to call. As I glanced around the room and studied the photographs of well muscled champions, past and present, I somehow hoped that my first—and possibly my last—encounter would be with a scrapper belonging to something under the middleweight division. Pretty soon a husky young fellow with a Woodrow Wilson jaw and a college boy cap on the side of his head entered. He really didn't look to me like a prize fighter, but after he had passed on into the gymnasium "Kid" Howard nudged me.

"That's Stanley Shuba," he informed; "weight 158 pounds; has knocked out his man the last three fights he's been in; one of the best prospects for the middleweight championship there is around Chicago. He will be

punching the bag in a minute or two now, and there's nothing to stop you from going out there and going as far as you like."

"Bingity blif! Bingity blif! Bingity blif!" It was the noise from Shuba's punching bag—a wicked sound, too, believe me.

I left the office and walked over until I was almost under the punching bag paraphernalia with the fighter, now clad in dark blue tights.

"Say, you're the guy I saw fight not long ago, ain't you?" I sneered, giving a mean little curl to my upper lip.

He looked over at me and kept on punching the bag, evidently taking me at first for a hero worshiper.

"Well, I'll tell you what I think of you as a fighter," I burst forth. "I think you're yellow—I think you're a 'quitter.'"

It took some time for my remark to seep through. Then the bag gradually ceased its thumping. The fighter's heavy jaw began working up and down, as though he was about to cry.

"Say, what the—" he began, his eyes narrowing.

I held out the ten for a nickel cigaret that I was smoking until I could flick the ashes on



one of his bulging muscled forearms.

"Say, who the—" the fighter blurted apath, but both of his arms remained relaxed.

For a minute or two we stood facing each other, his eyes continuing to narrow and his heavy jaw continuing to work convulsively.

Then he turned from me and put all his vengeance into punching the bag.

Didn't Take Poke at Me at All.

I walked back into the office with a sort of swelled up saunter, and "Kid" Howard

looked up expectantly.

"You got his goat, didn't ya?" he asked. "Yep," I answered, "but he didn't take a poke at me at all."

"I ain't surprised," said "Kid" Howard. "Unless you deliberately hit a prize fighter in the jaw he'll walk away. It's the barroom slingers who fight on the least provocation, who give a legitimate prize fighter a lot of the reputation he has. Fellows who fight for a business know how really serious fighting is. Look over the records, and how many fighters do you see arrested for assault? Mighty few. There wouldn't have been any money in it for him to have taken a crack at you. What was up to him was to make use of his training and hold his temper. What would any prize fighter amount to if he couldn't hold his temper? But you can rest assured that he won't cherish any particular love for you at that. By the way, Young Virgo just went out there to work on the pullers. He's getting ready for another fight. Go out and see if you can get any action out of him."

I found Young Virgo in fighting costume, pulling seriously first on one rope and then the other.

"I guess I saw you out at La Salle when you had that fight with Battling Berge," I tentatized as I approached him. "Say, you showed yourself to be an awful dog. You couldn't hit the water if you fell out of a boat. You couldn't lick your lips."

Virgo's round, black eyes flared with anger, but I had all kinds of confidence now, having got away without a scratch from my first experience.

"Why, you're an awful 'quitter,'" I harassed.

Virgo's retort came in high pitched voice. "Yeh, that's how I beat him, I s'pose!"

The retort was his only defense, however. He did not remove from the ropes the hands which had in them the power to do harm. And I was so close to him that our elbows touched.

I went back to "Kid" Howard's office actually disappointed. "Wait a minute," said the "Kid." "Jimmy Peters went through here a while ago and you'll find him out there shadow boxing in the roped arena. Jimmy don't look much in his street clothes, but you'll find him pretty well muscled and he's been in twenty-eight fights."

Terrible Word Escapes My Own Lips.

I had to call Jimmy over to the side of the ring.

"Say, Peters," I began, "I saw you in your fight with young Kirkwood. D'ya know what you are? You're a quitter."

Jimmy came close to me, his face taking on a sad, sad expression. "I never quit till they have stretched me out," he whined. "I ain't no quitter."

"O, you never have done anything but dog it," I shouted.

"Off with that stuff off with that stuff," he pleaded.

"I call you a quitter and I want to know what you are going to do about it," I went on, very brave by this time and acting as if I was anxious to get inside the ring.

"Say," interrupted Jimmy, "if you want anything more to do with me you've got to go and talk with my manager."

When I went back this time to "Kid" Howard's office I had an entirely new walk, a new way of glancing myself in the chair. I was actually talking out of the side of my mouth.

"Have you any more?" I asked. "I guess I've insulted all the scrappers that have come in the house this afternoon. Say (I took my feet down from off his desk), I don't know but what I'd make a fighter myself. Give me one of your gymnasium suits and let me punch the bag for a while."

It was while I was thumping at the bag, in a pleased-with-myself fashion, little visions of \$100,000 purses flitting between my eyes and the bounding leather, that I felt the tap of a glove on my shoulder. Glancing up, I saw Middleweight Shuba towering above me.

"Come on," he invited, dancing in and tapping me lightly once or twice on the chest. "I need a little workout."

"Uh, uh!" I panted, terror stricken.

Then somehow, I don't know just how it happened, but in trying to get away, with a crowd gathering about us, I ran into the glove of his right hand. It felt as if my jaw had suddenly crashed up against the side of a brick building. And before I was hardly aware of it the terrible word escaped my lips. "Don't," I entreated. "I'm ready to quit."



JULIA WARD
HOWE

TOLD BY
GEORGENE FAULKNER
THE STORY LADY

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the com-
ing of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where
the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his ter-
rible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished
rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you
my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant,
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free.

While God is marching on.
—Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910).

JULIA WARD HOWE, the woman who wrote these
inspiring words, was one of the foremost women
writers of America. When she was a little girl she
wrote verses and read and sang them to her
brothers and sisters, and she tried to make them do
the same, but her sisters complained they "could not
make rhymes like Julia." She loved to hear stories of
her brave ancestors, for her grandfather, Samuel Ward,
was a lieutenant colonel in the Revolutionary war, and
on her mother's side she heard stories of the Marions of
South Carolina, for her mother was the grandniece of
Gen. Marion. And as she listened to these stories of her

heroic ancestors she became fired with a warlike spirit
to overcome all difficulties.
So it is no wonder that she fell in love with a military
man, and her hero was Dr. Howe, a brilliant surgeon,
who fought in the cause of liberty for the Greeks, and
later for Poland. At the time she met him he was
caring for the little blind child, Laura Bridgman, and
like a father, he patiently used his skill to help her
enjoy the world about her. And then he worked with
some friends until a school for the blind was founded.
They were married when she was about 24 years old
and lived an ideal home life. They had six lovely chil-

dren, and one of their daughters, Laura Richards, be-
came a writer and told us the story of their happy
home in her book called "When I was Your Age."
In writing of her mother, the daughter said: "Many
of her words have become household sayings which we
could not spare; but there is one poem which every
child knows, at whose opening line every heart from
youth to age must thrill, 'The Battle Hymn of the
Republic.'"
It came in that first year of the war like the sound
of a silver trumpet, like the flash of a lifted sword; and
all men felt that this was the word for which they had

been waiting. You shall hear in the author's own words
how it came to be written:

"In the late autumn in the year of 1861 I visited the
national capital in company with my husband, Dr. Howe,
and a party of friends, and my dear pastor, the Rev.
James Freeman Clarke. The journey was one of vivid,
even romantic, interest. We were about to see the grim
femon of war face to face; and long before we reached
the city his presence made itself felt in the blaze of
fires along the road where sat or stood our pickets,
guarding the road on which we traveled.

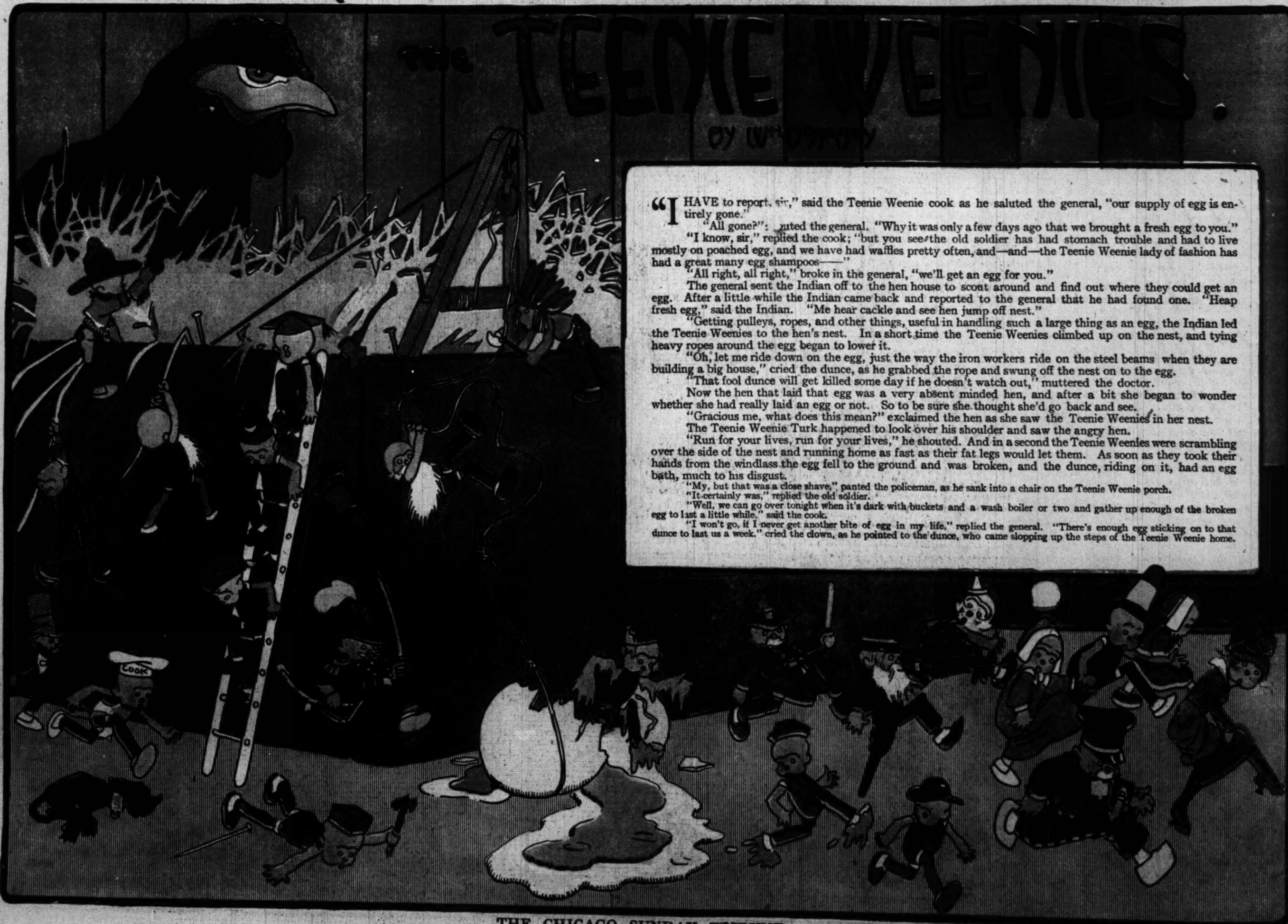
"One day we drove out to attend a review of troops,
appointed to take place some distance from the city.
In the carriage with me were the Rev. James Freeman
Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. Whipple. The day was fine
and every thing promised well, but a sudden surprise
on the part of the enemy interrupted the proceedings
before they were well begun. A small body of our men
had been surrounded and cut off from their companions;
reinforcements were sent to their assistance, and the
expected payment was necessarily given up.

"For a long distance the foot soldiers nearly filled
the road. They were before and behind, and we were
obliged to drive very slowly. We presently began to
sing some of the well known songs of the war, and
among them 'John Brown's Body Lies A-Moldering in
the Grave.' This seemed to please the soldiers, who
cried, 'Good for you!' and themselves took up the strain.
Mr. Clarke said to me, 'You ought to write some new
words for that tune.' I replied that I had often wished
to do so.

"In spite of the excitement of the day I went to bed
and slept as usual, but awoke next morning in the gray
of the early dawn, and to my astonishment found that
the wished for lines were arranging themselves in my
brain. I lay quite still until the last verse had com-
pleted itself in my thoughts, then hastily arose, saying
to myself, 'I shall lose this if I don't write it down
immediately.' I searched for a sheet of paper and an
old stump of a pen which I had had the night before
and began to scrawl the lines almost without looking,
as I had learned to do by often scratching down verses
in the darkened room where my little children were
sleeping. Having completed this, I lay down again and
fell asleep, but not without feeling that something of
importance had happened to me.

"The poem was published soon after this time in the
Atlantic Monthly. It first came prominently to notice
when Chaplain McCabe, newly released from Libby
prison, gave a lecture in Washington, and in the course
of it told how he and his fellow prisoners, having some-
how become possessed of a copy of the 'Battle Hymn,'
sang it with a will in their prison on receiving sur-
reptitious tidings of a union victory."

And although Julia Ward Howe has written many
other beautiful poems and brilliant essays, she will al-
ways be remembered by this inspired poem, 'The Battle
Hymn of the Republic.'



"**I** HAVE to report, sir," said the Teenie Weenie cook as he saluted the general, "our supply of egg is en-
tirely gone."
"All gone?" asked the general. "Why it was only a few days ago that we brought a fresh egg to you."
"I know, sir," replied the cook; "but you see the old soldier has had stomach trouble and had to live
mostly on poached egg, and we have had waffles pretty often, and—and—the Teenie Weenie lady of fashion has
had a great many egg shampoos—"
"All right, all right," broke in the general, "we'll get an egg for you."
The general sent the Indian off to the hen house to scout around and find out where they could get an
egg. After a little while the Indian came back and reported to the general that he had found one. "Heap
fresh egg," said the Indian. "Me hear cackle and see hen jump off nest."
"Getting pulleys, ropes, and other things, useful in handling such a large thing as an egg, the Indian led
the Teenie Weenies to the hen's nest. In a short time the Teenie Weenies climbed up on the nest, and tying
heavy ropes around the egg began to lower it.
"Oh, let me ride down on the egg, just the way the iron workers ride on the steel beams when they are
building a big house," cried the dunce, as he grabbed the rope and swung off the nest on to the egg.
"That fool dunce will get killed some day if he doesn't watch out," muttered the doctor.
Now the hen that laid that egg was a very absent minded hen, and after a bit she began to wonder
whether she had really laid an egg or not. So to be sure she thought she'd go back and see.
"Gracious me, what does this mean?" exclaimed the hen as she saw the Teenie Weenies in her nest.
The Teenie Weenie Turk happened to look over his shoulder and saw the angry hen.
"Run for your lives, run for your lives," he shouted. And in a second the Teenie Weenies were scrambling
over the side of the nest and running home as fast as their fat legs would let them. As soon as they took their
baths, much to his disgust.
"My, but that was a close shave," panted the policeman, as he sank into a chair on the Teenie Weenie porch.
"It certainly was," said the old soldier.
"Well, we can go over tonight when it's dark with buckets and a wash boiler or two and gather up enough of the broken
egg to last a little while," said the cook.
"I won't go, if I never get another bite of egg in my life," replied the general. "There's enough egg sticking on to that
dunce to last us a week," cried the clown, as he pointed to the dunce, who came slopping up the steps of the Teenie Weenie home.

There is
war news
But it has
many fees
paper man
Tribune
If you
today,
ing the

Black, Red,
Gold, Costar
Inspired by
the English
Lancers
Uniform

There is a tremendous amount of war news in The Tribune today. But it has not crowded out the many features of this great newspaper magazine. Every bit of The Tribune is worth your attention. If you cannot finish reading it today, save it and read it during the week.

The Chicago Sunday Tribune

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

AUGUST 16, 1914.

When War Invades the Field of Fashion..... By Louise James
 Replace That Missing Tooth..... Says Lillian Russell
 The World's Best Fashion Pictures..... Beasts Asenough

For and By Business Girls..... Mary King
 Helping Hand..... Marion Harland
 Children's Sayings..... Auntie Bee
 Romance..... Doris Blake
 Sewing..... Jane Barton

Tribune Cook Book..... Jane Edgington
 One Dollar Contest.....
 Embroidery Design.....
 Puzzleland.....



Hercules, son of Jupiter (Zeus) and Alcmena, a mortal mother. He represents the apex of mortal strength. Juno, who was jealous of him, compelled him to go through twelve of the most desperate adventures ever attempted by mortal man. He is represented as a coping from his labors and resting on his almost miraculous club. It was said that when Zeus took him up to Olympus Atlas felt his added weight.



Designs by "Penny" Ross

Our Lady of Fashion is without a home. Paris is under martial law and London is in no hospitable mood. Just the spot that she will choose for her temporary abode no one is prepared to say. Everyone is in a state of utter uncertainty as to what the winter styles will be. It has been hinted, however, that the war note is to be strongly sounded, and it is a Tribune artist who is the first to visualize vividly this same possibility.

By LOUISE JAMES.

WAR is a state of chaos in which everybody and everything is more or less affected, and it is only natural that Dame Fashion, being admittedly a most susceptible bit of femininity, should fall easily and quickly under the sway of its metamorphosing wand. History has proven again and again that this is the case, from earliest Roman times down to the days that came after the Napoleonic wars, when every garment felt in some way or other the tangible touch of the great war gods.

Will history repeat itself now and the fashion story of the past write itself across the face of the present? The seven greatest nations of Europe are plunged into a cataclysmic war. Our lady of fashion is without a home. Paris, her beloved place of abode, is under martial law. She cannot communicate with the world nor the world with her. Nor is London hardly more hospitable. She is absorbed in woes of war's making and not in the mood to entertain such a frivolous, light minded guest. For once in her petted life Dame Fashion finds herself as the European world's stepchild.

Just the spot, therefore, that she will choose for her temporary home not one is quite prepared to say. New York, Chicago, San Francisco—qu'on salue! But when she comes she will be as one stepped in the atmosphere of modern militarism. The days and the weeks will have stamped their experiences upon her.

Everything right now, of course, is in a state of utter uncertainty. Paris has only hinted at what the late fall styles will be. None of the advanced models has arrived. One can guess at what they might be if they had, but that is hardly the kind of information that women wish to build their wardrobes upon.

The best known establishments and shops have admitted that they are in the dark about what is to come. One New York designer has suggested the likelihood of the war note being strongly sounded. It is a Tribune artist, however, who is the first to visualize this same

possibility, the first to seize upon what is now in its incipient stage.

The field from which to draw is almost infinite. It measures the length of the world, for since time began men have warred each upon the other. Designers, artists, and couturiers can revel in a wealth of opportunity seldom afforded them.

In the accompanying designs the possible effects of the war on the modern fashion trend have been set forth. It is all most interestingly in the realm of the probable and follows out certain eastern predictions and suggestions. At the time of the Balkan war we were fairly inundated beneath the weight of its far-reaching influences, and if the Mexican war had been of any duration we would have felt the even more strongly.

Then, too, we have had the militant note in our midst to a certain extent for some time now. When the fighting in the Balkans ceased, why, the suffragists in London took it up. Always somewhere strenuous methods seemed bound to be demonstrating their effectiveness or their lack of it.

We have had the militant cape and the militant hat in the helmet shape. Why not the militant hairdress and the militant comb? All summer we have had veils decorated with tiny resobuda. Surely cannon balls were more appropriate now, with vanity cases of silver pistols filled to overflowing with smokeless powder. Beauty spots for the cheek, the kind that women almost invariably love and men as surely dislike, have been of moons and stars and other sentimental kind. Now, though, what could be more to the moment born than tiny spots in the form of dirigibles and submarines?

For the last two seasons we have had clocks and mice and flowers and fruits to add festiveness to our silken bosoms. Now will the designer develop into diminutive battalions of soldiers and their nurses tending the wounded on fields of battle? And on slippers instead of conventional buckle designs of meaningless import, what could be better than a helmet or a shield or a silver rifle of small dimensions?

Black, Red and Gold Costume Inspired by the English Lancer's Uniform

Sword Hilt on Umbrella or Stick Handle.

Notan Tilet in Flame Colors. Hat Like German Emperors Helmet.

Blue Model from the Austrian Hussar.

Designed After Austrian Military

Napoleon Hat in Black Velvet and White Lace. Plumes and White Agate.

Variation of the Piedmontese Artillery Hat in Gold and White Lace and Pearl's Cockade in Black.

Ball Costume in Crimson, White, Gold and Black. Barbaric Ornaments in Seed Pearls Modeled from Clara's Court Costume.

Street Suit in Serge After the English Guard's Uniform.

First London Styles Simpler Than Parisian Ones.



REPLY

Photos ©
by Moffett

See What the
Lillian Russell's articles appear
in The Daily Tribune

Copyright: 1914: By Lillian
Russell. All rights reserved.

W HAT beauty is there
unless it discloses a
clean, healthy teeth
no excuse in these
days of scientific
for marrying the pleasure of
by the absence of one of the
an extraordinary fact that
third of the people in the w
empty space near or in the fr
mouths where a tooth has be
Surely they cannot see their
as they would waste no time
tooth placed in the empty sp
I have made it my business
observe the teeth of every o
contact with. And the boar
at Atlantic City is a great p
humanity, offering lesson ar
those who seek for knowled
and customs.

I see many young girls with
front teeth, and their smile
lacking tooth on one side or t
in many cases on both sides.
The fourth tooth from the
to be the most delicate, for t
which is lost first by the m
ple apparently. The offense
gives trouble, decay, looks
dentist is consulted. He at
that the decay has destroy
and another one must repla
porcelain. When the root i
it is an easy matter to mak
and attach to it a perfect
tooth.

When the tooth is pulled
tooth can be painlessly det
may can be made of gold, a
to carry the false tooth w
sary to fill the empty space
There are people foolishly
without a tooth simply be
prejudiced against anything
they will falsely misgiving
tions of their stories upon
"that missing tooth."

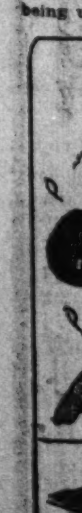
There are also people
enough to wear whole gold
were a visible proof of th
Nothing is more offensiv
more disfiguring to the
gold tooth, unless it be th
where a tooth has been.

When an actress is cast
a witch or a comic old hag
war and covers a tooth w
make it appear as an empt
of a tooth.

Have You

No Wonder He Ran.

Not long ago, on a da
night, my friend and I ha
from the store. We had
"canned." I carried it in
being used to it. As we



without a man stepping
large pots and demands
of the articles I had pur
name. I carried it in
to my embarrassment. I pro
The shadowy figure flew
We gave our yell and the

f Fashion.

anic may be seen on one gown
will be removed from all but the
of a second and from the front of

et contrast to the all-white con-
re the all black vestments. They
cloned of black broadcloth and
with satin-covered buttons.
frocks are made of sheer ma-
ny lines, piques and cotton fab-
rigger hold away. Organdie, tulle
are taken their places.
are perhaps wearing a bone or
in their corsets, but there is no
lacing and the trend of the mo-
to appear more or less corsetless.
ash must be of supple material,
about the waist in soft folds and
below in the back. The ends may
low over the hips, allowing the
fall loosely over the back of the

LEK

E SALE

to buy with every in-
at opportunity is here;
STERLING CHAR-
LOW PRICES and
ishing seekers an ex-
TIME TO BUY A
ving.

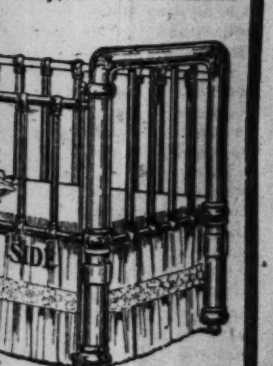
NY PURCHASE



QUARTER-SAWN OAK
made with large 42-inch
heavy French plate ir-
pendently rubbed and pol-
ished work is of
A splendid
14.65



OAK MISSION ROCK-
diply upholstered in Im-
ish leather. Has remov-
able, extra heavy posts,
finished with
2.88



ED TUBULAR STEEL
made of j-in. continuous
sliding side,
4.89



ch base.
FET, built throat of
sawed oak. Made with
fitted with roomy cup-
board, one lined for sil-
French
11.65



OAK
EAT
OM
Back
p slat
un-
ar-
thly
built

REPLACE THAT MISSING TOOTH

Says LILLIAN RUSSELL

Replace that missing tooth at once unless you want to be in the "old woman class."
When an actress is cast for the part of a witch or a coarse old hag she covers a tooth with black wax to give the appearance of an empty space.
Age and ugliness are characterized by missing teeth.
There is no beauty in a smile unless it discloses a good set of teeth.
The fourth tooth from the front seems to be the most delicate one. Judging by the number of mouths from which this tooth is missing.
If the root is not decayed it is an easy matter for a dentist to make a good inlay and attach it to a perfectly matched porcelain tooth.
If the tooth has been pulled out, the next tooth can be painstakingly devitalized and a gold inlay made, strong enough to carry a false tooth.
Don't wear a gold tooth in your mouth. It is offensive and disgusting.
Never fail to clean your teeth night and morning. Use tepid water and a fairly stiff tooth brush.
Perfectly healthy gums are essential to the well being of the teeth.
When you clean your teeth bestow as much attention on the backs of the teeth as on the fronts.
Particles of food lodge in crevices of back teeth especially, and if allowed to remain set up decay.
At first sign of tartar forming remove it by application of powdered pumice. Have it removed by a reliable dentist.

Teeth play a greater part in this life than the majority of people realize. In the first place, they are absolutely necessary to digestion, and digestion is the second rule for health, the first rule being cleanliness.
There can be no beauty without health. Smiles they cannot see their own mouths as they would waste no time in having a tooth placed in the empty space.
I have made it my business of late to observe the teeth of every one I come in contact with. And the board walk here at Atlantic City is a great panorama of humanity, offering lesson after lesson to those who seek for knowledge of people and customs.
I see many young girls with fine, healthy front teeth, but their smiles disclose a lacking tooth on one side or the other, and in many cases on both sides.
The fourth tooth from the front seems to be the most delicate, for that is the one which is lost first by the majority of people apparently. The offending member gives trouble, decays, looks bad, and the dentist is consulted. He at once observes that the decay has destroyed the tooth, and another one must replace it made of porcelain. Where the root is not decayed it is an easy matter to make a gold inlay and attach to it a perfectly matched tooth.
When the tooth is pulled out the next tooth can be painstakingly devitalized and an inlay can be made of gold, strong enough to carry the false tooth which is neces- sary to fill the empty space.
There are people foolish enough to go without a tooth simply because they are prejudiced against anything false. But they will falsify mightily in the varia- tions of their stories upon how they lost "that missing tooth."
There are also people courageous enough to wear whole gold teeth, as if it were a visible proof of their prosperity. Nothing is more offensive looking nor more disfiguring to the mouth than a gold tooth, unless it be the empty space where a tooth has been.
When an actress is cast for the part of a witch or a coarse old hag she takes black wax and covers a tooth with it in order to make it appear as an empty space instead of a tooth.

See What the Missing Tooth Does to Your Looks.

Lillian Russell's articles appear every day in The Daily Tribune.

Copyright, 1914, by Lillian Russell.

HAT beauty is there in a smile unless it discloses a good set of clean, healthy teeth? There is no excuse in these advanced days of scientific dental surgery for marrying the pleasure of the beholder by the absence of one of them, and it is as extraordinary a fact that about one-third of the people in the world have an empty space near or in the front of their mouths where a tooth has been.

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Jane Barton

The Home Dressmaker

Starting Early to Make Christmas Presents.

In this hall between the seasons you must make an early start for Christmas presents. The relief to your mind next December will be beyond words while your friends will profit by your lack of hurry.

I shall try to tell you today of several gifts that are always acceptable and do not depend on their charm on ephemeral novelty. The relief to your mind next December will be beyond words while your friends will profit by your lack of hurry.

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squares, with entirely even edges.

The napkins are first made ready by finishing with a hemstitch hem about seven-eighths of an inch deep. Draw threads to form a square ten inches across. That is, a two inches from each edge cut to draw from the cutting. Do not draw through from outer edge to outer edge, as is often done on table covers. With accurate measuring it is easy to cut the threads exactly. About six or seven should be drawn.

Now turn in an eighth of an inch on all sides and baste down the hems so the fold comes exactly at the first drawn thread. The corners must be mitred to avoid bulkiness. Some really good needlewomen have difficulty in mitring neatly, so I shall give a few directions.

Mitred corners are made by joining two bias edges to form an angle. This line must form an exact slope from the outer edge of the napkin at each corner to the inner edge of the hem when basted in places at the drawn threads. Turn the edges as for hems and crease hard. Open the material, fold the corner toward the center, and crease where the lines cross. Cut the corner off, allowing an eighth of an inch for turning. Fold the hems down all around, bringing the mitred corners together, and baste neatly.

Your square is now ready to hemstitch. This is done in two ways, from left to right, with the hem held away from you, and vice versa. I find it easier to hold the hem toward me, working on the side on which it is turned up.

Take a few stitches on the inside of hem to avoid a knot, starting near one of the mitred and hemmed corners and working from right to left. Slip your needle under five or six threads, according to the fineness of the linen, draw it around the threads on the hem side, and putting the needle down again where it was first inserted, bring it out through the middle of the group of threads and catch a small stitch in the hem. Draw in firmly and evenly until the thread through the center pulls the first thread down close to the hem, then insert the needle under five or six more threads, bring it around and in through the middle of the threads into the hem as before. Repeat until the sides are all finished.

For a napkin the other edge of the drawn threads are also hemstitched. This is much easier to do as the groups of threads are already formed. Catch just enough of the material to form a neat even edge. You may hemstitch on either the wrong or right side of the linen. Some can make the edge look better on way, some another.

You are now ready to insert the flat square. This is set diagonally in one corner a little above the hem. If your design demands it the square may be put in with one of the straight edges directly across the corner but the effect is better to have it form a diamond with one point on a line with the point of the corner.

Baste the square into place on the right side of the napkin, stitch firmly into place by close running and back stitches, or better yet, with the machine cut away the linen underneath the square and stitch again close to the first row, but catching the raw edge of the linen.

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Have You Ever Been Jealous?

Have you ever been "driven to distraction" by jealousy?
Did you act like a character in a comic play when you found you were in a love of tragedy?
Did you intend to fill his story heart with repentance by your actions and succeed in putting yourself in a ridiculous state?
If you have had any experience with jealousy or if your friends had any, tell us about them. "The Tribune" will pay \$5 for each letter published. Address Editor-Jealousy Contest, "Sunday Tribune," Chicago.

Blind With Rage.
One day I went into an ice cream parlor and started talking with a girl friend of mine, when her husband stepped in. He was displeased and hardly spoke to me. When he and his sweetheart started out he was so mad and jealous that he



His Heroic Exit Failed.
When I was a half-bred juvenile and very much in love, it was my practice to fashion my movements according to the ethics of the fiction as recorded in the magazines at that time. Thus when a little "spat" arose between this girl and myself I very naturally, concluded to "pass out of her life, forever." I told her so in very dramatic tones and pausing at the door only long enough to hurl back a melodramatic good-by, I "strode out into the night" like a regular fictional hero. The device of it was that I had to go back into her life about two minutes later to get my rubbers that I had left in the vestibule as I made my heroic exit. After that I decided to stick around for the rest of the evening.
G. H. G.

Called to see the screen door and, running his leg through it, became so tangled up that it required my help to get him out. His jealousy had given away to embarrassment by then, and I really pitied him.
B. R. T.

Open a Charge Account. Apply at Credit Office, Fourth Floor.

A STORE FOR EVERYBODY

HILLMAN'S

STATE & WASHINGTON STS.

August Sale of Rugs, Etc.

Brussels Rugs, size 9x12 ft., extra fine all wool surface, pretty medallion and all-over Persian designs, in shades of tan, green and ivory; large rugs at small cost. Monday, \$6.90

Seamless Wilton Velvet Rugs, and pretty parlor and living room rugs at big savings, mill trial samples, \$16.50

Seamless Wilton Rugs, in excellent Oriental patterns, size 54x90 inches, \$10.00 value, Monday at only \$6.65

\$35 Royal Wilton Rugs, size 9x12 ft., warehouse samples, \$25.50

Sample Velvet Rugs, size 9x12 ft., rich and lustrous Oriental patterns, only 25 in the lot, \$15 value, while they last, at \$9.90

\$60 French quality Wilton Rugs, size 9x12, one of the best values ever offered at this low price, tomorrow \$38.50

Wilton Sample Rugs, size 27x40 ins., neatly fringed ends, always useful and desirable, \$1.69c

30c Matting, odd rolls and remnants, per yard, 19c

Travelers' Carpet Samples, size 20x27, best grade Wilton velvet, 29c

Linoleum Specials

Sanitary linoleums, odd rolls, per square yard, 20c

Extra heavy linoleums, 6 feet wide, per square yard, 27c

Linoleums, 4 yards wide, 70c grade, per square yard, 42c

\$1 inlaid linoleums, per square yard, 65c



Bright Sayings of the Children

"The Sunday Tribune" will pay \$1 for each childish saying printed. The stories may be sent in either by children or their parents. The only condition is the story told must never have been printed in any magazine or paper. Address: "Sunday Tribune," Chicago. Each letter must have the name and address of the sender.

Bright sayings of children are printed every day in "The Daily Tribune."

Ruth, aged 8, was going to New York. The only large sheets of water she had seen were the great lakes. Stopping at

Niagara falls, she exclaimed, pointing at them, "O, mamma, look at the lake falling down!"

Eleanor was swinging in the hammock when we overheard her say, "O, dear, I wish there were two of myself; I'd make myself swing myself."

My husband has thick, curly hair. One day while on a visit at my aunt's house my cousin Philip, aged 2, who had been

regarding him for some time in a contemplative mood, called to his mother and said, "Mamma, 'Arjer's' (Arthur) got nice fur."

Four year old Frank came with his aunt to make a call on us. One of us said to him, "Frank, do you like me?" "Burr," he answered, "I like everybody that's company."

Three year old Charles had been much interested in the fact that his baby brother was named for his Uncle William. One day he discovered that his own name and his father's were the same. Running to his father he exclaimed, excitedly, "O, father, did you know that I am your uncle?"

One of Alice's Christmas presents was a locket containing two pictures, those of her grandmother and grandfather. Alice insisted that she wanted her own picture in the locket, too, and her mother protested. "But, Alice, there isn't room for you," "Well, mamma," she persisted, "I can sit in grandfather's lap."

Little Robert was the youngest child in a family of six children, making eight in the family. One day while playing around the yard he was asked by a workman on the place, "Robert, who is boss around here?" "I am boss No. 8," was Robert's reply.

Irma and her papa were taking a stroll one evening, when they met a friend, who remarked that any time Irma's papa wanted to sell her, to let him know, Irma quickly replied: "I'm not for sale—or for rent, either."

Little Louis, on moving into a new neighborhood was amazed to find that one of his little playmates stuttered. After his first encounter with the afflicted youngster he rushed into the house exclaiming, "Mother, what is the matter with Howard? Every time he tries to say anything he keeps interrupting his self."

One day Ralph was sent to the door to tell a peddler that his mamma was not at home. He ran to the door, and in his excitement exclaimed, "Nobody home. We all went downtown." The peddler laughed and walked away.

Betty, aged 7, teased her aunt one cold day until she was allowed to go out and

play. The next morning aunt remarked, "My dear, I think I did wrong in letting you go out, as I notice you have a cold."

"Yes, aunt," said Betty, "I was surprised at you when you let me go."

Mercedes, aged 6, was in the launch in Jackson park. Some one on the launch spoke of the crib out in the lake, and goes to sleep? Is there only one crib for the whole lake?"

Mrs. W. S. PARKER, 333 Sheridan Avenue, White, Ind.

Anna, a 5 year old, was visiting in the country. When asked if she would care to pick some raspberries from the bushes, she said, "No, please the whiskers on the bushes scratch my legs."

Three-year-old Grant had broken his arm. All had been done that could be

A neighbor's 4-year-old boy on seeing something that particularly impressed him, started to tell me about it; when I said: "Why, Johnny, talk plainer, I can't understand you." He replied: "I can't talk no bigger, tans my mouth's no bigger."

KATHERINE MOORE, 810 West Sixty-first street.

IN PUZZLELAND

Mrs. Wiggs is explaining to King Puzzlepat some puzzling features to be found in her famous cabbage patch. Said Mrs. Wiggs:

"You will observe that in counting my rows of cabbages on the diagonals as well as up and down and right and left, there are fourteen rows which contain seven numbers—ten rows with four cabbages each and two of the shorter diagonals with two cabbages each. Now I want you to show me how to remove six of the cabbages and leave sixteen rows with an even number in each."

While the king was considering the cabbages Mrs. Wiggs gave Princess Enigma something to occupy her mind as follows:

"In my principal cabbage patch which I always lay out in a perfect square of rows, I have this year increased the number of rows so that I shall have 211 more cabbages than last year. Now, how many cabbages shall I have this year?"

If you can't figure this out the answer will be found on page 6.

Hand

lift the burden of another tired

The offer of the patterns is sure

enthusiastically welcomed, and

earnestly that among our Cor-

ners may be found some one

with the words of the song Mrs.

wishes to get for the sake of

asure to her old father. I hold

s on file, and shall be happy to

any one who desires the pat-

as to give to send the world

which is all she asks for her-

ious to get several addresses

enders whom I wish to help

hard places, and I wish to

at I have found some dear

ough the Corner.

"Mrs. H. L. H."

ness you ask have been sent

d I am happy to learn of the

formed by our Helping Hand.

Brother.

been so good helping others

le that I am wondering if you

inding my brother. We lost

about six years ago and have

onsious to find him. We have

ay we knew, but all in vain.

21 years old, with light hair

es, and when I last heard

was working for the Delaware

railroad in Oshkosh, N. Y. His

know that we can be of any

u, as we do not feel at liberty

than your brother's initials

o. Still even that may help

n, and your address has been

n order that you may be not-

word comes to the Corner.

BLUE LIST.

ducts and Services.

ible for women in occupa-

articles of handicraft,

personal and semi-profes-

made to you readers of

wanted and looked for in

guaranteed by The Tribune

on prefer you may order

her details address Home

Chicago, Ill.

EDLEWORK.

Plain Sewing.

ISS APRONS \$1 UP. EMER-

immediately to MISS H. L.

40 Dorchester-av. Ph. Black-

WILL TAKE OUT PATTERNS

a passenger touring car; \$3 ho-

Save 30%.

OLD LOCATE YOUR ROOMS

lative, suites, services free and

Cal and Med. Douglass 2600.

LOCATED BUTER, 316. MRS.

LOCATED 2500, between 9-11 A.

PLAIN DRESSMAKING, 125

HENNINGER, 404 Madison-av.

DO HOUSE DRESSING, 100

to P. M. \$1.00 day. David 20

AL MISCELLANEOUS.

ERS DO YOU WISH TO DIS-

handwork at the OIL

ak Park, Ill. Chairman of the

Committee of the Municipal

FROM COLUMBIAN BOOKS

MISS A. WICK, 2100 W. Pul-

Mrs. A. Porter, 2023 Halsted-

regarding advertising

address Home Work-

Chicago Tribune, Chicago.

125-127-129

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9133-35

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2023-31

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and Saturday

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S. Wabash Avenue

Mandel's August successes

—the August clearing—and advance sales of autumn apparel

Economy and Fashion hand in hand in their presentation of the higher and perfectly developed functions of this institution, this public servant that gives quality proper place in the full definition of mercantile ideals.

Extra: \$5 to \$15

blouses,
2.95

This a clearance of crepe
de chine, chiffon, shadow
lace, net and voile blouses
—a collection rich in
beauty.

THIRD FLOOR.

95c now

for \$3 to \$5 handker-
chief linen blouses,
voile blouses, crepe
blouses and silk blouses—
chic—unmatched value.

Record reductions on finest footwear

Easy to anticipate future needs in this sale, for the styles are of such
high rank their excellence will live through several seasons. First floor.

\$5 & \$6 pumps & colonials \$4 and \$5 low shoes now

3.65

—patent colon-
ials, with 6-straps
and out steel or-
naments; bronze,
dull, patent,
white, plain and
two-tone effects;
all sizes, A to D.
Also, patent col-
skin pumps; sizes 3 to 7. A to D. All 3.65.



2.65

—\$300 pairs col-
onials & pumps,
in suede, satin,
patent, dull, vici
kid, white & tan;
also, satin evening
slippers, with
plain or beaded
toes; blue, pink,
black, white & gold.

All cut steel slipper buckles reduced to half original price

Children's 3.95 and \$5 coats reduced to 1.95

—included are shepherd check, serge and ratine coats in sizes 2 to 6 years.
Children's regular 2.95 hemp and ratine hats are reduced to 50c. Third floor.

New imported autumn silks and velvets in wide array

All that is new in silk fabrics, all that is novel and exquisite in color combinations; the new poul de soie, pekin moire, dresden bayadere taffetas; dice checks, chiffon voiles in satin bar plaids, beautiful prints and metal illuminated effects as well as every color in the plain, ribbon striped block plaids. A profusion of crepe de chine—plain, broche and printed.

Daylight silk section, second floor.

Among the new velvets are handsome plaids, gorgeous multi-color Roman, Algerian and club stripes; dresden rays velour chiffon, millinery plush in plain, dresden and chameleon prints; plain dress velvets and plushes, including trimming velvets.

Double-width silk crepe de chine, 1.35

—a soft and all-silk fabric, the queen of dainty dress silks. Black, white, ivory, cream and all the street and evening shades ordained for fall use.

40-inch chiffon dress velvet at 3.50

—a rich silk pile fabric in black and all the popular street colors, including copper, tango, old gold, bronze, greens, grays, purples, blues, browns, etc.

Apparel that introduces fall
fashions of high degree

How pronouncedly Chicago women profit through this
store's close alliance with
Fashion is shown in our
presentation of the new autumn
garments. Fourth floor.

New tailored
suits at \$25

—gaberdine, poplins and serges
in navy, black, green and brown.

A new redingote

fall suit for 37.50

This suit of wool poplin in
black, navy blue and wistaria.

The suit here illustrated is of
gaberdine and trimmed with
caracul. It is \$30.

New autumn
frocks at \$30

—new basque effect and made
of charmeuse and serge.

The clearance of
summer apparel

continues, with still greater
price reductions in force.

Final reductions on misses' attire

7.50 to \$10 dresses and suits—linen, voile, etc.—at 3.75
Girls' tub frocks—2 remarkable lots—at 1.45 and 1.95

2,000 sample prs. women's "Onyx" hose about half at 25c

—cotton, lisle, silk-lisle and silk, in black, white and colors; light and medium weights; double heels, soles and toes—at 25c. First floor.

Men's pure thread silk and silk-lisle hose at 50 per cent saving—at 25c

—black, white and novelties. The silk hose constitute about half of the lot—some all-silk, with double heels and toes; others with lisle heels, toes and soles.

72 and 81-in.
satin damask
at 1.35

—full bleached pure
linen table damask, dis-
continued patterns.

Linen huck
towels, 20c

—imported, hemstitched
towels in size 19x36 in.

Second floor.

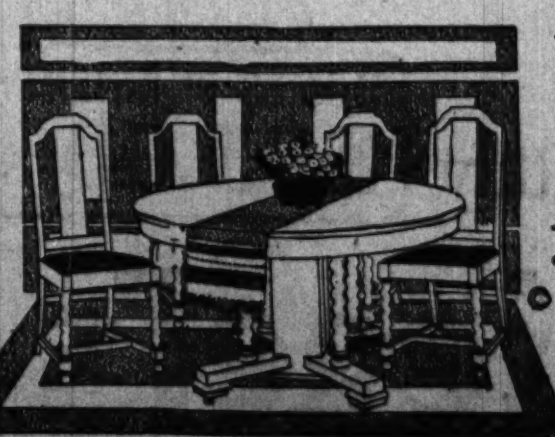
Dining room furniture August feature

Business provides no greater reward than the grand success of our August sale
of furniture. How well this success is deserved you may judge from the
attractions here mentioned. Seventh floor.

August special:

Dining
table,
27.50

This a quarter-sawn
oak table in Charles
II. style; antique Kenilworth
finish; 54-
inch top; square
pedestal and four
turned legs; as
illustrated.



August special:

Dining
chair,
\$6

—a style of the time
of Charles II.; quar-
ter-sawn oak; an-
tique Kenilworth
finish; seat of
Spanish leather.
Style of the chair
is here pictured.

Other dining room suites and odd pieces are notably, interestingly, prominent in
the August sale—oak and mahogany dining room furniture at savings of 25 to 50%.

Advance exhibit:

Autumn
hats

In the new shapes and
shades, and representa-
tive of new triumphs
in trimming. Two novel
groups at

7.50 and \$15

If you come to Mandel's
merely to see the new
styles in millinery, you
shall make a highly en-
tertaining visit. 5TH FLOOR.

Mary King.

Sympathy Hunter Loses Out.

W HAT a mistake it is for a busi-

ness girl to try to appeal to the

sympathy of her employer in or-

der to gain certain privileges

which she thinks she should have.

A friend of mine told me of a girl she

knows who lost a good position by using

this method to get what she wanted.

This girl was employed by a large firm

to take the place of a stenographer in

one of the offices who was away on a three

weeks' vacation.

This particular office was considered

by employees of other departments as an

"easy" one. It was a pleasant place

to work. The hours were short, the work

was interesting, and the manager was

well liked by all his employees.

Miss Brown was charmed with her new

position and told everybody how sorry

she was that it was only temporary. She

was really delighted when the illness of

the other stenographer gave her a chance

to remain two weeks longer.

About a week or so before she was to

leave the superintendent of another de-

partment came to Mr. Rice, Miss Brown's

employer, and told him she could give

Miss Brown a permanent position as soon

as she could be released.

Mr. Rice hastened to tell Miss Brown

the good news, as he expected her to be

employed at the prospect of securing a

permanent position. Miss Brown dis-

played no great amount of enthusiasm

at the offer and explained to Mr. Rice that

she had become so accustomed to short

hours and easy work in his office that she

didn't think she could stand working in

the other office where the hours were

longer and the work less interesting. And

besides, there were so many people there

that she didn't think she would have the

same privileges that she enjoyed under

him.

Miss Brown's answer was a distinct

surprise to Mr. Rice. He expected her to

be grateful for the offer, and, although

he knew the work in his department was



Miss Brown displayed no great amount of enthusiasm at the offer.

not hard, he did not realize that the peo-

ple in his office had privileges that the

employee of other offices did not have.

He was afraid that if the heads of the

firm heard of Miss Brown's reasons for

refusing the other position they might

think he was much too easy with his em-

ployees.

For the next week Miss Brown went

about her work with a mournful expres-

sion and lost no opportunity to tell her

office companions in Mr. Rice's hearing

how much she hated to leave and how

happy she would be if she could remain,

as she wasn't strong enough to do hard

work.

Miss Brown didn't look delicate and it

was rather hard to believe that she was

not strong enough to do work that other

girls could do. However, she did suc-

ceed in making Mr. Rice feel sorry for her

and he kept her as long as he possibly

Miss King will be glad to help
business girls solve their problems.
She will answer letters, either
through this department or by per-
sonal reply. No want will be too
small—no difficulty too great for her
to consider. If you want a person-
ally addressed, stamped, self-ad-
dressed envelope. Address Miss
Mary King, SUNDAY TRIBUNE, Chi-
cago.

could. Finally there was nothing for her
to do and he was obliged to let her go
and to make it easier for himself asked
her to leave her telephone number in case
he ever needed another stenographer.

She was gone only three days when one

of Mr. Rice's stenographers left suddenly

and her place had to be filled. He thought

of Miss Brown immediately and was go-

ing to call her up and then changed his

mind. He knew that he was good natured

and easily imposed upon and he was

afraid if he employed Miss Brown perma-

nently she would work on his sympathy

to such an extent that he would be grant-

ing her privileges he had no right to give

her. The remembrance of her ungracious

refusal of the position offered to her de-

cided him and he inserted an advertise-

ment for another stenographer. He felt

that if she really was obliged to work for

her living she would have been glad to

accept the other position, which was a

good one.

It is unfair for an employer to bother

the manager with her trouble because

she thinks it might influence him to

shorten her working hours or lessen her

work. It makes it extremely hard for him

to ask her to do things in the office that

he has a right to expect her to do and

when the work is unusually heavy he

hires another girl for a week or two

rather than ask the sympathy seeker to

shorten her working hours or work a half

hour or an hour longer for a few days.

There are few of us who would refuse to

work overtime occasionally in order to

take care of an unusual rush of work.

It is fatal to a girl's chances for ad-

vancement in an office when the employer

realizes that she is trying to take ad-

vantage of him because of his good

nature.

It is the independent, dignified girl who

asks no favors of her employer who suc-

ceeds in the business world.

"Have you a periphrastic love af-

fair? Do you need the advice of a

sympathetic, capable woman? Write to

Doris Blake, care CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

Include a stamped, addressed

envelope if you wish a personal re-

ply.

three nights a week and has absolutely

no pleasure aside from her daily work

and studies, she will grow old before her

time. Why don't you and the girl go to

her mother and talk things over with her.

Perhaps she has more influence with her

husband than the girl has with her

father.

"Gossip."

Not Sure She Loves Him.

"Dear Miss Blake: I would like your

advice, as it seems to be good. I want

to know, should a girl 22 years of age

write to a boy often as twice a week

when they are good friends? Should a

girl marry a boy when she doesn't know

whether she loves him or not? Is it right

for a boy to wish her to when he isn't sure

that she loves him? Also, should he pay

her carfare if he is with her? I am in

love with a dear little golden haired girl

and want her to be my wife, but she says

she is not sure of her love yet, and wants

me to wait one year anyway for her, as

she wants to have a starting in the world

before she marries. Now, Miss Blake, is

she right or not? I have told her that I

have enough for us both, without waiting

longer. But she still persists in the de-

lay. Should I wait for her or not, as I

love her dearly, or should I let her go?

She will soon be 20 years old. Sincerely,

"Gossip."

It is perfectly proper for a girl to write

twice a week if she wishes to, and if the

young man is prompt about answering her

letters. Until the girl is sure of her love

it would be wrong for her to marry you.

A year is a short time to wait for the

greatest happiness that can come into

your life, isn't it? A man should always

pay a woman's carfare when she is with

him.

Knows Her by Looks.

"Dear Miss Blake: Would you please

be so kind and tell me how I could get

acquainted with a nice girl whom I know

by looks, not by name. I know she would

like me if I only knew what to say not to

insult her. I never spoke to her, for I

didn't want to get her mad. So I want to

be so kind and tell me a way to

talk to her politely so she would like me.

"Gossip."

Unless you know some one who will in-

troduce you to the girl there is no way in

which you can become acquainted with



SOCIETY

Chicago Sunday Tribune

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER.

AUGUST 16, 1914.

VII.

The Sea MONSTERS' Death Grapple

By Robert Rohde.

HERE is no moon and the blackness of the night is solidified by a dripping fog. Your lookouts forward, aft, and aloft might as well be below, for the enemy might drift within a cable's length of you unseen and, were he not under the same handicap, rake you with a broadside.

It is useless to strain your eyes; so you strain your ears. Listen! Can you hear it? It is not the washing of the water against your sides—its rhythm is surer than that.

You say something in a whisper to the officer at your side. He repeats the command and the electric searchlight is switched on. Tonight its shaft cuts no sharp slice out of the darkness. Instead it daives weekly



into the fog and is lost. It is a glimmer rather than a glare. Aided by the futile searchlight you may see a few yards over side. North, south, east, and west the feeble beam shifts, slowly boxing the compass. Then it stops, pointing seaward. There is nothing to do but wait—while the thrumming each second grows louder.

The fog curtain parts and suddenly the shaft of the searchlight spits out. In the wide circle at the shaft's far end a slender gray ghost of a vessel is framed, low in the water, its bow hidden in a mantle of spindrift. You do not have to give the command now. The big guns of your broadside thunder. Smaller ones bark. Machine guns rattle. But the frame at the shaft's end already is empty. With a derisive flip of her propellers the gray ghost has gone back into the fog—for her a more potent protection than all your armor plates.

What happens next depends on the aim of the man aboard the vanished ghost ship and the instant Providence chances to be taking in you at that particular moment. Most likely, though, on the aim. Toward you is coming one of the most deadly instruments of modern warfare. Slim, shapely, loaded with death and destruction, sped by a toy propeller, the torpedo travels from little gray ghost to big gray ghost. If it misses you no damage has been done except to your nerves. If it strikes—?

Such is the picture that lies forever in the back of the mind of your man-o'-war's captain. Such is the nightmare that wakes him with a shock after a pleasant evening in a friendly port in times of peace. Such is the actuality that faces him each night—if he wears the uniform of France, or England, or Germany, or Russia, or Austria-Hungary—in these present days of peril, with the whole continent at war.

For the torpedo boat and the torpedo boat

destroyer have passed far beyond the stage of experiment. They do not have to depend on the naval theorist's pen and paper estimate of their prowess, nor even on their individual record of hits scored on dummy, inanimate targets. Their accomplishments in the way of destruction in the Russo-Japanese war changed all that.

Nor is the value of the torpedo boat the only thing the naval officers today have learned from that grim conflict of the east with the west. After the battle of Tsushima, in which Admiral Rozhdestvensky's fleet was crushed by the Japanese fleet under Admiral Togo—the first fleet action on a large scale since the disappearance of the wooden man-o'-war and the general advent of the rifled gun—they knew just what knocks steel plates might be expected to stand, just what blows the various types of big guns might be expected to deliver, just what advantages should come of superior speed.

Statesmen, too, the men behind the battling armies and navies, are drawing inferences from that great war which held the world stage in 1904-5 and are alive to the realization that a decisive engagement at sea may end the war before it is well under way ashore.

It was the sea fighting that really whipped Russia. The battle of Tsushima, disrupting her last fleet, forced her to yield just at a time when her land forces were perfecting in organization, schooled under fire, and ready to advance a million strong on the Japanese. So it was not the queer little cross eyed gods to which Japan gave thanks, but to her brilliant little admiral, Togo, that credit for her victory belongs.

The opening of hostilities, early in February, 1904, found the male Russian squadron at anchor in Port Arthur. There had been no formal declarations of war, but officers and men of the Russian vessels knew trouble was coming. Therefore they were making the most of their last few days in port.

While the Russians were making merry Togo's fleet, in war paint and cleared for action, stealthily skirted the Korean coast. South of Chemulpo the fleet was met by a scouting Japanese gunboat, which brought news that the Russian ships had just returned from a trial run. The Russians had announced, said the scout, that there would be a final night of revelry before they started out to sweep the little yellow upstarts from the seas.

At sunset on Monday, Feb. 8, Admiral Togo's fleet, comprising a half hundred vessels, anchored in the shelter of Elliott Island (Lichangshan), sixty-five miles east of Port Arthur. A thick fog was settling and the temperature had dropped close to the zero mark. Ten destroyers separated themselves from the fleet and went forward toward the enemy's stronghold. A cheer followed them through the fog. At twenty miles an hour—a dog trot for them—they relied off the distance to Port Arthur.

It was the night of the big celebration. Tomorrow the Russians would sail forth, sink such Japanese war vessels as refused to surrender, and return to port, towing their prizes,

to celebrate some more. Ashore Admiral Starck, commander of the Russian fleet, was giving a birthday party for his wife. His captains and chief officers were at the party. It seemed almost brutal excess of discipline to keep the few junior officers aboard ship. And the juniors sulked or slumbered.

Into the harbor swept the Japanese torpedo boats, in single file. They were letting themselves out now, racing at better than thirty miles an hour; as swift as lightning and as terrible. Like lightning they struck, while the most alert of the sleepy Russian lookouts was calling an astonished warning. As the little craft circled around the harbor each let fly her torpedo. Then out again to sea.

A rain of shot and shell spurted from the sides of the surprised warships—after the torpedo flotilla was out of range. When the Russians came to take stock of themselves the battleships Tzarevitch and Retvizan and the cruiser Pallada, torpedoed, were sinking and racing for shoal water in the inner harbor.

Twenty miles away the torpedo boats slowed down and exchanged notes. Scouts were sent in to investigate what damage had been done and returned with the report that



the Russian ships for the most part were un-moved. Back through the driving spray, heading now into a snowstorm, went the Japanese flotilla. Rounding a promontory they dashed into the glare of the Russian searchlights. The Russian gunners, working on the theory that where many shots are fired at random some must hit, let fly. Japanese torpedoes, aimed coolly, each for a prearranged mark, answered them.

At daylight the torpedo boats, none of them seriously damaged, were back with the fleet at Elliott Island.

At daylight Admiral Starck's wife's birthday party broke up. The sound of cannonading had not been permitted to interfere with it. If the disgruntled juniors had taken to midnight target practice to pass away the time, what matter? Or perhaps they had been firing a salute to a warship just come from Europe. Or perhaps there had been a false alarm, given by some scatter brain, of an attack by the Japanese.

When they reached the water's edge Admiral Starck and his official staff of merry-makers gave their eyes an extra rub. The three finest vessels of their fleet, with great holes torn in their armor plate, were resting on the bottom! Seven miles off the harbor were three Japanese cruisers, sent on scout duty by Admiral Togo. The Russians weighed their lumbering, antiquated anchors and started in pursuit. The Boyarin, a small twenty-two knot cruiser, outstripped the rest of the fleet. She saw first the wisps of smoke on the horizon which told of the presence of a stronger force of the enemy and scurried back with the news, firing her stern guns as she ran.

The enemy was quite a distance away, so Admiral Starck ordered his vessels back to the outer harbor. Consequently when the Japanese fleet drew up in battle line the slow process of weighing anchor had to be gone over. Togo kept at a distance and used only his big guns. His gunners did not waste a shot. The flagship Petropaulovsk and the big battleship Poltava were hit several times and the cruisers Diana, Askold, and Novik were badly damaged.

Thus in one day Admiral Togo had made it practically certain the Russian ships would not venture across to shell the coast towns of Japan, nor would they be likely to escort transports bearing an army of invasion either to Japan or Korea.

After that initial misfortune the naval actions of the war were a succession of disasters for the Russians. The Yoseul, a vessel of 2,800 tons, armed with a few light guns and equipped for mine laying, was blown up by one of her mines and more than half of her crew of 200 died.

The cruisers Varyag and Koreyets were trapped in the harbor at Chemulpo by a Japanese squadron. In reply to a threat from the Japanese commander to "come in and get them" they sailed gallantly forth to their doom—and met it.

Several times the Japanese sunk tramp steamers, loaded with stores, in the mouth of the harbor, hoping effectually to seal in the Russians. These operations were carried on at night, under cover of torpedo boat actions. It was Admiral Togo's plan to hold the main Russian fleet inactive, opposing possible sorties with his full force. Scout cruisers kept an eye on the doings of a lesser Russian squadron operating out of Vladivostok. His strategy proved admirable.

The keynotes of Admiral Togo's policy was to fight at long range, trusting to the superior marksmanship of his gunners to give him the advantage. Thus the Japanese vessels, while inflicting serious damage on such Russian vessels as came from the harbor soon

time to time, were practically unscathed. In the course of one of these long distance engagements, on Feb. 25, two Russian destroyers were caught sneaking toward the harbor and one of them was sunk.

The Russians did not assume the offensive until Admiral Makarov, possessor of a wide reputation as a sea strategist and a fine record for bravery, came to relieve Admiral Starck of the command. Under his direction six torpedo boats patrolled the harbor ap-



proach each night and occasional sorties were made.

The morning of April 13, following a night action in which a Russian destroyer had been sunk, the Japanese lured Makarov ten miles from shore, then commenced to pepper him at long range. In the midst of the engagement the Petropaulovsk, with Admiral Makarov on board, blew up. Seven hundred men perished with the "fighting admiral." Days later, when the news reached the enemy by a roundabout course, the Japanese sailors paid a remarkable tribute to Makarov, a man whose ability and courage they had been quick to recognize. They mourned him as if he had been one of their own leaders.

On May 15 the Japanese had a disaster that struck nearer home to mourn when the Hatsumi, the flagship of Rear Admiral Nishibata, struck two mines and was destroyed.

The Russian Port Arthur fleet, now commanded by Admiral Witgert, made another sortie on Aug. 10. The Japanese succeeded in separating the battleship Tzarevitch from the rest of the fleet and concentrated their fire on her. Admiral Witgert, who had selected the Tzarevitch for his flagship, was killed. The Tzarevitch fled along the Shantung coast and took shelter with two accompanying destroyers in Kiaochow. Later all three vessels were disarmed and laid up under the neutrality law and their crews were sent back to Russia under parole.

The next day the Russian cruiser Novik was sunk and the cruisers Diana and Askold, together with a destroyer, were disarmed.

Will the Dreadnoughts Win?

Or will the torpedo boat scorpions of the sea conquer? The lesson that Togo taught us.

Two other destroyers, damaged in the battle, were beached.

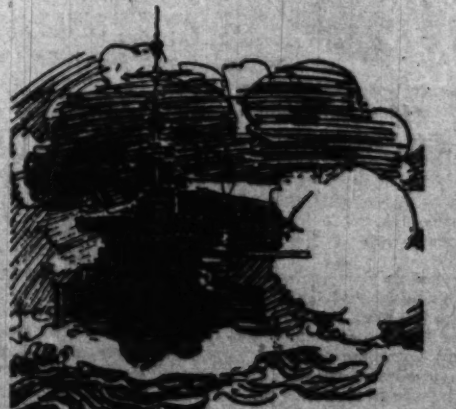
Next the Japanese put a quietus on the Vladivostok squadron. On Aug. 14 Admiral Kamimura, guarding the straits between Japan and Korea, engaged three Russian cruisers and in a running fight lasting five hours sunk the Rurik. In that action the Russians used shells so old and so far deteriorated that when they struck the decks of the enemy's vessels many of them failed to explode.

More than 16,000 miles away was Admiral Rozhdestvensky with the Russian Baltic fleet, consisting of seven battleships, five first class cruisers, three second class cruisers, and twelve destroyers. On Oct. 14, 1904, the Baltic fleet left Libau for the Pacific to face Admiral Togo. On the way it was joined by Admiral Nebogatoff's squadron of one seagoing battleship, three coast defense battleships, and one first class cruiser.

Togo, so far victorious and unscathed, was waiting patiently.

On May 27, 1905, the fleet under Rozhdestvensky, after a voyage in which seemingly insurmountable obstacles had been overcome, reached the Sea of Japan. Off Tsushima Togo engaged them. Here, in the clash of the great floating steel mountains there was little room for interference by the slimy torpedo boats, which hovered jealously on the fringe of the fighting zone. In twenty-four hours of hammer and tons fighting thirty of the forty-seven Russian ships were either sunk or captured. Of the whole armada only the light cruiser Almas—a vessel better equipped for flight than battle—and two destroyers reached the goal—Vladivostok. The Japanese losses, as reported by Admiral Togo, were only three destroyers.

Gen. Kuropatkin, who had scored many suc-



cesses for the Russians ashore, bitterly criticized Rozhdestvensky in a book published at the close of the war. "It was the defeat of Rozhdestvensky's squadron," wrote Kuropatkin, "that brought about negotiations and peace at a time when our army was ready to advance—a million strong."

News of the Theaters.

MISS ALICE EIS
DANCING AT THE PALACE.

"Within the Law," with Miss Margaret Illington at the head of the cast, will serve for the formal opening of the Princess theater's season on Sept. 6. It will be succeeded in three weeks by "Today."

A play called "Fath," by Othman Stevens, is soon to be produced in Los Angeles, where the author is critic of the drama for the local Hearst paper.

Claire Briggs, the cartoonist, is to be represented on the stage by a play whose characters will be taken from his comic drawings.

MISS VALENTINE
Illustrated in a moment of recreation on her boat at Grand Haven, Mich. She returns to Chicago next week to begin rehearsals of her role of the ingenious stenographer in "Help Wanted."

"The Dancing Duchess," to be shown next week in New York City, turns out to be this year's vehicle for the annual frolic of The Hermit, a Cleveland social club. Their 1910 piece reached the professional stage a year later as "The Girl I Love," second of the Askin productions in the La Salle.

Miss Violet Romer, whose specialty is dancing in spectacular drama, is to head the ballet in the Chicago engagement of "Joseph and His Brethren."

George Heban, whom the public regards as a gifted actor of Italian and French characters, plans to star in a play by Miss Harriet Ford.

Eugene Walter has quarreled with Klaw & Erlanger because of their belief that Miss Charlotte Walker (Mrs. Walter) should not head the cast of his play "A Plain Woman," and is assuming the managerial function with regard for that drama.

Miss Elsie Janis' part in "The Lady of the Slippers" is being played this season by Miss G. etchen Eastman, a Chicagoan. She had a brief La Salle career, two seasons ago, as the Japanese spy in "The Girl at the Gate."

"The Princess Zim-Zim" will be known as "The Lonely Heart" when it is revived for the uses of John Barrymore. Edward Sheldon has revised the comedy since, three seasons ago, that actor and Miss Dorothy Donnelly acted it in Boston.

Miss Lydia Crane, who is appearing in "The Love-Thinker" from its author, Harry Irving Dodge.

Paul Dickey and Charles Goddard, who wrote "The Obour Breaker" and "The Maudslayi Lady," are providing a play for the use of Miss Elsie Janis. It will have songs and dances in but one of its three acts. The idea is, patently, to have Miss Janis appear as an actress rather than as a specialist. Which brings to mind the story of the critic who, bewitched by Miss Janis' unquestionable sense of the theater, wrote to her to say: "Have you ever thought of playing Rosalind?" Miss Janis, the noble, called for a moment, re-read the note, called the attention of her associates to the contents, and then, her brow clearing, said: "Rosalind? Yes—she's the dame who carries a cane and wears leather pants."

Ralph Hirs is to go into the New York City cast of "A Pair of Stars" in the cast played here by Sam Hardy.

Amusements of the Week.

Cost Theater—"A Pair of Stars," in which Frank Moten is effectively coming in depicting the routine of a fat man's woes. The play is forthright farce, depending entirely on its situations and not at all on its text. Miss Ann Waldrop, Sam Hardy, and Miss May Vokes are familiar personalities in the cast.

Grand Opera House—"The Whirl of the World," which has been prosperously on since May 31. The final fortnight is announced. It is the largest thing of its special kind yet sent to this community.

Power's Theater—"Daddy Long-legs," with Miss Ruth Chatterton at the head of the cast. It has been here five months and is still popular.

Garrick Theater—"Peg o' My Heart," with Miss Peggy O'Neill delivering Miss Laurette Taylor's ingratiating humor.

La Salle Opera House—"The Elopers," which classifies as musical comedy because there is no other easy way of describing it. It has three good tunes, a sprightly ballet, and Frances Kennedy.

Variety Entertainments. Palace Music Hall—Alice Eis and Bert French, the pantomime dancers head the program for the opening week of the new season, starting tomorrow afternoon. Their new dance is called "The Temptress." Ralph Riggs and Katherine Witche, dancers of a different type; Hines and Fox, who write the songs they sing; Trovato, who plays the violin with a virtuosity not rooted in orthodoxy; Frank North, shrewdest of the "yap" comedians of the varieties, in a new sketch; Lee and Cranford, in a sketch called "Rite of Old Ireland"; O'Brien and Havel, comic acrobats, and Bertie Ford, a slackwire performer, are others.

Majestic Theater—"The Red-heads," one of the Lasky sketches, with James B. Carson as the avowed comedian, is the chief thing in the program for the week that starts tomorrow afternoon. Hans Kronold, a cellist; Charles Howard, Dorothy Hayden, and Robert Watson, in a comic sketch; Corio and Dinus, dancers; the Chung-Hwa Four, Chinese men who sing and jest; the Idolmas, five gymnasts, and Eunice Burman and Charles Irwin are others listed. Announced as an "extra feature" is a batch of motion pictures by Burton Holmes within recent months. The interest of the pictures is associated with the war in Europe, the films showing the military establishments of some of the embattled nations, as well as pictures of the royal battles themselves.

Colonial Theater—"A Fighting Chance," a short play having to do with pugilism, is scheduled as the chief feature of the bill until Thursday, when there will be a change.

Great Northern Hippodrome—Berna's trained lions, leopards, and panthers, the tumbling Angelo Armento trio, Bett's trained seals, Kimball Brothers and Segal, Barton and Clark, Beeman and Anderson, and Fitzgerald and Ashton are announced.

McVicker's Theater—"School Days," with thirty singers and dancers; Thomas Patricola and Ruby Myer, dancers; Wheeler Earl and Vera Curtis, in a sketch called "The Girl and the Drummer," and the Polin brothers, comic acrobats, are things and persons mentioned as of most importance in the program.

American Music Hall—Jean Bedini and Lalla Selbini head a company called the Mischief-Makers for the opening of this theater this afternoon as an addition to the Progressive "burlesque" circuit.

Columbia Theater—The troupe of specialists and chorists called the College Girls comes this afternoon for a week's engagement.

Motion Pictures. Princess Theater—"Traffic in Souls," a sordid frame-up for the detection of what Mr. Lardner would term the "gals."

Fine Arts—"Neptune's Daughter," the chief value of which lies in the views of Annette Kellermann in action.

Elephant Theater—"The Last Concert," an "emotional domestic" film, and "The Lineup at Police Headquarters," which ought to appeal strongly to expatriated New Yorkers with an interest in their home town constabulary.

Reelbaker Theater—"The Littlest Rebel," a skimming of the melodrama of that name.

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Reelbaker Theater—"The Littlest Rebel," a skimming of the melodrama of that name.

Princess Theater—"Traffic in Souls," a sordid frame-up for the detection of what Mr. Lardner would term the "gals."

MISS LALLA SELBIN
AT THE AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

Orchestra Hall—"The Wolf," a cinema version of Eugene Walter's melodrama of the Longue Travers neighborhood.

Illinois Theater—"Cabiria," a costly transfer to the films of a riotous scenario by D'Annunzio.

ONE WEEK THEATERS. Crown Theater—"For the Love of Mike," a contribution to the comic drama by Bud Fisher, the cartoonist, will be performed for the week, starting this afternoon.

Victoria Theater—"One Woman's Life," a melodrama, with Rodney Ransom and Marie Nelson at the head of the cast.

Ravina Park—The Chicago Symphony orchestra in daily afternoon concerts and in evening performances the standard opera, the singers including Miss Louise Le Baron, Miss Beatrice Le Palmer, Miss Ivy Scott, Louis Kreidler, Leonid Samoiloff, and William Wheatley.

Blumhardt Garden—The Stained Orchestra, under the baton of Alexander Schold, with dancing by professionals and the general public.

SUMMER PARKS. White City—The 101 Ranch exhibition will be shown twice daily next Saturday and Sunday. The routine attractions of White City have had ample mention since the opening of its season.

Riverview—Illusions, brass band concerts, and vaudeville are among the entertainment to be found here.

Forest Park—The management's enthusiasm for the circus is so far as to describe at least one of the attractions as "most unique," than which nothing, indoors or out, can be more so.

Use "Gets-It," Corns Shrivels, Vanish! It's the New Way, and You'll Forget You Ever Had Corns.

"Two drops put on in two seconds, corn shrivels and vanishes. No more corns, no more pain. 'GETS-IT' is the new corn cure. Nothing can be simpler for the cure of corns and it never fails."

No Corns to Boast No Pain, If You Use "GETS-IT."

That's why millions of people are using "GETS-IT" today and throwing away their corn plasters, sticky tape, corn-salves, and "wrapping outfits" that make a bundle around the toe and choke into the pain by pressing either on or around the corn. There is nothing to stick to your stocking, nothing to cause inflammation or rawness, nothing to press on or around the corn. You apply it in two seconds. No more knives, razors, scissors or files, with their blood-soaked blades. Try "GETS-IT" for that corn, callous, wart or bunion.

"GETS-IT" is sold by druggists everywhere. See a bottle, or send direct by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.

"GETS-IT" is sold in Chicago by Reo-nomic Drug Co., The Fair, Sigel, Cooper & Co., Home Drug Co., Ashland Drug Co., W. A. Weiboldt & Co., Independent Drug Co., Buck & Rayner, 3 stores; Bothwell Bros., 1201 Cottage Grove Ave., C. R. Walgreen & Co., 3800 Cottage Grove Ave., Boston Store, Hillman's, The Public Drug Co.

BASEBALL TODAY AT THREE. Chicago Federals vs. Baltimore Orioles. Reserved Seats at 50c. Phone Randolph 3008. Northwestern "L" or Clark St. Cars to Addison.

IMPERIAL MATHEATRON. THE PRINCE OF NIGHT. Next Week, "The Love of Mike."

NATIONAL ALL-STAR. THE PRINCE OF NIGHT. Next Week, "The Love of Mike."

CROWN MATINEE TODAY. The Love of Mike. Next Week, "The Love of Mike."

ORCHESTRA HALL. The Wolf. Next Week, "The Love of Mike."

MAJESTIC. RED HEADS. Next Week, "The Love of Mike."

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MAJESTIC

LAST TIMES TODAY. GERTRUDE COHLAN. RALPH RIGGS. THEODORE BENDIX. HENRY LEWIS. JULIUS REBASTIAN & BENTLEY, Etc.

MONDAY, AUG. 17. JESSE LASKY'S. "RED HEADS" WITH JAMES B. CARSON. A score of pretty girls in a lively music hall.

HANS KRONOLD. THE International Cellist. WAR TIME PICTURES. THE FIRST TIME HERE. Great motion pictures showing the life of the hero and their military environment.

BURTON HOLMES. CHARLES HOWARD. CORIO & DINUS. CHUNG HWA FOUR. BURHAM & IRWIN. MILLER & LYLES. LIBBY & BARTON. Comedy Cyclists.

MATS. 15-25c. Except Sat. & Sun. Regular Prices. 15-25-50-75c. Telephone, 5400 Central.

GREAT NORTHERN HIPPODROME. 100 Ft. from State St. Where You See the Big Acts First. Continuous 11 a. m. to 11 p. m. Next Week's Bill. Capt. Barnardo's. ANGLO ARMENTO TRIO. FITZGERALD & ASHTON. THE FLYING DUVALS. BARTO & CLARK. BETT'S EDUCATED SEALS. KIMBALL BROS. & SEGAL. SEIGAL & MATHEWS. BEEMAN & ANDERSON. ALGONQUIN TRIO. AND FOUR OTHER BIG ACTS. TODAY NEVER TONIGHT. 10-20c HIGHER 10-20-30c.

POWERS. ALL RECORDS BROKEN. St. Patrick's Day to Labor Day. TIME ALLOTTED TO CHICAGO IS ALMOST UP. 23rd BIG WEEK. RUTH CHATTERTON. DADDY LONG-LEGS. WED. MAT. BEST SEATS. 1st SEATS. EYES, EXCEPT SUNDAY, 6:10. MATINEES WED. & SAT., 2:10.

PRINCESS. CLARK ST. TODAY 11 A.M. TO 11 P.M. A SOUL STIRRING PHOTO PLAY. TRAFFIC SOULS. In 8 Reels and 1,000 Thrills and Thrills. THE LURE OF THE UNDERWORLD. THE HAUNTS OF WHITE SLAVERY. 25c ALL SEATS. Adults Only.

ILLINOIS. INCLUDING OUR LAST PERFORMANCE. 65256. CHICAGOANS HAVE SEEN. CABIRIA. HAVE YOU? TODAY AND EVERY DAY 2:30 & 8:30. PRICES: MATINEES 25c, 50c. EVENINGS 25c, 50c, 75c. MATINEES 25c.

JONES, LINICK & SCHAEFER'S. La Salle. Only Musical Comedy Success in Chicago. A Riot of Beauty, Girls, Tunes, and Fun. The Elopers. The Whirlly, Giddy Show! Out of Favor. Two Dances American Beauty. MIDSUMMER MATS. 7:30. Tues. and Thurs. SEATS 75c. SAT.

RAVINA PARK. ON THE COOL. CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. AT 8:00 P.M. TONIGHT. Entire Evening. Secret of Success. 8:15 P.M. Grand Opera. 8:30 P.M. Live C. & N. W. terminal 7:30 P.M. Ref. to park 10:30 P.M. Round Trip Includ. Adm. 10c.

BASEBALL AT Three West Side. "CUBS" vs. ST. LOUIS. Reserved Seats at Spaulding's Store. The "Cubs" and Cardinals are putting up a great game; that's reason for action.

ORCHESTRA HALL. 19 A. M. TONIGHT. AUG. 15. 11 P. M. THE WOLF. MY FRIEND FROM INDIA. MAIN FLOOR 10c. BALCONY 10c. ADULTS ONLY.

PALACE

VAUDEVILLE. CLARE NEAR HAND. TEL. RAND. 729. REOPENS MONDAY MATINEE. FIRST TIME HERE. SENSATIONAL SPECTACULAR PANTOMIME. "THE DANCE OF THE TEMPTRESS" WITH ALICE EIS AND BERT FRENCH. RALPH RIGGS AND KATHERINE WITCHE. LATE OF "RECENTRETS" and "ALL ABOUT". HINES & FOX TROVATO. FRANK NORTH & CO. Capt. Gruber and Miss Adeline's Animal Revue. O'BRIEN, HAVEL & CO. LEE & ORANSTON. BERTIE FORD. MATINEES EVERY DAY. 12:25, 2:50, 5:00, 7:30, 9:50. Seats in Balance.

WHITE CITY. TWO SAT. AUG. 22 & 23. ONLY SUN. AFTERNOON AT THE NITE AT THE BIGGEST. PIONEER. THE WONDROUS WEST AS IT WAS 100 YEARS AGO. BARBAROUS MEXICO. PEOPLE RING SENSATION. LARGEST INDIAN CONGRESS. PICTURESQUE PARADE 10 A.M. SAT. 22. EVERY WEDNESDAY 2 P.M. LADIES' DAY. FREE. WONDROUS SHOWS. EVERY THURSDAY 2 P.M. CHILDREN'S DAY. FREE. DANCING CLASS.

101 RANCH. REAL WILD WEST. THE WONDROUS WEST AS IT WAS 100 YEARS AGO. BARBAROUS MEXICO. PEOPLE RING SENSATION. LARGEST INDIAN CONGRESS. PICTURESQUE PARADE 10 A.M. SAT. 22. EVERY WEDNESDAY 2 P.M. LADIES' DAY. FREE. WONDROUS SHOWS. EVERY THURSDAY 2 P.M. CHILDREN'S DAY. FREE. DANCING CLASS.

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Comment by Mmex

European Maelstrom Still Engulfs Chicagoans; Casino Plans Rushed for Opening Nov. 1.

Mrs. Edward S. Moore of Lake Forest is leaving on Thursday to join her children at Rockmarge, Frides Crossing, Mass., where they have been spending the summer with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moore of New York. Mrs. Moore will also be active in entertaining the several hundred guests that have been invited by Judge Moore to attend his annual private horse show, given on his own racing track, on Aug. 23, when the famous Moore stables will be seen in festive array. Following the horse show tea will be served for the guests at Rockmarge, and a large house party will be given there also. Mrs. Moore was formerly Miss Jean McGinley, and her sister, Miss Lois McGinley of Pittsburgh, visited her at Lake Forest during the tennis tournament at Onwentsia just past, during which time she was much entertained.

"MANKIND—earth's worst disease." "Nietzsche's brief and bitter arraignment of the human race, is being justified at this terrible time. The daily papers are like chapters from one of H. G. Wells' prophetic stories of a general world conflict. Each day one wakes with the hope that it is all a nightmare, a madman's dream of the newspapers. We have many of us traveled and sojourned in those quiet, well ordered, comfortable European countries where the outward aspect of things was so decent and tranquil that a trip abroad sent one home dissatisfied with the crude, unfinished rough edges of our own cities and rural districts. But all that order and decency has been destroyed now, not by the people whose toll and taxes made that order and decency possible, but by their rulers—rulers by accident of birth, not by the will of the people. Our unsmoothed savagery is more desirable than the most finished district in Berlin, the world's model city.

And in the maelstrom of this general European war are engulfed some of Chicago's most prominent citizens and citizens—especially the latter. High above lovely Lake Lucerna Mrs. Watson Blair is marooned at the tiny hamlet of Assens with her two sisters, Mrs. Edward Beach and Miss Frances Keep. With the greatest difficulty her husband, Watson Blair, has reached her by cable and heard from her that she is comfortable and will wait for an opportunity to come home. He has sent her, through the good offices of Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, gold coin for her immediate needs. The coin itself is now on the United States cruiser Tennessee, together with several million dollars for other stranded Americans. When it is possible she and her sisters will escape into Italy and sail thence for the United States. The three sisters with their mother were caught in a similar predicament in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 when they were staying in a little village in northern Switzerland near one of the German lines of advance on France. Then, as now, all avenues of exit were closed by Swiss military maneuvers as

they mobilized their troops to guard their frontier passes and preserve their neutrality. Then, as now, there were money difficulties and the terrors of war's alarms for this family group.

On the other side of some lofty Swiss mountain ranges from Mrs. Blair are her intimate friends, Mrs. F. S. Eames and Mrs. E. B. Worthington of Chicago, who are awaiting the course of events at Vevey, on lovely Lake Geneva. There at the Hotel Trois Couronnes and at Frank Cramer and the Reginald De Koven and many other Americans were congregated when last heard from. It is probably as safe and sheltered a spot as could be found in Europe today.

Mrs. Harold McCormick and her two daughters, Muriel and Mathilde, at Zurich, are more within reach of the war zone. But Mrs. McCormick's cables to her husband have displayed such calm reassurance, such absence of apprehension that it is hard to realize that she went there over a year ago for a nerve cure.

Miss Katherine Meeker, the Arthur Meekers' eldest daughter who has been studying singing in Munich this summer, is caught in that art center. Her parents are naturally most anxious as to her situation. As all German railways are being used exclusively for the transport of troops it is quite impossible for Miss Meeker to hope to leave Germany by that means, while to attempt to escape by automobile is even more unsafe, as autos are being commandeered without regard to the passports or special permissions of their occupants. The latter are turned out on whatever road they are held up on and are left to find their way as best they may.

Miss Meeker is under the especial protection of Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador to this country, who is spending his vacation at his country seat just outside of Munich. He was the Meekers' guest only a little while ago in June and now has the opportunity of returning their hospitality in the most welcome manner possible. The position of Americans in Germany is not a happy one, as it is hard for even the most enlightened Teutons to tell the difference between English and Americans—a difference so perceptible to us.



MRS. E. S. MOORE

Harold McCormick and Arthur Meeker are talking of chartering a yacht and going together to collect the war-bound members of their families and other friends who can't get passage on the overcrowded steamers from Italy, Holland and England.

The "Jack" Winterbothams are at Hamburg and are probably getting the cream of war sensations, as both Mr. and Mrs. Winterbotham have a great love of adventure, and the capacity to get the most out of any experience.

Mrs. Marshall Field is in London, and very glad to be there. At the first hint of war she left Paris and gave up a motor trip she was planning to a watering place and went to join a family circle in England sufficiently powerful to give her a sense of protection. Admiral Sir David Beatty and his wife (formerly Miss Ethel Field) and Mrs. Malvina Drummond and Mrs. Burnaby (daughter in law and niece respectively of the late Marshall Field) all form a strong clique. Mrs. Henry Dibble, a sister of the late Mr. Field, is also in England.

As a nation we Americans were a li-

tle slow at realizing that this war was coming. Letters from abroad dated July 27 speak of it as impending and probably inevitable. Yet as we look back on that date we say so cloud beyond the dispute between Austria and Serbia.

Mrs. T. W. Wadsworth and her two daughters, Mrs. John R. Gott and Miss Helen Wadsworth, are at Tremont on Lake Como at the outbreak of hostilities. As long as Italy can maintain her neutrality they are as safe there as anywhere, but in the uncertainty that prevails, "there's no place like home," a sentiment that will surely be heartily echoed by Mrs. B. H. Pope and her daughter and niece, Miss Virginia Pope and Miss Virginia Chandler, and Mrs. Bull and Miss Hilda Bull, G. H. Conover and Miss Conover, who escaped by motor from Carlsbad at the beginning of trouble, and a host of other Chicagoans whose friends saved their departure for European trips a few more weeks ago.

Among those whose successful return is heralded by their friends are the Will H. Lyford, who were passengers on the Mauretania. Their trip was uneventful until the Wednesday after they sailed,

when strange things excited the curiosity of the passengers. Those on deck heard the boatman's whistle piping all hands on to the forward deck, where orders were given them, though nothing was told to the passengers. The ship's portholes and lights were all covered with canvas and blankets and the speed was increased to record time.

The captain then told the passengers that England had declared war on Germany but said nothing of any possible German cruelties nearby. On Thursday, however, with a terrific lurch that made the timid think the ship had turned turtle, it turned at right angles to its course, still going at full speed. The waters piled up on its starboard side, but it righted itself and in response to wireless warnings made a bee line for Halifax.

Arrived there there were no docks, nor any tender. The passengers climbed down by springs, swaying rope ladders from the decks to the bobbing row boats seventy feet below. Mrs. Lyford found the latter to be the most trying part of her experience. The drop from the lowest rung of the ladder to the boat was no easy feat. But in stressful times we can do what

at other more peaceful epochs would seem impossible.

There are amusing episodes connected with this momentous time, as well as thrilling ones. There is the story of the Boston man who when asked as to his summer plans said that he had been to the Harbor for eight years and was dead tired of it, so he took passage on the Kronprinzessin Cecilie—and woke up one morning to find himself in New Harbor!

But we Americans can't spend all our time watching the conflict. We have to go on with our daily affairs and carry out our plans made months ago. Hence the resurgence of the Casino. Woods have been cleared from the last finally abandoned remote enough for this miniature pleasure palace. The upside and the pickers are now at work, and by November the building will be ready.

Ernest Walker, the architect, and Mrs. John Carpenter, who has charge of the interior decoration, are hard at it working out details. The central hall, or dance pavilion, is to be mainly lighted from above, with sliding glass screens. It is to be like a covered court or palace with the various clubrooms flanking it on three sides. Its only windows will be long French ones opening on the terrace to the north.

A few disgruntled ones say, "Why have the Casino men who are all so preoccupied?" It will be the psychic moment for it. The prophecy is that the winter will be a quiet one socially. Many a pocket is hit hard by this European war and it is easy to economize in entertaining. All the more will clubs be used as gathering places. In times of stress and excitement people like to meet each other, to gather in groups and exchange news and views, and a successful proprietor for the Casino is a safe prognosticator. Mrs. John Carpenter and Mrs. Howard Linn are both giving much time to preparing the club for its destiny.

WEDDINGS.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Lois Engelhardt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Engelhardt, to Michael A. Lane will take place Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, "The Lodge," Brynmor place, Highland Park. Dr. H. F. Evans of Highland Park will officiate. Miss Margaret Engelhardt, sister of the bride, will be the only attendant. Henry S. Bunking of Lake Bluff will be the best man.

The marriage is announced of Miss Rose G. Bernard of Boone, Ia., to George C. Mattison, son of Mrs. George A. Mattison, 877 Melrose street. The ceremony was performed on Wednesday by the Rev. Arthur H. Beatty at the residence of the groom's parents, Mrs. W. D. Ascouh of Hartford, Conn., was matron of honor. Miss Zola Wadsworth was the bridesmaid, and Berene Klossa flower girl. The groom was attended by Paul Hirt.

The marriage of Miss Anita Averall Lawrence, only child of the late Edward Wells Lawrence, to Cliff Hethely of Pierce City, Mo., took place on Tuesday in Sheldon, Ill., at the home of the bride's mother.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Mary Loretta Morahan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Morahan of 3820 West Congress street, and Philip J. Sharkey was solemnized Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock in St. Mal's Roman Catholic church. Miss Irene Catherine Morahan, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Frank Moran served as best man.

The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast at the Hotel La Salle. Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Ethel Farwell, daughter of the late Owen McCall Farwell of England, to the Rev. Herbert Britton Owen, rector of St. Edmund's Episcopal church, Chicago, which was celebrated on Thursday, Aug. 6, in All Saints' chapel, Trinity Episcopal church, New York.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Nadine MacNeil, daughter of M. M. MacNeil of Danville, Ill., to Glen Wood Tracer Jr. of St. Paul, Minn., son of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Wood Tracer of 4308 Oakwood avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Gage of Hubbard Woods announce the engagement of their daughter, Jessie, to John Francis Danley. The wedding will be an event of September.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Blanche F. Sweeney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Sweeney, to George B. Foster of 1401 North Dearborn street.

Mr. and Mrs. Max L. Brode of 5117 Ellis avenue announce the engagement of their daughter, Treva, to Clarence D. Goodman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sol Goodman.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Henry Dibble, 1100 Lake Shore drive, who went abroad some time ago to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John C. King of Paris, is now at Southampton, England.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Butler of Hubbard Woods are spending two weeks in Michigan.

Potter Palmer, 1000 Lake Shore drive, left yesterday for Bedford Pool, N. H., to join his family, who have been there all summer.

Miss Mildred Blair, who passed the early part of the summer in Camden, Me., is now with her mother, Mrs. Chapman Blair, at Bretton Woods, N. H.

Mrs. George B. Carpenter of 1018 North State street, is visiting her son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. George Boone Carpenter, at their home, "The Fossilite," at Medford, Ore.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Brown of 4449 Vincennes avenue opened their home and garden Tuesday evening for a party given in honor of Miss Agnes C. Martin by the Daughters of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Mrs. Charles W. Thompson, 809 Buckingham place, has returned from a trip through Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Devlin and two children of Indiana avenue, who have been touring the west for three months, have returned home. Miss Mary Devlin, who accompanied them, will also return in a week.

Mrs. Harry Channon and her son, Henry Jr., of 1434 Astor street, have gone to Canada.

Mrs. Charles Harries Simms and children of Dayton, O., are guests of Mrs. Simms' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand W. Peck of Oconomowoc.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Brown of Pennington, 322 Aldrie place, who have been spending a couple of months in Europe, where

News of Chicago Society

The doctor was a delegate to the surgical congress in London, have arrived home. Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Stevens of Evanston have gone for a vacation trip to Spider Lake, near Hayward, Wis.

Miss Frances Salisbury of 4047 Kemmore avenue has as her guest Miss Nannie Barrett of Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Ferguson of 4351 Ellis avenue are spending the month of August at Soo Nipi Park lodge, Lake Superior, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Ware and two daughters, Florence and Marion, of 1021 Judson avenue, Evanston, have gone for a two weeks' stay in the Muskoka lake region of Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bopart, 1138 Maple avenue, Evanston, and Mrs. Bopart's mother, Mrs. E. J. Bopart, 1138 Maple avenue, Evanston, returned on the St. Paul Monday from a trip abroad.

Mrs. Charles W. Thompson of 809 Buckingham place has returned from a trip through Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick D. Coontz, 1500 North State street, are rejoicing over the arrival of a little son, who came to them Monday at their summer home in Lake Geneva.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Turner, who are occupying their summer cottage at Mackinac Island, Michigan, will remain there until the latter part of September.

Mrs. Harrison B. Riley, 1822 Sheridan road, Evanston, left Thursday for Wisconsin, N. H., with Miss Jean Sawyer. There they will meet their eastern director and will complete the arrangements for their new opera, "The Magic Wheel," which will be produced next winter.

Mrs. George H. Hill left Thursday for Europe this week, left on Saturday for Camden, Me., to meet her daughter, who has been visiting Miss Katherine Keep. They plan to join friends and make a motor tour of New England.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson L. Barnes, who have been passing the summer at Harbor Point, Mich., are now on a motor trip east with Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Dunham and Miss Cary.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman W. Harris of 4330 Drexel boulevard, who after passing three months in Germany and Switzerland, realized the desirability of returning to America, are now at their country residence, "Wadsworth Hall," Lake Geneva, Wis., where they will remain until November.

AT THE COUNTRY CLUBS.

Mrs. Hugh J. McElroy presided at the women's golf luncheon at Onwentsia Tuesday in place of the chairman, Mrs. Wallace De Wolfe, who has gone to Estes Park, Colo., for the rest of the summer. Among others present at the luncheon were:

Madame—H. C. Chaffield-Taylor, D. Mark Cummings, Frank R. McNeill, Bernard Walsh, Leda Mitchell, R. L. Moore, W. A. Alexander, Robert Thorne, George McKinley, Robert McCall, George Kinnison, George Kinnison, Marian Glen.

On Saturday, Aug. 15, there will be afternoon bridge and dancing parties at the Glen Oaks Country club in charge of the women's auxiliary of the club.

Mrs. George D. Bannard of Lake Geneva was hostess Thursday at the Lake Geneva Country club for the afternoon tea given at the club for the visiting guests there for the annual invitational golf tournament opening on the links. Mrs. Martin Ryerson was hostess on Friday and Mrs. Francis T. A. Junkin yesterday.

The South Shore Country club announces a lawn tennis to be given Thursday evening from 8:30 to 10:30. After 10:30 there will be an informal dance in the ballroom. The annual children's beach party was held yesterday afternoon from 2 until 5. Contestants were held on the beach, for which prizes were awarded.

The Hinsdale Golf club has issued the following announcement: "On account of our sympathy with President Wilson in his great sorrow and on account of Europe's affliction, the Hinsdale Golf club has decided to cancel all social events at the club until further notice."

HORSE SHOW ABANDONED.

For the first time in twelve or fourteen years there will be no open air horse show on the Onwentsia grounds at Lake Forest. The following explanatory statement was sent out Tuesday:

Feeling that a ray of sunshine would be unbecoming the trying times the world is passing through, the Lake Forest Horse Show association has decided to hold no synchram this year. In order, however, that the Altes home hospital at Lake Forest may not be deprived of its usual income from that source, a committee of twelve women has been formed to solicit from former beholders the sum they have been in the habit of paying for a box. This committee met today at the home of Mrs. Charles R. Pike and organized for the work, each member undertaking to obtain a subscription at least equal to the price of a box from each of ten friends. Dr. A. C. Haven, president of the Altes home, addressed the meeting and told of the admirable work of the hospital, as well as of its urgent need for funds. The following are the women who have undertaken this work: Madeline Pyley Barrett, James O. Hayward, Charles O. King, Louis F. Lattin, Cyrus H. McCormick, Robert G. McKenna, George A. McKinnick, Arthur Mankar, Charles R. Pike, Howard Shaw, Albert A. Sprague, and Chaffield-Taylor.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC EVENTS.

The Winnetka Junior Dramatic club will give a performance of "The Private Secretary" Thursday evening at the Winnetka Woman's club for the benefit of the building fund of the club. The cast will include Miller Callahan, Rev. Fuller, Samuel Olla, Lawrence Callahan, William Boyden, Arthur Syme, Wilberforce Taylor, Isabel Olmstead, Louise

POSTAL HEALS IRRITATED, ITCHING SKIN

Postal quickly masters stubborn skin. Clears complexion overgrown. Drives away itching, burning and all eruptions. There is nothing in medicine that can possibly harm. It is just the right scientific treatment for burns, acid scalds, abrasions, relievers dandruff. Takes scum out of pores, kills lice, ity follicles. Rapid and dependable in action. After every application you can feel that it is doing good.

Your druggist sells Postal. For free sample write to Emergency Laboratories, 21 West 25th Street, New York.

Postal Soap used daily for toilet and bath, renders the skin soft, clear and healthy. Soothes if tender, 50 cents and 15 cents.

Thorne, Constance Tyrrell and Lucille Olla. Among the passengers are Madeline William C. Boyden, A. F. Callahan, Charles Fuller, J. R. Olmstead, Philip M. M. Lister, C. T. Macdonald, J. G. Syme, Wilberforce Taylor, John Buchanan, Tyrrell Cheney, Walter L. Fisher, Morris L. Grouley, Louise J. Henshaw, Constance Tyrrell, William A. Olla, J. W. Scott, George Thorne, and Lyman T. Walton.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Aldis of Lake Forest will open their little playhouse tomorrow and Tuesday evenings for two little plays, both to be given each night. The cast in one will consist of the Countess Glyoka, Martin Johnson, Arthur Bisset, and Mrs. Harry Hubbard, and in the other, Charles T. Aldis, Ull Grady, Charles T. Aldis, Ull Grady, and Mr. Kiesel.

Our Basement BOSTON STORE

Waists: Women's Waists, made of voiles and figured crepes, some with braided in waist raised and figured patterns and Drexel effect in cut, on white grounds, elegantly and tastefully made, \$1.50 to \$2.00, \$1.00 to \$1.25.

Bathing Suits: Superbly made, one-piece, white, with blue stripes, \$2.00 to \$2.50. Also, one-piece, white, with blue stripes, \$2.00 to \$2.50. Also, one-piece, white, with blue stripes, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

The Silks: Genuine Imported Japanese Corded Ribbons, tub silk, finely colored, various shades, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Also, genuine Japanese Corded Ribbons, tub silk, finely colored, various shades, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Dresses, Etc.: Women's dress, made of checked and striped ginghams, creases, etc., \$1.00 to \$1.50. Also, women's dress, made of checked and striped ginghams, creases, etc., \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Corsets: A manufacturer's season's stock of corsets, at less than half their real value. All new, in four different styles, with lace, satin, etc., \$1.00 to \$1.50. Also, corsets, at less than half their real value. All new, in four different styles, with lace, satin, etc., \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Wash Goods: 24-inch dress and skirt, 3 to 6 yds. length, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Also, 24-inch dress and skirt, 3 to 6 yds. length, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Dress Goods: 42-inch cream serge with black pencil stripes, for suits and dresses, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Also, 42-inch cream serge with black pencil stripes, for suits and dresses, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Low Shoes: 1,000 pairs women's high grade pumps, including baby doll, leather, and rubber, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Also, 1,000 pairs women's high grade pumps, including baby doll, leather, and rubber, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

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Wile, coolest resort on the coast
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Feminist Flat Revives Old Question.

By Marion Walters Lobett

With anti-suffragists in the east are again crying "The old fashioned home will become extinct if the march of suffrage and feminism is not stayed" with renewed anxiety. This antagonism was caused by the announcement that the Feminist alliance of New York is to erect an apartment house which will be suitable for a family in which the wife and mother is a professional or business woman.

The unique apartment planned by the New York feminist organization will consist of 400 rooms, and will be divided into suites of from one to four rooms with bath.

It is designed primarily for the benefit of married professional women, such as teachers, lawyers, and physicians. It is expected that the women who will live in the house will be at work most of the day, like their husbands, and for the benefit of the children of the various families there will be a trained staff of teachers and attendants, who will be in complete charge during the daytime.

There will be schoolrooms on the roof and in the basement. All the cooking for the entire house will be done in a large kitchen in the basement, and the meals will be served to the tenants from electric service elevators. Family men-aging will be done by a trained staff, and the laundry work will be in charge of another trained staff, and all the conveniences, including the care of the children, will be provided to the feminist tenants at cost price.

Practically all the administrative details, the teaching and attendance of the children, the cooking, the mending, and the laundry work, are to be looked after by "trained staffs."

This plan, according to the feminists, will work out harmoniously, and the families of the professional women will be well cared for. Some of the women who are leaders in the association opposed to woman's suffrage declare that in such an arrangement husbands will be neglected and the family life destroyed. Many of these women who believe that their sex has no just claims to the ballot hold that there would be no need for such an apartment were the women filling their proper sphere—the home. They question the right of a woman to follow a profession or a business career after marriage. They expect that the woman of today, under the changed economic, social, and educational conditions, should be occupied in much the same way as her grand-

The right and advisability of a woman to continue in her chosen business or profession is disputed not only by the anti-suffragists but by the suffragists as well. There is not an unanimous opinion among the suffragists in Chicago in favor of a woman giving a part of her time to the work that has filled her days before her marriage. All admit that with the ever increasing number of women entering professional and business life, and the increasing difficulty of economic conditions, the problem is becoming one of the most difficult for women to solve.

The leaders in the suffrage movement in Chicago have generally consented to give THE TRIBUNE their views on this interesting and important subject. Many of these women are married; nearly all have children of their own or have adopted them.

Mrs. Sherman Booth, one of the women who were largely responsible for the successful passage of the suffrage bill at Springfield says:

"When a woman marries, then is the time for her to begin her career in good earnest." With the improvements which make the management of the modern home so simple a matter the woman of today who attends to her own household without the help of a maid cannot possibly occupy more than one-fourth of her time with her household duties. The remainder of her time she can expend on her work. The woman who employs a maid may devote even more time to it. She is independent; she is her own manager. With the sympathy and approval of her husband in her work she will be able to accomplish more perhaps than she did before her marriage."

Mrs. Ida Darling Engleke, the first vice president of the Chicago Political Equality league, was a teacher in one of the high schools of the city when she married and gave up her profession at that time. So she speaks from her own experience.

"I wanted to keep on with my profession but my husband urged me to leave it," says Mrs. Engleke, "and as I thought there could not be a division of opinion on so important a matter between husband and wife, I gave up teaching. I loved it and it was a trial at first. I did not have enough to fill my time. Later my little girl came and then I became interested in the civic and suffrage work in the city. Since that time I find more than enough to fill my days, and I now feel that it was the right decision. During the time I was a teacher I was able to give a part of her time to her chosen profession and later, when she is at college, she will be free to give it still more time. Children should be merely an incident in a woman's life, just as they are in a man's."

"The husband who objects to a woman's continuance of her chosen work makes it difficult for her. With his complete confidence and approval, she can do her work unhampered by inharmonious and worry. A man ought not to hinder his wife. If he is a tailor, his wife does not urge him to be an astronomer or a civil engineer. The same situation applies to a wife. If she is a lecturer or an actress, he should not find fault with her because she has no right to choose her work for her. She must do her own choosing."

SIEGEL COOPER & Co

The Big Store Chicago's Economy Center

We Offer a New Fall Model in Serge Dresses at \$15



Second Floor.

The Illustration Shows This Charming Advance Style. This distinctive dress is worthy a much more detailed description than it is possible to give it this morning, typifying as it does the most advanced styles for early fall wear.

It is beautifully designed in serge, com. with satin. The long Russian tunic will be noted with pleasure as indicative of a survival of this popular feature in the fall styles.

The handsome braid trimming, the rich satin belt, set-in sleeves and pure white bengaline collar and cuffs add the finishing touches to this most attractive costume, Monday at \$15

A Clearance of Suits at 12.75

The suits are new models. French serge cape suits with long Russian tunics, also a new 5th Avenue model with long tunic skirt. Both blue and black. Choice at 12.75.

Final Coat Clearance

for \$5 to 7.50 coats, black & navy blue. Silk taffeta, serge and brilliantina. \$5 for 10 to 15 coats, moire, taffeta, silk, serge, moire & poplins, many tined. 7.75 for 12 to 15 coats in silk, serge, moire & poplins, dressy coats.

A Remarkable Purchase and Sale of Crush Silk Belts

1.50 and 1.95 Values, 50c

The very newest Roman stripe, barred and dotted effects. The very belts everybody wants and is paying \$1.50 and even \$1.95 for! Styles for women! Styles for misses! Every belt perfect. This sale will be the talk of the town tomorrow!

Misses' Cool Summer Dresses

Worth \$5, at 2.98

Decidedly Trim and Smart Dresses of dainty voiles. They're in the popular Russian Tunic style, with kimono sleeves, vestees and dainty touches of embroidery. One glance will convince you of the exceptional bargains, \$5 value, at 2.98

Children's White Dresses. Odds and ends in 6 to 14 year sizes. Lace and embroidery trimmed, pleated and tunic effects. Kimono sleeves. Slightly mussed, and soiled from window display, 98c

Girls' Practical Colored Dresses. Checks, stripes, combinations, etc. in gingham, poplins, etc. 1.25 values, specially priced for Monday at 65c

A Maker's Sample Line of Rich Cut Glass

Half Price

This is handsome Cut Glass, the product of one of the world's best known makers. Every piece is cut from the best grade of lead blown glass. There's not a "second" in the lot.

Included are Sandwich Trays, Comports, Bon Bons, Olive Dishes, Oil and Vinegar Cruets, Nappies, Orange Bowls, Ice Tubes, Wine Decanters, Water Pitchers, Baskets, Colory Trays, Flower Bases, Sugar and Cream Sets, Etc.

The items are in Hob Nail, Chrysanthemum, Star, Sunburst, Pin Wheel and Diamond designs.

They're arranged in these five lots: 95c, 1.50, 1.95, 2.95, 4.95

Great Values in Dinnerware

\$35 Dinner Set, \$25

Austrian China 100 pc. sets in pink floral decorations, all gold lined and coin gold handles. Complete for 12 people, 12.95

14.95 Dinner Set, 10.95

Austrian China Sets, 100 pieces in pink floral decorations. A complete service for 12 people. All new shapes. Our regular 14.95 sets, 10.95

Final Clearance: Summer Goods

Last Call From the Counters, the Shelves and the Stock Rooms: All Prices Cut

All summer goods—no matter how fresh and spotless—no matter how desirable—are repriced now for final clearance. Rich savings abound all over the store. It's a real harvest time now for economical buyers.

Take Your Choice! Any Man's \$15 to \$20 Suit at \$10

3rd Floor.

Hundreds of suits in chevrons, cassimeres and blue serges. Sizes for stout men and men of regular builds, of all sizes. Boys' Two Suits, broken lines, 2 1/2 to 5 yrs., 50c to 75c val., 39c

Boys' Tub Suits, in Russian blouse style, middie and Oliver Twist, also sailor suits, at 77c

Take Any of These \$15 to \$25 Summer Dresses at 6.75

2nd Floor.

There are beautiful dresses, in stylish silks, embroidered crepes, striped and colored voiles, white silk crepes, and scores of other wanted materials. All have modifications of the long Russian tunic idea, many being in the graceful pleated tunic style. Some have lace and embroidered satin collars and belts. The actual values range from \$15 to \$25. Choice for tomorrow at 6.75

Dresses of flowered crepes, dainty striped voiles and silk foulards. Trimmed with fine lace. Many are in coat effect. Skirts in Russian style, tunic, \$5 to \$8 values, at 3.95

Fifty wash dresses, in beautiful embroidered voiles, silk crepes and flowered cotton crepes. \$18 to \$25 values, tomorrow at 9.75

Any Pair of Low Cut Shoes in the House for Men or Women. \$3, \$4 and \$5 Values, Priced at 1.95

There Are No Restrictions. The Women's Low Shoes are of patent cut, pumps, tan pumps, vicid oxfords, Cleopatra pumps, and cloth quarter pumps, all this season's choicest styles. Choose any 1.95

Women's Pumps and Oxfords, odds & ends of new models. All prettily trimmed, \$2 & \$3 values, at, pair, \$1

Smart Summer Wash Goods at Nearly Half Price

The new fall Challis will be proper and chic for dresses. Many colors in figured and bordered designs, 30 inches wide, 15c values, the yard, 9c

A sweeping clearance of Sheer Wash Fabrics, printed floral lawns, batistes, organdies, mercerized mulls, etc., 19c value reduced for quick clean up, tomorrow, the yard, 9c

Standard Apron Gingham in a great variety of checks, 7c values, special tomorrow, yd., 5c

These New Velvet Hats Quaintly Trimmed, 2.45

Smart they are—and practical wearing, too—the copies of expensive, fashionable models. They're made of black velvet, each uniquely trimmed, some with white, corded silk, bow trimming. Anticipate your fall needs now and make a saving by taking advantage of this sale. Choice at 2.45

Black Velvet Untrimmed Hats, plain and with black, white, gold or silver machine edge. The new, stylish shapes only, at, each, 1.45

You Travelers Never Saw Bargains Like These Before!

Traveling Bags of black leather, smooth finish and metal extra staunch by sewed corners and brass locks & catches, at 1.95

10 Leather Traveling Bags, black calf finish, leather lined, 18-in. high, 5.95

36 Suit Cases of superior leather, with well made and convenient frame and compartment, strap all around, extra special at 3.95

Fiber Suit Cases, light weight, fine for picnics and vacations, \$2 values, at 98c

650 Steamer Trunk, bass wood, well made and durable, canvas covered, with heavy brass bumpers, complete with straps, 4.50

38.50 Canvas Covered Trunk, deep hat box & brass bumpers, 5.50

30 to 40 in. size, 5.50

500 Pairs Handsome Curtains, included are Irish Point, Brussels, Egyptian and Battenberg effects; also imported hand made curtains; white and beige, 7.50 val., choice at 5.00

Brussels and Cable Net Curtains, copies of imported curtains, white and Arabian colors, 2.69

Window Shades, included are Holland, duplex and plain oil shades, 75c val., at \$1 values, at 39c

Sample Curtain Corners in scrims, Irish point, Nottingham, etc. Some matched, 15c in pairs, each

Scotch Net and Nottingham Curtains, pair, 1.69

37.50 to 42.50 Royal Wilton Rugs at 28.75

9 x 12 Size Royal Wilton Rugs, all the newest fall designs and colors; medallion and Persian designs; hand-loomed, and will give good service; 37.50 to 42.50 val., choice Monday, 28.75

27.50 Seamless Wilton Velvet Rugs in the 9 x 12 size; heavy silk pile in allover and medallion patterns 5.90

Colors and designs are reproductions of genuine French Wiltons. Heavy quality in soft rose or ivory colors. Fine for appearance and service. 19.85

75c to 80c Linoleums, 53c. 4 yards wide. Included are Wild's, Potter's, Armstrong's and Blabon's. Best makes. Wood 53c and tile effects, sq. yd., 53c

SIEGEL COOPER & Co

The Big Store Chicago's Economy Center

You Can Make Selection Now at the Sale Prices for Furniture Week

Which Begins Monday, August 24

All the special items which make Furniture Week the greatest sale of good Furniture in the world are now on advance display, and you can make leisurely selection at the prices to be in effect during the sale.

No mail or phone orders.



This Massive 40.00 Brass Bed at 21.00

3 inch Posts. The top rods are 2 inch size, the fillers 1 1/2 inch, panel effect. Handsome and massive.

A 28.75 Brass Bed, Like This Cut, \$15

2 inch Posts. This is a truly wonderful value. Seven 1 inch fillers at head and foot.

\$50 Handsome Duofold Day-entport Bed, \$25

Upholstered in genuine brown Spanish leather, quartered oak frame with massive arms.

Upholstered in Boston leather, 18.75.

Complete 34.75 Brass Bed Outfit, Only 15.00

Brass Bed, 2 inch posts, all iron supported springs, 45 pound felt mattress, 2 feather pillows.

Wonderful Values in Mattresses and Box Springs

Our \$15 Sea Island Mattress, \$10

This 45 pound Mattress is equal to any \$20 mattress made. Imperial roll edge. Unbroken sea island felt. Our Tracer 50 pound Mattress, Imperial edge, 12.75 value, 6.75.

Our \$15 Sea Island Box Spring \$10

This Box Spring is supported by extra heavy coil springs, under sea island felt. Equal to any \$20 spring. Our Galveston 45 pound Mattress, Imperial edge, \$10 value, \$5.

These Beautiful 25.00 Dressers and Chiffoniers, 15.00

Choice of black walnut, birdseye maple, mahogany or quartered oak.

Circassian Walnut 44.75 Dressers or Chiffoniers, 25.00

Very high grade well made Colonial pieces, massive French bevel mirrors.

This Seven Piece 49.75 Dining Room Set, 25.00

Quartered Oak Table, 45-inch top, six quartered oak chairs, box leather slip seats.

Table Separate, 14.75 Chairs Separate, Each, 1.95

This \$10 Crib \$5

Well made, with brass trimmings and sanitary steel springs.

This \$10 Sanitary Davenport Bed \$5

Including Wool Pad. Drop sides, opening to full size bed. The steel spring construction and soft, heavy pad, make this a most comfortable bed, also an attractive davenport.

Our Advance Display for Blanket and Bedding Week

Is Now Ready for Selection

4.98 White Wool Bed Blankets at 3.98

These are choice blankets of selected wool, well bound, 72x82 size for large size beds. Make advance selections now.

For Motorist and Motorcyclist.

By High

Inquiries concerning motorists, motorcyclists, etc., will be answered. Address letters to "High Speed," care of THE CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE.

WHEN it comes down to the matter of tires and tire upkeep, motorists are their own worst enemies, although unintentionally so; nor could they be convinced of this statement even in the face of convincing proof. All this comes about in the mad rush of the world to get somewhere in as short a time as possible, even if it means that something must suffer.

Day after day a motorist will neglect to inflate his tires, although knowing the pressure is lower than it should be to carry the load of the car and passengers; he will feel that the car steers hard, yet will overlook an inspection of the steering knuckles to ascertain if they are true; a tire will show wear on the tread, or a flattening or roughening, which would probably indicate something out of alignment, and yet it will be passed and then comes the fight with the tire adjuster to be credited with more mileage on the destroyed casing than the motorist is entitled to. And again the average motorist does not positively know how many miles a certain casing has traveled, notwithstanding the tire record books that are freely given away by the tire companies.

In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases the tire is the result of low air pressure, permitting the tire being out of contact with the rim; many motorists are the result of low pressure, permitting the side wall fabric to separate because of being worked; other motorists come from tread cuts that permit dirt and moisture to enter between the tread rubber and the fabric and eventually to attack the fabric itself; churning of the tread generally comes from misalignment of the wheels, a bent steering knuckle, too much or too little camber, or some similar cause which throws the wheels out of their correct running position.

It is the duty of a motorist to keep an accurate record of the mileage each tire makes, taking the odometer reading when the tire is put on and recording it in a book, with the date, number of the tire, make, reading when put on and when taken off, and any other information that may be germane to the case. Then when he goes to the adjuster he can produce evidence that cannot be disputed, and will always win his case and receive due credit for what his tire did not do in the way of guaranteed performance.

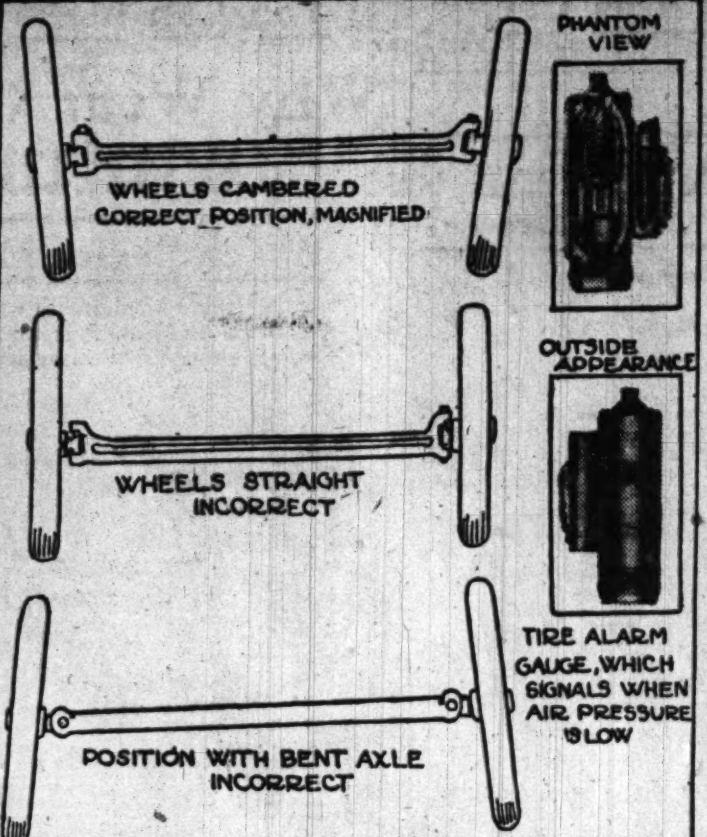
He should always have a tire gauge and at least every other day should know by tests that the pressure is what the maker demands, otherwise he cannot expect the guarantee to be maintained. Again knowing will come in handy in convincing the adjuster.

The motorist ought to know the exact amount of camber the car maker has ordered to give the front wheels and he should also know how much the wheels should be "toed in," for otherwise he will not be sure the wheels are running true, and unless they are the tires must surely suffer.

THE TRIBUNE can give no rule for either the amount of camber or how much the wheels should toe in, for no two cars are built alike, but these facts can easily be ascertained. Ordinarily the front wheels toe in one-quarter, three-eighths or half inch, although differing on most cars.

When there is no camber the tires will wear badly and when the bottoms of the tires are worn as a result of a bent axle the wear is terrific and yet cars are seen rolling along the boulevard every day in that condition.

A good thing for the careless motorist is some sort of an alarm gauge, which, when attached to the valve stem, gives a whistling signal when the tire pressure is low.



Below what it should be—it is a warning that should be heeded and would save its cost in tire bills many times over.

Queries and Answers.

"Please give me, in THE SUNDAY TRIBUNE, the best route from Chicago to Sioux City, Ia., and the number of miles."

"G. C. C. Chicago."

There are two routes, one over the Lincoln highway, 660 miles, and the other over the Hawkeye trail, 630 miles. The latter will be preferred, as both roads in Iowa are well cared for and dragged after each rain. The route is through Elgin and Belvidere to Rockford, eighty-eight miles; then through Shullsburg and Hazel Green to Dubuque, ninety-five miles. Here begins the Hawkeye trail. The route is through Dyersville and Independence to Waterloo, a distance of ninety miles; and then through Cedar Falls, Ackley, Iowa Falls, Wilkie, and Webster City to Fort Dodge, adding 110 miles. From Fort Dodge to Sioux City it is 100 miles, through Mason, Newell, Storm Lake, Cherokee, Le Mars, and Merrill. This makes the total distance about 630 miles.

"Will you please tell me through THE TRIBUNE the best road to Greenville, Mich., going through Grand Rapids? I desire to make the trip on a motorcycle. I would like to know the mileage from one place to another, if possible."

"S. J. Brown, Chicago."

The distance to South Bend is 100 miles by way of South Chicago, Hammond, Highland, Hobart, Valparaiso, Laporte, and New Carlisle. From South Bend to Grand Rapids it is 118 miles by way of Niles, Dowagiac, Paw Paw, Kalamazoo, and Plainfield. From Grand Rapids you take the Cadillac road through Rockford, a distance of thirty-five miles, or a total of 268 miles from Chicago. The road is good for practically all the way.

"I am planning a trip by automobile to Fairmount, Minn. Will you please tell me the best route to take, and through what cities I will pass? The information I wish is that concerning the road after leaving Chicago."

"J. O. W. Watson, Ill."

Take the road through Elgin and Belvidere to Rockford, eighty-eight miles; then to Dubuque, ninety-five miles; by way of Warren, Shullsburg, and Hazel Green. Here take the Hawkeye trail through Dyersville and Independence to Waterloo, ninety miles. Now strike out northwesterly through Shell Rock, Clarksville, Marble Rock, and Rockford to Mason City, eighty miles. From this point you go west to Algona, a distance of fifty-six miles and then turn north for forty-six miles to Blue Earth City. At this place the road is west to Fairmount, a distance of twenty miles, or a total of 468 miles.

"Will you please give me the best and shortest automobile route from Sao City to Clear Lake, Ia.?"

"B. S. Ida Grove, Ia."

thirty-five miles from Stevens Point to Marshfield and twenty-two miles from Marshfield to Abbottsford, or a total of a little over 100 miles to the latter point.

"Will you please tell us the best route for automobiles from Rochester, Minn., to Denison, Ia., and about what will be the mileage? W. W. F. Rochester, Minn."

Rochester to Mankato, by way of Byron, Dodge Center, Owatonna, Wadena, and Kandakeville, Ind. by way of Fort Wayne, Dodge, by way of Blue Earth City, Algona and Humboldt, 185 miles; Fort Dodge to Grand Junction, forty miles; Grand Junction to Denison, sixty-five miles; total, 335 miles.

"Will you please publish in THE SUNDAY TRIBUNE the best road from Chicago to Teunish, Mich., also the mileage; also the best road from Chicago to Keweenaw, Ind. by way of Fort Wayne, with mileage? A. W. B. Chicago."

Go through South Chicago, and straight through the main street of Hammond to the end of the road. Turn east on the Chicago road, through Munster, and continue on this road, with one or two turns, into Hobart. Follow the road all the way to Valparaiso, where you will meet the Lincoln highway, which is marked. Follow this to South Bend, which is 118 miles. Continue through Mishawaka, Elkhart, Goshen, and Ligonier to Keweenaw, which is sixty miles more. Branch here for Fort Wayne, which is twenty-five miles. To get keep ahead of the road, through Elkhart, Bryan and Archbold to Wamsutter, sixty-five miles. Here take the road through Lyons and Adrian to Teunish, forty miles; total, 338 miles.

"Can you give me the following information: Distance between Chicago and Ohio, Ill., and the road conditions. Ohio is a small town near Le Moine, Bureau County."

"W. H. H. Chicago."

Probably you mean LeMotte, which is not located. There is a dirt road through Aurora, Sandwich, Earlville and Mendota. LeMotte is 107 miles from Chicago; road good all the way.

"I would like to know the concerns making paper models of automobiles—publishers or manufacturers of models of mechanical devices—such as are used in Dr. Dyke's school of automobile engineering. Also can you tell me the names of manufacturers of coasters for bicycles, without brakes? E. K. H. Chicago."

THE TRIBUNE does not know who makes the paper or working models referred to. Dr. Dyke is located in St. Louis. Coasters are made by the New Departure Manufacturing Company, Bristol, Conn.; Buffalo Metal Goods Company, Buffalo, N. Y.; Brown-Corbin company, New Britain, Conn.

Information regarding the route from Chicago to Detroit is asked by A. S. Jr., Batavia, Ill.; H. E. S. Chicago, and E. J. M. Chicago. This is an easy route, as it is marked most of the way. Go through Hammond to the end of the road, turning east on the Ridge road. Follow this, a few turns, through Highland, Hobart, Valparaiso, and Laporte to South Bend, 108 miles. Then take the road through Niles, Pokagon, Dowagiac, Paw Paw, Kalamazoo, Battle Creek, Marshall, Jackson, Ann Arbor, and Ypsilanti to Detroit. The road is well signalled all the way from Kalamazoo. You will strike the Lincoln highway at Valparaiso, which follows to South Bend. It is 210 miles from South Bend to Detroit, or 318 miles from Chicago. The road to Kalamazoo is fine except for a stretch east of Laporte, which is rough but hard. East of Kalamazoo you will encounter some sand, but it is not bad. Yes, a Ford will make it nicely.

"I am planning to go by automobile to North Judson, Ind., and Lake Villa, Ill. Will you kindly tell me the through THE TRIBUNE how to reach these two places from Chicago."

"M. S. Chicago."

Secure THE TRIBUNE of Aug. 2 and therein you will find the information about Lake Villa in route No. 4 and a map of the road to the Fox Lake region. To reach North Judson take the road through Hammond, Highland, Hobart and Valparaiso to Laporte. Here go southeasterly on the road through Union Center and Knox to a point near Base Lake; then turn west straight into North Judson.

"I would appreciate it very much if you will inform me in THE TRIBUNE the best route for automobiles from Evanston to Pfield, Wis."

"H. E. C. Evanston, Ill."

This will prove such a strenuous trip on man and machine that it is not worth trying. THE TRIBUNE has no record of a road beyond Abbottsford, a long way from Pfield. The route would be along the lake shore to Milwaukee, then to Menominee Falls, Meeker, and Theresa to Fond du Lac, a distance of 150 miles. Here branch off through Ripon to Green Lake, thirty miles. Now go through Berlin to Waupaca, forty-two miles; then to Stevens Point, thirty miles. It is now

Starting of Cars in Pairs Will Add New Thrills at Elgin

By Reed L. Parker.

ON the first time in the history of automobile racing in this country cars will be sent away from the tape in pairs at the Elgin road race, beginning on Friday of this week with a 300 mile race for cars of 450 cubic inches piston displacement and under and closing on Saturday with a free for all.

The start unquestionably will be one of the most interesting features of the week. As a consequence, a premium should be placed on the seats north of the grand stands and around what is known as Hornbeck's turn.

As a usual thing, the curves are the worst places from which to view a road race, the reason for this being that the cars are slowed down to their minimum by drivers who realize the danger of a two wheeled negotiation of a right angle turn. This year all will have been changed from the spectators' standpoint, and those who are willing to submit to heart joltings will do well to secure parking spaces or reservations in the immediate vicinity of the first turn.

The practice of starting the cars in pairs is an importation from France, where it was tried with remarkable success in the Grand Prix of July 4. Without a doubt this practice increased the interest in the race 50 per cent. There is no doubt the excitement will be greatly enhanced at Elgin.

Besides the thrills attendant to which start, the public will be given its first actual opportunity to judge the comparative accelerative powers of the various cars. More will depend on the getaway of the machines and the daring of the drivers than ever before, for whoever gets the advantage on the first turn will have the benefit of a lead at the second. From there down the back stretch the speed of the cars alone will count.

The promoters of the races have done well to supply the added excitement of a thrilling start. With almost fifty entries for the two days' racing and with the incidental frequency of cars passing the grandstand, there is no doubt that the races will be the best from the spectators' standpoint ever held in this country.

Fifty entries is the record for road races in America. Since the first Vanderbilt there has been nothing to equal this entry list. From point of numbers it excels. Also it is the best from the standpoint of class. All the country's best pilots and all the best cars will be here.

It is a surprising as well as an interesting fact that most of the drivers have had previous experience over the Kane county course. De Palma won there in 1912, driving his big Mercedes to the front in the Elgin National and Chicago Automobile club trophy races. De Palma's first appearance at Elgin was in 1911, the second year of racing there, when he drove a Simplic in the Elgin National. He failed to finish. In 1913 he was head of the Mercer team and won the Chicago

Automobile club trophy race, defeating Joe Dawson in the DePal. In the Elgin National he finished fifth. Out of a total of five starts over the Kane county circuit De Palma has won three times, finished fifth once, and failed to finish once. His record is the best of any driver entered this year.

Second to De Palma's record is that of Ralph Mulford, who will drive the Peugeot. Mulford won the first big race ever held at Elgin, driving a Lister to victory in the Elgin National. He was not among those present in 1911, but in 1912 he finished second in the Elgin National and third in the free for all. In 1913 he was second in a Mason in the Elgin National and failed to finish in the Elgin free for all.

Anderson of the Stutz team ranks third in point of Elgin successes. He made his first start in 1913, finishing fifth in the National trophy race and second in the Illinois trophy. He failed to finish in the free for all. In 1914 he signalled his return to the scene by winning the Elgin National, setting a record for the circuit of 71.5 miles an hour with his Stutz.

Mortimer Roberts, who will drive the Thais, follows Anderson. He won the Aurora cup race in 1911 with one of the small Abbots, finished fourth in the Elgin National of 1912, and fourth in the Aurora trophy the same year. He drove a Mason in both races.

Don Harr ranks below Roberts. He is thought to be a probable driver for the third Maxwell. He celebrated his entrance in the racing game with a victory in the Illinois cup race in 1911.

Others who have driven at Elgin but who have failed to finish first in any of the events are Edward Pullen, Spencer Wishart, and Charles Luttrell of the Mercer team, Barney Oldfield of the Stutz, Harry Grant of the Sunbeam, Bob Hurman of the Peugeot team, Ed Rickbacher of the Duesenberg, Lou Heinemann of the Marmon, Billy Chandler of the Chandler Bull Dog, Howard Wilcox of the Gray Fox, and Teddy Telford of the Maxwell.

Those entered this year who never have had any experience over the course except in practice are Frank Dearborn of the Stutz, Louis Fontaine of the Lister, Mel Stringer of the Marmon, William Carlson of the Maxwell, and Wilbur D'Alene of the Marmon.

The first shipment ever made by express of a complete train load of automobiles consigned to one concern was received in Chicago recently by the Toney Geyer company, local distributor of the Hudson automobile. The shipment is the largest on record at the offices of the local express companies.

Motor cars will vie with the railroads in conveying the many thousands who will attend the Panama-Pacific exposition in San Francisco next year, according to M. A. Crocker and Fred Williams, pilots of the Elgin car that made the coast to coast run over the Lincoln highway.

The drivers upon their return to Detroit after crossing the continent in thirty days declared that at least 2,500 motorists will be able to supply the exposition. They found interest over the idea at a high pitch in every section of the country.

"By 1915 the Lincoln highway will be in much better shape than it is now," said

Crocker, "and it should not be a difficult task to traverse the continent by automobile. One thing the run of the Elgin car did was to prove that it is possible for a small car to run from coast to coast, even with roads in some sections of the west still in primitive condition."

W. R. Benson, vice president of the Studebaker corporation in charge of distribution, announces the appointment of George L. Whillman as advertising manager of that company.

In winning three of the four places in the grueling endurance contest of the Buffalo Motorcyle club, William R. Mevius, Edward Loescher, and H. H. Peters gave the free wheel control on their Harley-Davidsons a great share of the credit. Mevius won a diamond medal. Loescher and Peters were awarded gold medals. All three riders declared that their success was attributable in large measure to the fact that their machines possessed not only great power, but clutch equipment which could stand the gaff of mile after mile of mud. Mevius covered the course of 225 miles 4 hours and 6 minutes ahead of the next contestant.

The net profits of the Studebaker corporation and subsidiary companies for the six months ended June 30 were \$2,077,944.63, compared with \$796,711.85 for a same period last year.

Word has reached the Detroit office of the Maxwell Motor company that a shipment of 1915 Maxwells, consigned to Tianting, China, has been held up in Vancouver, from whence they were to be

shipped by boat to Tianting. This bit of news has a special significance just now, as Tianting is a German province, and the German army is concentrating at this point.

Some little anxiety is felt at the Detroit office of the Maxwell Motor company concerning the whereabouts of several of its representatives. Arnold Forstman, Maxwell representative in Austria and captain of a cavalry troop in the Austrian army, has undoubtedly joined his troops as no communication has been received from him in several days. Another whose patriotism has called him to his country's aid is a Russian, Count Kyrmanovsky, one of the ablest men in the Maxwell's foreign field. Count Kyrmanovsky was last heard from in Paris on his way to Brussels. He also holds a captain's rank in the army of his fatherland.

Among the thousands of Americans marooned on foreign soil is Charles H. Rodden, American sales manager of the Maxwell Motor company. Mr. Rodden has been abroad for several weeks past in the interest of his company. His itinerary has included most of the large cities and has taken him into all the countries now involved in the war. When last heard from Mr. Rodden was on his way to Berlin and expected to go from there to London. It is the opinion at the Maxwell office in Detroit that Mr. Rodden has been forced to cancel all business engagements and is quietly waiting for the first opportunity to return to this country.

W. R. Stalscher, general manager of the Quality Car company, will leave the King car, manufactured in Detroit, for the King Motor company, to his line.

ETIQUETTE

By ELIZABETH VAN RENSSALAER.

"DEAR Miss Van Rensselaer: When I receive a box of candy from my friend, should I offer him the first piece or should I take the first piece myself?"

"Courtesy demands that you offer the candy to your guest before you take any yourself. It makes no difference whether your guest is a man or a woman."

"Dear Miss Van Rensselaer: I have a daughter 20 years old, who is only just commencing to go into society. She has always been very studious, and now that she has commenced going into society she frequently asks me questions pertaining to etiquette which I cannot answer. Could you tell me the name of a book on this subject—one that contains even the simplest little every day courtesies as well as the conventions of society—that my son and daughter might study? Will you also let me know whether at theater the woman precedes the man down the aisle, and who leads the way on leaving a theater?"

"I am sorry that I cannot, through the columns of THE TRIBUNE, recommend any particular book on etiquette, but I am sure that any reliable bookseller will be able to supply you with an authentic book on the subject. It is customary for the woman to precede the man both in entering and leaving a theater. If, however, there is a large crowd and the way

is somewhat impeded, the man takes the lead."

"Dear Miss Van Rensselaer: Will you kindly put a few words in Sunday's TRIBUNE about hands, when they are extended at introductions between men and women, and when? This point has bothered and embarrassed me many times without number."

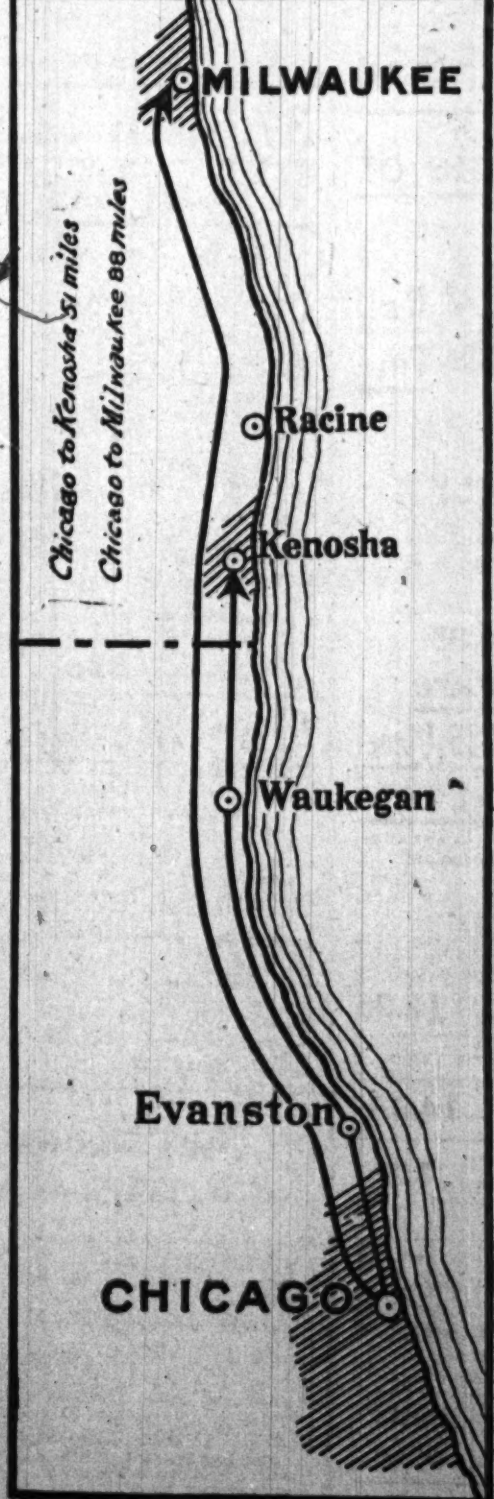
Offering the hand is not at all a necessary part of an introduction. A handshake is a distinct sign of pleasure in an introduction, and unless something more than casual interest is felt the hand is not offered. A young woman never offers her hand to a man when he is introduced to her. She does not offer her hand to an older woman, although an older woman may extend her hand if she wishes to meet a young woman. Men customarily shake hands when they meet."

"Dear Miss Van Rensselaer: Will you please let me know whether watermelon should be eaten with a knife and fork or with a fork only?"

"The knife is unnecessary in eating watermelon and should never be used. The fork is sufficient."

Chicago to Kenosha on 4 Gallons of Gasoline Chicago to Milwaukee on 4 Gallons Mixed with Petrolife

Map shows the increased mileage PETROLIFE will give you; it's a very conservative estimate of what you can save on gasoline bills.



We know from actual road tests that if a gallon of untreated gasoline will drive a motor car fifteen miles, a gallon of gasoline treated with PETROLIFE, over the same road, upon the same day and in the same car, will drive it from twenty to thirty miles per gallon.

In other words, if you are at present spending \$100 for gasoline, by using PETROLIFE you can obtain the same results for \$50 to \$75.

PETROLIFE acts upon the molecular construction of gasoline in such a way that each molecule of gasoline is entirely consumed, thus securing every particle of energy contained in each gallon and giving more "kick" to the explosions.

You simply pour it into your gasoline—one-fourth of an ounce to the gallon. It acts at once and the effect is permanent. One gallon of PETROLIFE treats 512 gallons of gasoline, and one quart treats 128 gallons.



Gives you every possible bit of energy from each ounce of gasoline. You save one-half on your gasoline bills.

The cylinder walls, plugs and valves are kept free from carbon caused by incomplete combustion.

PETROLIFE is sold on a satisfaction guarantee. You take absolutely no chance. It has been tried and tested. Chemists have given it a clean bill of health. Guaranteed free from acids or acid reaction or other harmful ingredients.

Owners of Fords, Motor Boats and Stationary Engines should investigate our claims for PETROLIFE immediately. There's no easier way to reduce gasoline bills.

SEND US THIS COUPON for full information regarding "Petrolife," or call Harrison 7022 and let our engineer give you the facts. It will save you money.

PLAINS OIL CO.
512 Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago

FREE INFORMATION COUPON
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

RAYFIELD CARBURETORS

As Smooth as a Ship

YOUR car wouldn't skip and run irregularly if you had a Rayfield Model G on it.

The Rayfield puts a new vitality into a car; gives it a smoothness of operation which makes many a four cylinder car run like a six.

It is hard to understand what we mean until you see for yourself; but if some one put a Rayfield on your car without your knowledge, you would find it a far smoother and sweeter running car when next you touched the throttle.

The fact is that the Rayfield is so far superior to other carburetors that to drive it gives you a new sensation. Your car will be quick, speedy, powerful, steady in a degree far beyond the measure you're accustomed to.

Try it! Compared to the saving in your gasoline bills the cost is a trifle. It takes only a little while to put it on any car.

Ask us for descriptive catalogue.

FINDEISEN & KROFF MFG. CO.
Telephone Har. 6014 1140 Michigan Ave., Chicago



Cleanliness is essential to the long life of an automobile bearing.

Grit and dirt will work in, and in most cases grind between the bearing surfaces causing rapid wear with the attendant friction and noise.

Hyatt Roller Bearings are self-cleaning—as any foreign matter is forced through the spiral slots into the hollow centers of the rollers.

This exclusive Hyatt feature lengthens the life of the bearings and keeps them noiseless.

Two books, one about motor car bearings in general for prospective purchasers, the other for automobile owners, will be sent on request.

"Hyatt Quiet Bearings"

HYATT ROLLER BEARING CO.
DETROIT, CHICAGO
NEWARK, N. J.

GOSSIP of the MOVIE PLAYS and PLAYERS

By Mae Tinee

It's lucky for "Heart's Adrift" that Mary Pickford is playing in it, otherwise I'm afraid it would be a film adrift, for, outside of the little star's acting, which is as always good, and the sea waves, which are natural, I can't imagine any one enjoying sitting through a session of this projection. Even the wolf (7) is, in himself, a question and an answer—i. e., when is a wolf not a wolf? When he's a dog! And Harold Lockwood—well, I don't worry much whether even Harold Lockwood likes Harold Lockwood in this production. The story has to do, first and last, with



the casting up of everybody involved in the film on a deserted South Sea island. The yacht on which Mr. Lockwood and his bride catch on fire, and the scene, I ever expect to see outside of a Keystone comedy. The bride, of course, is saved, and, ultimately, reaches home again, but Mr. Lockwood is cast up on the island, where some years before Mary Pickford had likewise been cast, and where she had lived alone since, excepting for the companionship of the wolf—which was not a wolf and which being the only specimen of his kind on the place, had probably been cast up

"By the way," writes Mr. Eubank of the Eassey. "I wish you would run a line to the effect that persons wishing a permit to visit the Eassey studios on Argyle street must obtain same at the downtown office, 521 First National Bank building, Chicago."

Maurice Costello of the Vitagraph Players, recently had a delicate operation performed to remove a cinder from his eye. It was found necessary to cut part of the cornea in order to bring the eye towards the front to extract the mote, which caused a great deal more pain than the operation. He was kept from his work only a day and at present writing is almost entirely recovered.

Harry Pollard has told a certain prisoner to send on a fancy bride he has made and that he will buy it of him. This prisoner asks the favor to enable him to appeal to the Supreme court and prove his innocence as to the stealing of a horse. He says that they have moving pictures in the prison every Sunday and that as he often sees Mr. Pollard and Margarita Fletcher on the screen there he picked him out to write to. Some instant must have directed him to do so, for Mr. Pollard is always ready to help a man who really needs it. The bride is made of plaited leather and finished off with horse hair in fancy colors and designs.

That motion pictures in the future may be used successfully in the treatment of disease is shown by a letter received recently by Francis X. Bushman, the star of the Eassey company, from a prominent physician in Louisiana. The physician said he had a patient who acquired the morphia habit. Every effort to cure the unfortunate man was unavailing.

One day the doctor saw one of the Eassey feature productions entitled, "The Elder Brother." The picture showed a young man who is addicted to "doped" cigarettes; Mr. Bushman in the leading role demonstrates the use of will power in conquering the habit. The physician, after seeing the picture, decided to try an experiment on his patient.

The next night doctor and patient were present at the theater.

"The patient was distinctly impressed," said the doctor, "and the ple-

asure seemed to make him realize more fully than ever just what the morphia habit would bring him to. The result was that the poor fellow made a masterful effort to bring into play the small amount of will power remaining. The struggle was won. At the end of the fifth week he was cured. Seeing "The Elder Brother" was the turning point."

Francis Ford has returned from his holiday to take up his work at the Universal once more.

Much original poetry pours into our office. There follows a sample:

First came Kerrigan, king of the show, Next came Wilbur, whom everybody knows, Third came Bushman, the great Francis X. Fourth came Denny, comedian of his sex, Fifth came Richardson, the wild one of them all.

This all happened at the movie art hall.

"Kathryn," the new baby elephant at the Selig Zoo, Los Angeles, was given its first swim a few days ago. Once in the artificial lake, Kathryn seemed possessed of the unholy joy of a barefoot youth and refused to leave. It required the efforts of a large squad of men to pull above and persuade the infant pachyderm from the water, a little job requiring more than two hours.

The first drama which will be produced by the Rex company, of which Joseph de Grasse is director, and in which Pauline Bush is to be featured is entitled, "The Girl Who Was Afraid of Love." The story was written especially for Miss Bush by Caroline Wilbur, and contains a powerful character delineation of a super-bashful and sensitive girl. Others who have been cast in this drama are Lon Chaney, Joseph King and Beatrice Van.

Harold MacGrath's novel, "The Man on the Box," has been sensationalized, as shown at the Strand theater, New York, was a great success. The story, you remember, is built on the old but favorite plot of a hero disguising himself as a mental in order to be near his lady love. It is produced by the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Film company, and Max Flegman and Lolita Robertson play the leading roles.

Something is always "happening to Mary." The latest thrill to be added to this girl's life is a battle with a snake. In which said snake met his Waterloo. Mary Fuller, with her director, Walter Edwin, and a company of some thirty-five players, is at present up in Blue Ridge mountains, Shobola, Pike county, Pa., putting on a three-reel Universal feature, "The Heart of the Night Winds." The hotel guests affirmed there hadn't been a snake seen in the "crick," which comes down from the big falls at Shobola, for twenty years. But when Mary pulled off her white stockings and little black shoes and began to "sneak" her pink toes around in the water, a big water moccasin lifted its head from the bottom of the stream, and admiring beauty from afar, slipped into the water and swam quickly off to pay his respects to "our movie heroine." No, Mary didn't sneeze or run, but grasped a hickory stick and waited.

"I'll speak you, naughty snake," she warned.

But with blood in his eye the snake darted at her leg. After a series of terrific "whacks," the big mottled black lay still and Mary was safe to go wading.

King Baggot recently completed a grotesque picture in which he enacts all the roles there are in the picture—fourteen.

Harry Pollard will begin production of "A Mid-Summer Love Tangle," written especially for the "Beauty" brand by Miss Isabel M. Reynolds of New York. This is a bright comedy and the major part of the work will devolve upon Miss Margarita Fletcher.

In the Frame of Public Favor



James Cruze

BIG "JIM" CRUZE is one of the popular leading men of the Thanhouser Film company and is the one who is doing such splendid work as Jim Norton, the reporter, in "The Million Dollar Mystery." He is six feet tall, has brown hair and eyes and a most engaging smile. And he's the best sort of companion in the world for he knows when to talk and when not to—which is something most of us never learn. He was born in Ogden, Utah, twenty-eight years ago and was a member, quite some time later, of Billy Bank's troupe in a medicine show that in the old days traveled up and down the Pacific Coast, making its headquarters in San Francisco. Later the stage claimed him and he traveled extensively in vaudeville.

"And then," he says, "I decided to get in the swim and be a film actor. So I went to Pathe Freres. Later I was with the Kienmace company and I landed finally with the Thanhouser company. While here my most successful screen pictures have been in "Joseph in the Land of Egypt," "The Legend of Provence," "The Woman Pays," and "Frou Frou." And I've enjoyed working in every one of them. I'm for the "movies" because I think they're the greatest advantage in the world to the world. They educate and they amuse—and what more can the public have or want?"

All outdoor sports appeal to Mr. Cruze and he is a great lover of dogs and horses. In his quiet moments he composes sonnets which he never lets anybody read, thereby proving himself to be of a shy and retiring disposition.

Answers to Movie Fans.

By Mae Tinee.

JULY READER: The reason your question—the first one—was not answered is that it has been answered before in this column many, many times. Yes, Mary Pickford is married to Owen Moore. Florence Lawrence doesn't play with Arthur Johnson any longer, as they belong to different companies.

DADDY LONG LEGS: O, you anonymous! Why won't you tell me your name? Well, you've done remarkably well. Yes, Matt Moore is a brother of Owen and Tom Moore. Harold Lockwood is not married. R. H.: There were several women in "Stronheart," but I imagine Blanche Sweet is the one to whom you refer. At present she is with the Mutual company, Majestic branch, 28 Union square, New York City. She is not married.

ANXIOUS: There's a chance for a boy of 16 years to get into the moving picture business. The chance, however, depends largely on the boy; I should say.

INTERESTED: Yes, Thomas Santachi played in "The Leopard's Foundling." Alice Joyce is a blonde.

Owing to the number of queries received and the somewhat limited space allowed for answers, it is not always possible to print information as rapidly as the writers desire it, as the letters must be answered in turn. All, however, receive careful attention.

When stamped and addressed envelopes are enclosed, Mae Tinee will be glad to answer personally any letters addressed to her. Address all queries to this department to Mae Tinee in care of this paper.

Questions that have been repeatedly answered will receive a reply only when a stamped and addressed envelope is sent.

Questions considered as ridiculous will not be answered.

Questions regarding relationships will be answered to the best of our ability, but we are not responsible if mistakes are made.

If you are interested in photo-play writing send a stamped and self-addressed envelope to this department for the information you desire.

MARY: Address Mary Pickford, in care of the Famous Players, 218 West Twenty-sixth street, New York City.

GRACE: Address Grace Cunard, in care of the Famous Players, 218 West Twenty-sixth street, New York City.

WARREN: Address Warren Kerrigan, in care of the Famous Players, 218 West Twenty-sixth street, New York City.

BEAUTY: The popular Mr. Lockwood is with the Famous Players company, address given above. If you enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope, he might answer your letter—how knows?

WYOMING: The children you see in the Suffing and Universal films are really children—not midgets. Aren't they little wonders? Vivian Rich is 19 years old, but I haven't an idea as to Jack Richardson's age.

T. B.: You will have to send a stamped and self-addressed envelope for the information you desire.

MADELINE: H.: James Cruze is married to Marguerite Snow.

F. S.: Edith Storey was born in New York City March 18, 1892. She received her education in the public schools of New York City. The Vitagraph company is located at East Fifth street and Locust street, New York City. She is not married, and so far as I know is in New York at the present time. If you sent a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply she might answer your letter. The best thing she has been seen in lately are "The Christian" and "Captain Alvarez."

THE MAN IN THE STREET: "The Man in the Street" is a complete photoplay. The reason your favorite's picture has not appeared in the Frame is that she hasn't received votes enough. Of course, she's good and I think she and Ruth Chatterton are much on the same type. She's not married. If you're anxious to see her picture appear, why don't you start a Gertrude McCoy club and deluge us with votes? In "The Witness to the Will," "The Man in the Street," the impersonator, and "The Man in the Street" she has done her best work, I think.

V. S.: I'll send you printed matter relative to photoplay writing if you'll mail me a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

E. H.: Address Clara Kimball Young in care of the Vitagraph company, East Fifth street and Locust street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Harold Lockwood in care of the Famous Players, 218 West Twenty-sixth street, New York City.

E. S.: Yes, there is a Bosworth company. It is located at 648 South Olive street, Los Angeles, Cal. Myrtle Stedman is the leading woman.

The LOVE AFFAIRS of PEGGY

(Copyright, 1914, by The Tribune Company.)

Peggy longs for "some high and holy work of love," such as saving an aviator. Does she? We shall see. Not in this episode, however. Mary Pickford leads as a candidate for "Peggy." Don't think she could evolve a delightful screen lady from our heroines!

AM fired with a high and lofty ambition, dear Journal!

I would wed an aviator!

Fancy cutting through the clouds, the eternal realms being ours so long as we didn't bump into an air corner or trip our planes on a pocket! Fancy! And he would say to me:

"My airy, fairy, air fairy—you'll never love another man than me—whilst!"

I would answer:

"Nay, Pegasus—all other men are far beneath you!"

A crowd of us were on the beach last week when the inspiration occurred to me. We'd stayed in the water until we were as blue and gooseflesh as we could get and were lying in the hot sand trying to let some of the heat percolate through our frisk anatomies. And we got to talking about some of the men on the beach; wondering what their lifework could be which permitted them to spend all the daylight hours enjoying themselves. Which led up to our discussing what kind of men we should marry.

Matilda—who was having a chill—saddled me with a traveling man who would be her choice because she hates to cook and he'd come home so little of the time.

I, digging my toes in the sand said nothing. I was waiting for a "hunch," book of mine. And I got it. Instantly!

There was a buzzing and a whirling from the hangar which was located some distance from us down the beach and in another minute an airship came gliding out, raced across the sand, skimmed the top of the water and then rose like a great bird and soared away through the air. I looked after him with adoring eyes. The other girls who had paid no attention—the airship was really quite an old story to all of us—said to me:

"Well, Peggy, who'd you like to marry?"

I shook my head. "Dunno!" I said. But I did know. I had a hunch. I would marry an aviator! Far be it from me, though, to tell that giddy three!

That night I asked dad about airships. He knew a lot about them and talked on while I sat and absorbed technical terms. I believe, Journal, that the cause of our happy marriages is usually that the wife knows a little about her husband's business, and cares so little. A woman, say I, should be capable of asking intelligent questions and looking intelligent when they're answered, whether she understands what the answers mean or not.

(And all the time dad was talking and I was listening mother was grinning like a banshee! She's an uncanny love!)

Next day when dad came home from work I made him take me over for a swim, by degrees I led him over to the hangar. I encouraged his loquaciousness and he

like to know. You seem so interested. And then dad would say:

"You're Mr. Watrous, aren't you? Proud and glad to know you, etc. etc. is my daughter. She's greatly interested in airships. I have been expecting things the best I know how, but little information you could give her appreciate."

Then Mr. Watrous would eagerly explain. Dad, tiring finally, would grope for a plunger, and alone, our conversation would waver from airships to love.

But dad was still talking, and, despite my day dreams I found myself still listening. Suddenly, my heart leaped. Coming toward the airship were two men. One, I knew from the pictures that had been in the paper, was Watrous. From the sand near us rose another man and he was the form of a man and in a moment he was talking to the other two.

Went right on talking but I couldn't hear, for I was listening. And this is what I heard. This—O, dear Journal, that I should have to record!

Mr. Watrous: "Who's the pretty girl and who's the other man?"

I don't know what the other man answered. That was enough. I heard a sudden chill and dad gasped home with me, where mother applied a handkerchief and a hot bath to me.

"When did this come on?" she asked. "What was he saying?"

"He was saying 'What was he saying?' to her in the water so long!"

"O," dad said, "We weren't in the water. We were over by the hangar, and—"

"O," my mother said, and her eyes spoke my eyesight.

But, dear Journal, I am not discouraged. Evidently this man was not a very good aviator. A mere soulless mechanical man I would wed an aviator!

It does most certainly make a difference with one exception, that being with one hand and wife play together as equals. This, to me, is the only exception.

It seems, somehow, when it is a man that such and such a player is a man, as the case may be, no matter how lovely they may seem, one never truly that it is only in the play.

An example was the marriage of James Cruze and Marguerite Snow. They were perfect lovers, and it pleased them when they married. But in "The Million Dollar Mystery" James is Florence Badie's hero. Managers would have likely laugh at the idea of playing according to matrimonial considerations, but nevertheless the marriage was made.

"MOVIE PLAYERS"

Mae Tinee: Would I care less for my favorite film player if he was married? Why no, preposterous idea. Can one not possess the same quality of entertainment, if he be a true artist, who is bound by wedlock?

To me, the man who is married, and has the power to thrill his audience through his sincerity, is the greater artist, for he works with less freedom of mind than the unmarried man who is free to do as he pleases.

NEVIN CORNELL SCHROEDER, Elgin, Ill.

Mae Tinee: Certainly the players who amount to anything as men and women do not object to having the fact of their marriage made public, do they? I imagine it is only the cheap "hack" class that resorts to deception of this kind. No matter how much I admired an actress I would never go to see her again if I heard—not that she was married—but that she was unwomanly enough to deny it.

JOHN E. W.

Mae Tinee: The question was asked, does it make a difference if the player is married? I say, after consulting several friends, and my own private opinion, that

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"MOVIE PLAYERS"

Mae Tinee: Would I care less for my favorite film player if I learned she was married? No; I shouldn't. Why not, because what's the use of crying over split milk? And that's what it is, doing. Her work could please me just as well as her person. I really wanted her for my own eyes, and it wasn't an idea. I was terribly bad.

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ASTRONOMY.

Speakers from abroad are the Rev. F. B. Meyer, pastor of the Baptist Regent's Park chapel, London, Eng.; the Rev. J. Stuart Holden, rector of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church, London; the Rev. Charles Brown, pastor Ferme Park Baptist church, London, and the Rev. John McNeill, pastor of Cooke's Presby.

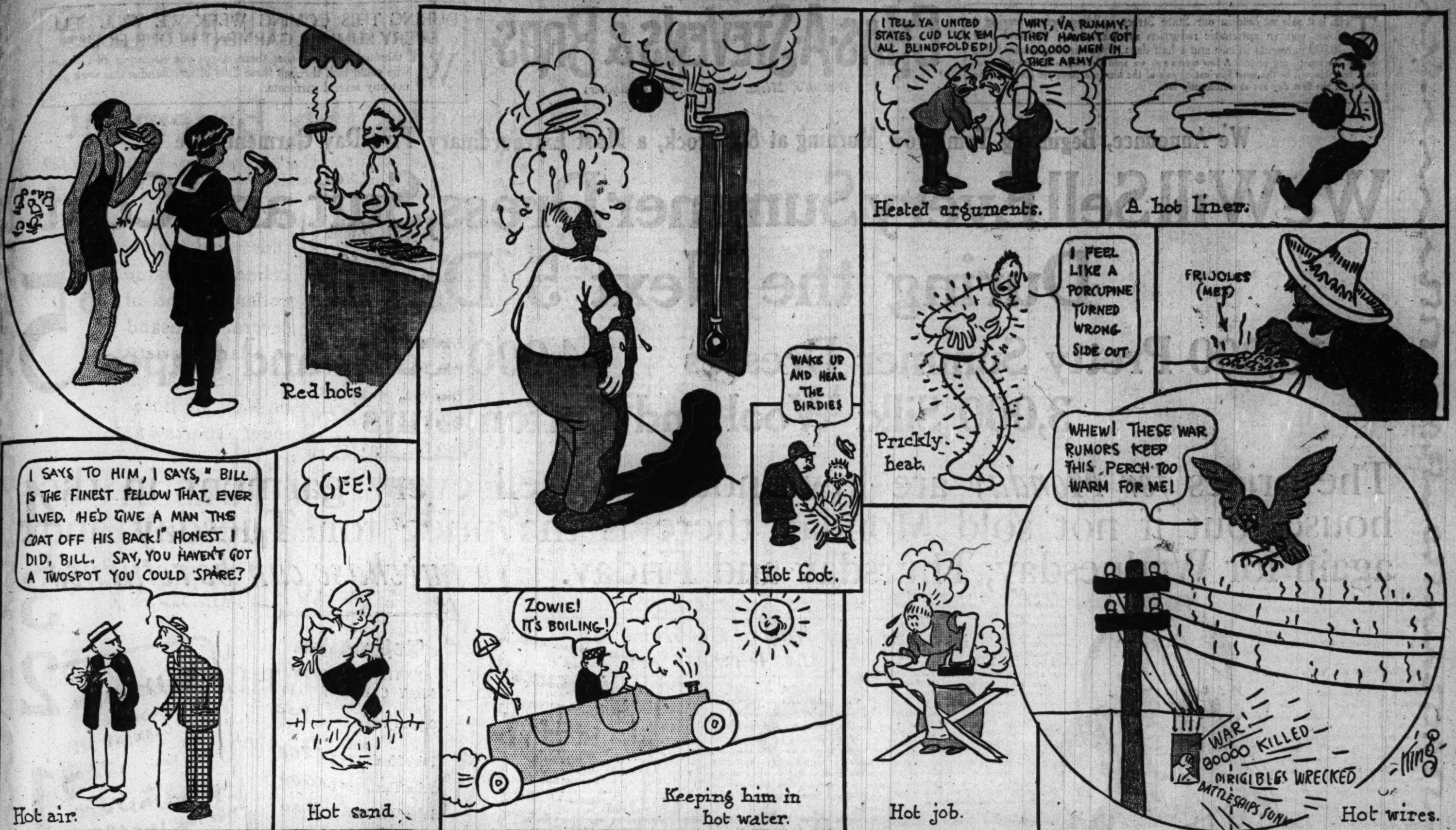
Mrs. William A. Peterson and Miss Lois M. Lawrence are two Chicago women who will be one of the young women's conference held in conjunction with the Bible conference. Miss Lawrence is secretary of the young women's conference and Mrs. Peterson is associated with M. A. Harris Stewart Bossner in the leadership of the conference.

E. O. Excell of Chicago is the leader of the music, and in that connection conducts a chorus of 500 voices.

The evangelist "Billy" A. Sunday makes his home at Winona and is expected to preach at least one sermon during the Bible conference. It is also believed by the management that Secretary of State Bryan will speak, although a definite announcement is not made because of the uncertainties attending the affairs of the government.

The White Star and the Cunard company were offering her their best accommodations. The Cunard people telegraphed her of a suite which she might have on a voyage that was surely going to be the most comfortable of those days of inactivity, and she decided that it might be just as well to accept. "Luxury is all very well, but it isn't indispensable even to an American duchess," she thought, for little as she was, she was "of the world," and she would not be out of it.

HOT STUFF



THE ROAD TO BUSHVILLE

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Copyright: 1914: By Herbert Kaufman.

Highball practice never yet developed a pinch hitter.
More than one game is lost the night before.



It's great to hear 'em sing "He's a jolly good fellow," but the bleachers don't join in the chorus.

The gay white way begins in the big league cities, and ends in Bushville. Keen plays demand clean ways. A rounder can't give the team a square deal.

From time immemorial, practice before the bar has preceded a seat upon the bench.

The pace of the diamond is too swift for the fast life.

Every error of living eventually finds its way to the score card.

Fine dope, eh? Sounds like an interview with Connie Mack. Why not send a copy to every manager in the country, to reprint and stick up in the club house?

But suppose you reprint it upon your memory.

All games are alike, and demand the same habits of continence, self-control, and decency. Each man belongs to a team, and the success of his concern and associates is partially controlled by his own efficiency. Any organization is handicapped when one of its units is out of order.

You can't set your mind on dissipation and get your hand on opportunity.

"Coppers" and determination won't burn simultaneously. No two objects, especially a headache, and an idea, can occupy the same space at the same time.

Pleasures that rob your strength are thieves that tap the boss' till.

He hires a complete being, and when you deliver part of yourself for work he gets under value for his money.

You've been lucky so far, but one of these days you'll miff an "easy one" and spoil a good play for the firm.

Then the manager will begin to look over his youngsters, and drop a hint to the man under you to limber up.

Meanwhile, he'll quietly plant a question or two where they'll bring the most information, and try to find if it was the sunlight or the white lights that got into your eyes.

The big leagues aren't the only places where nines are watched.

Business, too, is alert to the value of inside information on employees.

Booze fighters, gamblers, and corner loafers aren't tolerated long in well conducted establishments.

All the big chances are turned over to the careful, orderly, respectable man.

His face identifies him. A normal sleep is its own advertisement.

Folks who keep themselves in shape are most likely to keep their work in order.

Personal carelessness of any sort is a handicap.

Bad teeth are apt to ache in the midst of important deeds—indigestion is likely to manifest itself at critical junctures, and debt is too distracting at all times to render a spendthrift reliable.

When half of a man's brain is out the window, the rest of it isn't worth hiring.



This Is the Legal Aid's Busy Month.

By Inez Travers.

WHETHER it is that quality in human nature that makes for peevishness during hot weather or whether it is just happenstance is not known, but August is the busy month of the year for the Legal Aid society. Its average these days is 125 cases from 9 a. m. until 4 p. m. The line of people reaching from the society's door to the elevator represents every known nationality and race. After one's ear becomes accustomed to this modern babel one is struck by the thought that nowhere else on earth would it be possible to find so varied a collection of people in so small a space.

The Legal Aid society is a charity plus, for it gives, as all other organized charities give, something for nothing to the

needy, tangible assistance, and to this it adds an intangible benefit, that of supplementing ignorance with enlightenment. It procures the owner's rights for him gratis and removes from him forever that feeling of bewilderment that a strange land and its confusing laws imposed upon him.

Its object is threefold: first, to assist in securing legal protection against injustice for those who are unable to protect themselves; second, to take cognizance of the working of existing laws and methods of procedure and to suggest improvements; third, to propose new and better laws and to make efforts towards securing their enactment.

That the society is helpful beyond the dreams even of its founders will be easy to realize when one thinks that its work has increased 85 per cent in two years. It

gives aid of all descriptions, from the collection of wages to the adjustment of domestic relations. All commercial and criminal cases under its jurisdiction are considered closed as soon as the client is satisfied, but the domestic cases are never closed as far as the society's watchfulness is concerned; many of them have been carried over years with a successful settlement at last due to the patience and ingenuity of the society's workers. Last year there were more domestic cases than those of any other nature brought before the society.

The society's officers for the year are: Rudolph Malt, president; Mrs. Fanny J. Howe, vice president; John H. Wigmore, second vice president; Mrs. Edward L. Stewart, recording secretary; Mrs. Albert F. Holden, corresponding secretary; Francis H. Broomall, treasurer.

Buyers to Share in Profits
Lower Prices on Ford Cars

Effective from August 1, 1914 to August 1, 1915 and guaranteed against any reduction during that time:

Touring Car	\$490
Runabout	440
Town Car	690

F. O. B. Detroit, all cars fully equipped.
(In the United States of America only)

Further, we will be able to obtain the maximum efficiency in our factory production, and the minimum cost in our purchasing and sales departments if we can reach an output of 300,000 cars between the above dates.

And should we reach this production, we agree to pay as the buyer's share from \$40 to \$60 per car (on or about August 1, 1915) to every retail buyer who purchases a new Ford car between August 1, 1914 and August 1, 1915.

For further particulars regarding these low prices and profit-sharing plan, see the nearest Ford Branch or Dealer.

Ford Motor Company

Retail Branch: 2526 Michigan Blvd. Main Chicago Salesroom and Assembling Plant: 39th St. and Wabash Ave. Telephone Douglas 8700.

**DURING THIS COMING WEEK WE WILL SELL
EVERY SUMMER GARMENT IN OUR HOUSE**
We thoroughly believe that there is not one woman in all Chicago
who could look through these lines of merchandise this week and
not buy several garments.

On **TUESDAY** you can buy any of them that are left for \$6.25
On **WEDNESDAY** you can take your choice of what are left at \$5
On **THURSDAY** for \$3.75, and on **Friday** for.....\$2.50

Automatic sale of lower priced wearing apparel for women. See special advertisement in another part of this paper.

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ADVERTISEMENT ASSOCIATION
with every writing opportunity
to make a fair price for
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AUTOMOBILES

WANTED—
wanted. Call me. We pay cash or on
installment.

WANTED—
TIMES SQUARE AUTO CO.
1210-182 Michigan-av.

WANTED—FIRST CLASS ELDER
Detroit motor, good model, good
condition. Must be reliable. Price
not much used; would pay cash, but
must be reasonable. Call me. 1210-
182 Michigan-av. **PERKINS**

WANTED— **PAY \$500 CASH FOR** used
make touring car, must have fared
well. Write me. **Central Architectural Iron Works.**

WILL PAY CASH FOR 4 PASSENGER
to date car. Must be in excellent
condition. Write me. **Central Archi-**
tecture. **Model considered. Complete**
description. **Address 1210-182 Michi-**
gan-av.

OWING TO THE LARGE DEMAND
for used cars, we are now offering
to buy any make or year car, in
any condition. Write me. **Central**
Architectural Iron Works.

WILL TAKE LATE MODEL FIVE
passenger touring car, perfect condition.
Write me. **Central Architectural Iron**
Works. N. O. WOLCOTT, East
Fourth St., Chicago, Ill.

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Write me. **Central Architectural Iron**
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WANTED— **OR CASH—** **REVEA-**
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me. **Central Architectural Iron Works.**

WANTED—ELECTRIC FROM
party only will pay between
\$100 and \$200. Write me. **Central**
Architectural Iron Works. N. O. Wol-
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WILL TAKE LATE MODEL FIVE
passenger touring car, perfect condition.
Write me. **Central Architectural Iron**
Works. N. O. WOLCOTT, East
Fourth St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—GAS CAR FOR \$1000
or more. Write me. **Central Archi-**
tecture. Model considered. Complete
description. Address 1210-182 Michi-
gan-av.

WANT SMALL 5 PASS. OR ROAD
car. Write me. **Central Architectural**
Iron Works. N. O. Wolcott, East
Fourth St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—CADILLAC, NOT OLD
in good condition. Write me. **Central**
Architectural Iron Works. N. O. Wol-
cott, East Fourth St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—ROADSTER 4 AND 6
passenger. Write me. **Central Archi-**
tecture. Model considered. Complete
description. Address 1210-182 Michi-
gan-av.

WANTED—PASS 3 OR 4 CYL. GOOD
TRUCK—ABOUT \$300 will buy. Add-
ress 1210-182 Michigan-av.

WILL EXCHANGE 75 PREFERRED
in good condition. Write me. **Central**
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WILL TAKE LATE MODEL FIVE
passenger touring car, perfect condition.
Write me. **Central Architectural Iron**
Works. N. O. WOLCOTT, East
Fourth St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—GOOD AUTO, EXCHANG-
ing and decorating. 1616 E. 12th
St., Tribune.

WANTED—THE BEST AUTO IN
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The National SUNDAY MAGAZINE

SEMI-MONTHLY SECTION OF

The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

Chicago, Ill., Sunday, August 16, 1914



CONTENTS

Cover Design—"The Cup Defender"
Chas. A. MacLellan

The Heavy Toll of Missing Ships
—Editorial Senator Elihu Root

Comedies and Tragedies of
Snobbery—Article
Frederick Townsend Martin

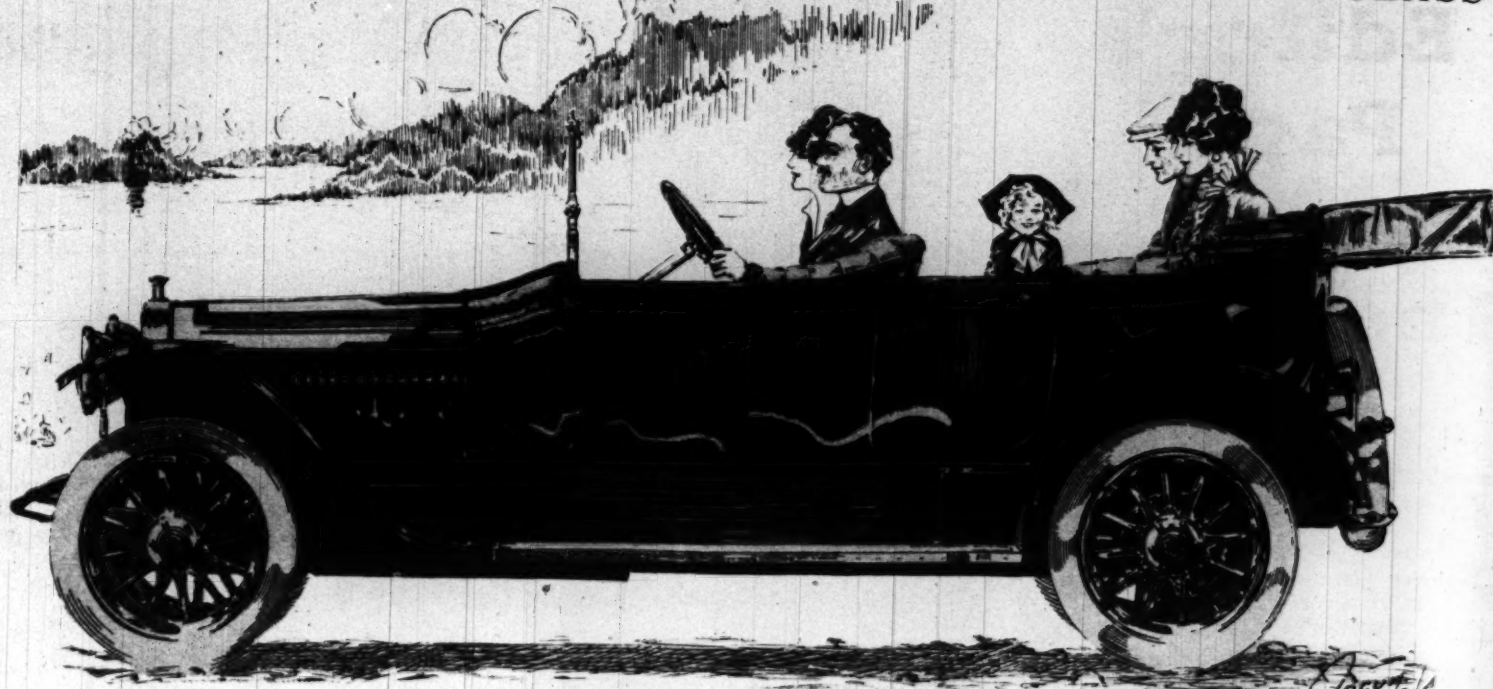
The Prince of Graustark—Serial
Story George Barr McCutcheon

Elfin—Poem Madison Cawein

Tabs On the Famous Fred. C. Kelly

A MAGAZINE for your READING TABLE

CLASS



The 1915 Winton Six, Model 21

The refreshing beauty of this car is in marked contrast to the monotonous similarity found in cars of conventional design. It has distinctive character, which is varied in each separate car to meet the taste of the owner and his family. You can have a Winton Six that represents you as definitely as your home does. Full information upon request. The Winton Motor Car Co., 117 Berea Road, Cleveland. Branch Houses in 20 Cities

Model 21 Now on Display at These Salesrooms: BROADWAY at 70th St., NEW YORK; 674 Commonwealth Ave., BOSTON; 246-248 No. Broad St., PHILADELPHIA; BARRY at Beatty St., PITTSBURG; 2501 South Michigan Ave., CHICAGO; 208 West Fifth St., ST. PAUL; 16-22 Eighth St., North, MINNEAPOLIS; 1250 Van Ness Ave., SAN FRANCISCO; 1000-1006 Pike St., SEATTLE; 23rd and Washington Sts., PORTLAND, ORE.; Huron Road at Euclid Ave., CLEVELAND; 324-328 West Seventh St., CINCINNATI; 3914 Washington Blvd., Von Arx Bros. Auto Co., ST. LOUIS; 1225-31 South Flower St., LOS ANGELES.



How to keep baby cool and comfortable

A mother contributes this excellent suggestion:

"Before the baby is ready to go to bed, powder its body with Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder. Also sprinkle the sheet where the baby will lie with the powder. Every slight movement of the baby in the night dusts the cooling powder about its limbs, providing continued relief from heat, and keeping its slumber undisturbed."

Mennen's was originally prepared expressly to soothe and comfort skin-tortured babies, and is today the best known, most used, baby powder made. It both prevents and relieves chafing, prickly heat, rash and all skin discomforts to which babies are subject.

For sale everywhere, 25c, or by mail postpaid. Sample postpaid for 4c. State whether you wish the Borated or the Violet Scented. Medium size tubes of both Mennen's Shaving Cream and Mennen's Cream Dentifrice for 10c. Address Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N.J. Trade Mark

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder



How To Make Your Hair Thrive

First, learn how to wash it, and what to wash it with. PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO is more than a mere cleanser, because it is made from Palm and Olive Oils. These are used by scalp specialists everywhere in treating hair that is in bad condition.

Their combination, in PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO, makes a splendid, rich lather that does not leave the hair dry, brittle, faded and unruly, but soft, tractable and glossy. It cleanses thoroughly, without robbing the scalp of the natural oils necessary to its health. Rinses out easily and perfectly. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

Palmolive Shampoo

Palmolive Soap

Combines in most scientific form, palm and olive oils. The great natural beautifiers for over three thousand years.

Cleanses the skin thoroughly, without irritation or roughening. Lathers freely in any water. Always hard. Never wastes. Price, 15 cents a cake.

THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER—Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Inc. Milwaukee, Wis.

Canadian Factory: B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Limited. 155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.

Palmolive Cream

Protects the skin from the ravages of wind and dust. Adds to comfort after the use of Palmolive Soap. A necessary addition to every woman's toilet.

Price, 50 cents.



Did you ever answer an Advertisement? Try it.

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Contributing Editor's Page



Senator Elihu Root

The National Sunday Magazine Section

The Heavy Toll of Missing Ships

By Elihu Root

United States Senator and Former Secretary of State

THAT the establishment—or, perhaps, I should say the re-establishment—of an American Merchant Marine is one of the most important of the problems presented by the opening of the Panama Canal cannot be gainsaid by anyone who has taken even a passing interest in the Canal and what it will lead to.

Consider South America alone.

The more distant countries of this continent occupy a peculiar relation to the world of production and trade. It is but a few years since they were in the stage of militarism, since continual revolutions and strife impeded their production and prevented their purchasing power. But within the past generation these great countries of South America have passed out of this stage into that of industrialism. They are now on the threshold of a vast productive and purchasing capacity.

These countries which, but a few years ago, were the theater of strife and bloodshed have now taken their place among the great producing and purchasing nations of the earth.

In the last twelve years the trade of South America increased from \$712,000,000 to \$1,665,000,000. The increase of imports was 109 per cent; of exports 155 per cent and of the total trade 133 per cent.

The Argentine Republic alone has an annual trade of \$700,000,000. Brazil has a trade of \$500,000,000!

The trade of South America is already more than treble, almost quadruple, the entire trade of China.

So suddenly has this come that the trade of these countries is an open field for the competition of the world. Their vast material wealth of agriculture, of mines and of forests is just beginning to develop in them a consuming and purchasing power such as has never been equalled on earth, except in the United States. South America is still an open field for us to enter and at the same time, coincidentally with the opening of this great new field for the consumption of our products, we have risen to a point where we are able to embark upon foreign trade. We are today in a situation where we can see immediately before us the time when we shall cease to maintain the balance of power in the world of commerce by the exportation of food products.

WE are approaching the point when we shall consume all the food that we produce and we are drawing toward the time when more and more we shall use our own cotton in making in our own mills our own textile fabrics.

When we reach that point where we are going to pay for our enormous purchases abroad but by the exportation of manufactured products and where are we going to sell them?

An unwise administration of the laws relating to the people of the Chinese Empire has led to the reduction of our trade with China

to a comparatively insignificant amount. While our American diplomacy has been holding open the door of the Orient, American administration of the exclusion laws has been depriving American trade of the incentive to enter the open door by taking away the willingness of the Chinese people to purchase in the American markets.

But here in South America is the golden opportunity!

Not only is it true that this is a great new field of growing purchasing power, but the characteristics of these countries and their peoples differ so widely from ours that we are not liable to compete. We furnish what they do not produce. They have but little iron; they have but little of that inventive capacity which characterizes our people. We lack many of their admirable qualities and they lack some of ours. They have not the tendency toward invention and manufacture that we have and there the enormous purchasing power of their agricultural and mineral wealth lies at our hand to supplement the genius of our people in constructive and productive enterprise.

EVERYTHING which tends to promote the friendship of the people of the United States with the people of Latin America, everything which tends to bind them together by ties of trade, of interest and of personal relation, makes so much for the continuance and perpetuity

of the great and essential politics of our government to which we have been committed for more than three-quarters of a century.

It is no secret that foreign steamship lines, which are now our sole dependence for the carrying of mails and commerce between this country and the great ports of South America, are combined in an agreement to raise prices. As the result of the formation of that combination every breakfast table in the United States is taxed. We bought last year more than \$70,000,000 worth of coffee from Brazil. Every cup of coffee that was made at any breakfast table out of that \$70,000,000 worth paid toll to this trust formed in Europe to put up the price of transporting to the United States the coffee of Brazil!

WOULD this be the case if there were an adequate American Merchant Marine?

Then, too, the "open door" in the Orient is rapidly becoming of less and less importance to us. American shipping on the Pacific is being driven off the sea by the subsidized lines of Japan and it will soon be the case that America will end at low-water mark on the shores of California and Oregon and Japan will begin at the three-mile limit from these shores. I should be glad to see something done by the American government to prevent that most undesirable result.

Elihu Root

A hot weather bath that refreshes and protects

Frequent baths with Lifebuoy Health Soap will refresh you wonderfully these hot summer days. You will not only feel thoroughly cleansed, but cooled and invigorated. More than this, Lifebuoy contains an antiseptic solution which protects the skin. Have a Lifebuoy bath tonight. See how thoroughly it cleans out your pores and removes all perspiration odors. Its use promotes that clear, fine complexion which only a healthy skin can have.

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COMEDIES & TRAGEDIES of SNOBBERY

By
FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN
Drawings by Elizabeth Ivins Jones.



HIS posthumous article was found among the papers of the author, clubman and famous society bas-bleu of two continents—and is published by permission of the executors of his estate. Mr. Martin was an uncle of the Countess of Craven and brother of Mr. Bradley Martin of New York and London.



MOST of us who have attained a certain age and experience must have noticed that contact with the world of fashion in which persons with social aspirations are striving to take a place has quite different effects upon different people. Some natures are developed and improved; these have the inestimable faculty of choosing the good and leaving the bad. Others seem destined to be attracted only by the more petty aspects of the social plane to which they aspire, they ape the vices of the more highly placed, and leave their real merits unregarded. Lack of judgment, combined with want of good nature, often leads this class into the most ridiculous of blunders. They are apt, for instance, to imitate the hauteur of manner which sometimes distinguishes those whose place is secure in an old society, forgetful that this seeming coldness is often quite unintentional and but the natural result of deference paid by generation after generation to real worth recognized and appreciated; that it is often indeed but the expression of a diffidence or shyness which in a lower plane might result in awkwardness and *gaucherie*.

Such snobs make the corresponding mistake of failing to recognize real affability when they meet it, and are of all people the first to show their resentment at the efforts of others of their own station to share in what they regard as their own good fortune. This class of snob indeed is apt to feel insulted merely by being addressed by a stranger; jumping at once to the conclusion that anyone speaking to them is seeking some advantage for himself. The class is as common as it is offensive.

It is only a little while since I met such a snob in Paris. She was an American lady, and her performance is another reminder that snobbery is no question of one sex or of one nationality. I knew her very well and always thought that she seemed to take a rather inordinate pleasure in the society of smart and socially important people. But I was quite unprepared for the disastrous nature of the *faux pas* into which her snobbish feelings led her on this occasion.

She and I were present at a very important musical reception, at which Reinhardt and other great artists of the operatic stage were singing. The salon was crowded, and my friend found herself sitting next to a foreign lady whom she had never met and whose name she did not know. During an intermission this lady spoke to my friend kindly and genially about the weather. Her remarks were obviously only the well-bred offer of a stranger to enter into conversation with her neighbor.

I was sitting near and was much amused to see the horror and disgust depicted on my friend's face at being addressed by a stranger—a stranger, too, who from her appearance was quite undistinguished. Her manner at once became of a most imposing iciness; she stared contemptuously for a moment at the lady who had thus ventured to address her without an introduction; then turned away her head without a word. She obviously thought she was crushing her neighbor by the mere weight of her own social importance.

MY amusement was turned to delight when, during the next intermission, it became evident that our hostess had noticed the incident. She came across the room and said to my American friend: "Allow me to have the pleasure of presenting you to Her Highness the Princess Rospolo."

The gods may have smiled at the change of expression which came over the face of my friend. For a time she sat as if overwhelmed at what she had done. But she at last recovered heart of grace and her behavior only served to show the depth and completeness of her snobbery. When once she had realized the rank of her neighbor the poor Princess had no peace for the rest of the evening.

One aspect of this class of snobbery has always struck me as particularly offensive. What right, for example, had my friend to suppose that she would meet anyone at our hostess's house with whom she would lose caste in exchanging a remark on the weather? Her conduct was more than a tacit reproach that she had been invited to meet people whom she should not be expected to know. That indeed was the case, only the grievance, if any, was the princess's.

The incident, too, is a reminder of the ill-nature which is part of the true snob's character as well as the superlative value of that civility which costs nothing. There is an old story which like most old stories perfectly illustrates the point. An old lady, it was noticed, took to bowing at the name of Satan whenever it was mentioned in the church service. Her clergyman at last felt it his duty to remonstrate. "Well," replied the old lady, "after all, there's no harm in being civil. Besides, you never know what may happen."

IT is one of the merciful dispensations of Providence, however, that the wrong and the right are always to be found side by side and that most of us are able to make the choice between them for ourselves. We may suffer from the bane, but the antidote is generally at hand. And just as the swamp and the jungle which hatch the fever and the ague offer the quinine and the salicine which are a cure for both, so if we clear our vision and look out for them we may always find kindness and sympathy, good faith and singleness of purpose to compensate us for the heartlessness and cruelty, selfishness and false pride which also flourish side by side with the better products of an imperfect humanity.

I am reminded of that saving grace by another recollection of that same season in Paris. It is a pleasure to recall this experience and it comes appropriately here because it was to me the pleasantest feature of another very successful musical reception, given by Miss Fanny Reed. This lady is one of the oldest residents in the American colony and has been famous for many years for the brilliant concerts which have made her salon the delight of Parisian society.

An attraction of the evening was one of the greatest violoncello players in the world, Mr. Holeman. I had heard him only once before, many years ago when I was a boy and he himself little more than a youth. Meeting him again after the lapse of so many years, I could not fail to be struck by the change that time had wrought in his looks. The long black hair I remembered was now brushed back in a great white wave from a brow marked by the lines of age, and the only familiar trait about his features was the thoughtful brilliance of his wonderful eyes.

I STEPPED up to him in the reception room just before he was to play and said: "Ah, Professor, how have you been all these many years since we last met?"

"Mr. Martin," he replied, "I have had joys and sorrows like the rest of mankind, but on the whole I have found more happiness than any man has a right to expect, in my companionship with Mrs. Holeman."

"Mrs. Holeman," I exclaimed. "Why, I did not know you were married."

"Let me introduce you," he replied, pointing to a large black box which I recognized as his cello case. He opened it, took out his beloved instrument with the greatest care, and I could see that there was actual reverence in the delicacy with which he lifted it, took his bow, and prepared to carry it before the assembled guests in the adjoining salon. "I call this Mrs. Holeman," he said, and it was obvious that she was too precious to him to be touched by any other hand.

The mention of musical parties reminds me of a rather petty form of snobbery which was prevalent in fashionable circles some years ago and for some little time had a certain success. It was the practice of certain hostesses who wished to become distinguished by the quality of the performances they provided for their guests at their musical receptions to get the most famous performers without paying their fees. The method they adopted resulted in a sort of double-barrelled snobbery which gratified their own snobbery in outshining their neighbors and ministered also to any snobbish pretensions with which the artists themselves might be afflicted. The hostesses offered their guests the finest playing and singing in the world; the performers were persuaded to forego their fees by the supposed advantage of meeting great people as fellow guests. An aspiring hostess was thus often enabled not only to get the finest performances for nothing, but also to gather together at her receptions people of a social standing who without such an attraction would never have entered her doors. Such hostesses therefore would invite famous singers and musicians to meet the Duchess of So and So, and intimate at the same time that it was hoped they would bring their music or their violin as the case might be.

There is a story of the last Duke of Buckingham and the famous singer Catalani which perhaps indicates the beginning of the fashion of inviting the stars of the artistic world to great houses. It is not quite a case in point however because the Duke had a great regard for Catalani's genius. (Continued on Page 204)



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THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
Author of *Beverly of Graustark*
Brewster's Millions, etc.

Illustrations by R.F. Schabelitz

RETROSPECTIVE—Prince Robin of Graustark, traveling about the world, arrives in the Catskills to visit the Truxton Kings. W. W. Blithers, self-made multimillionaire and doing father of an only daughter, Maude, prematurely decides on the Prince as a son-in-law. He knows that Graustark is financially embarrassed as a result of the Balkan wars, and with the Blithers millions in mind he confides his domestic ambition to his wife. Blithers calls at the King villa and meets the Prince. He decides to lend Graustark \$16,000,000 and departs for New York to confer with Count Quinnox, the Graustark Minister of War. Meanwhile it is decided to give a ball at Blitherwood in honor of Prince Robin. Maude does not attend the ball, and Mr. Blithers, meeting the Prince the next day, apologizes and invites him to dinner and to be his son-in-law. Maude writes her parents that she and her former governess are going abroad, she under an assumed name, and expect to book passage on the Jupiter. Coincidentally Prince Robin plans his return to Graustark, and sails under the name R. Schmidt, to avoid publicity. He meets a mysterious Miss Guile on board and is infatuated. She discovers that he is the Prince of Graustark. He wonders who she can be. Meanwhile they arrive in Paris and she disappears. The newspapers publish a denial by Miss Blithers of her engagement to Prince Robin. He gets a letter from Miss Guile inviting him to take her to his home. They motor to St. Cloud and find themselves under surveillance.

HIMMEL!" Robin was saying to himself as he followed her to the steps, "was I about to go directly against the sage advice of old Gourou? Was I so near to it as that? In another minute—Hein, but it was a close shave. She is adorable, she is the most adorable creature in the world, even though she is the daughter of old man Blithers, and I—Gad I wonder what will come of it in the end? Keep a tight grip on yourself, Bobby, or you're a goner, sure as fate."

They were painfully aware of the fact that their progress down the long verandah was made under the surveillance of two, perhaps three pairs of unwavering eyes, and because of it they looked neither to right nor left but as those who walk tight-ropes over dangerous places. There was something positively uncanny in the feeling that their every movement was being watched by secret observers. Once inside the car, Miss Guile sank back with a long sigh of relief.

"Did you feel it, too?" she asked, with a nervous little catch in her voice.

"I did," said he, passing his hand over his brow. "It was like being alone in the dark with eyes staring at one from all sides of the room."

THE car shot across the bridge and was speeding on its way toward the Bois when Robin ventured a glance behind. Through the little window in the back of the car he saw a big, swift-moving automobile not more than a quarter of a mile in their rear.

"Would you like to verify the report of my friend Gourou?" he asked, his voice quick with exhilaration. She knelt with one knee upon the seat and peered back along the road.

"There they are!" she cried. She threw the veil back over her hat as she resumed her seat in the corner. Her eyes were fairly dancing with excitement. The warm red lips were parted and she was breathing quickly. Suddenly she laid her hand over her heart as if to check its lively thumping. "Isn't it splendid? We are being pursued—actually chased by the man-hunters of Paris! Oh, I was never so excited in my life. Isn't it great?"

"It is glorious!" he cried exultantly. "Shall I tell the chauffeur to hit it up a bit? Let's make it a real chase."

"Yes, do! We'll see if we can foil them, as they say in the books. Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful if we were to—to—what do you call it? Give them the slip, isn't that it?"

"I'm game," said he, with enthusiasm. For a second or two they looked straight into each other's eyes and a message was exchanged that never could have been put into words. No doubt it was the flush of eager excitement that darkened their cheeks. In any case, it came swiftly and went as quickly, leaving them paler than before and vastly self-conscious. And after that brief, searching look they



She knelt with one knee upon the seat and peered back along the road. "Isn't it splendid? We are being pursued!"

knew that they could never be as they were before the exchange. They were no longer strangers to each other, but shy comrades and filled with a delicious sense of wonder.

ROBIN gave hurried directions through the speaking tube to the attentive footman, and so explicit were these directions that the greatest excitement prevailed upon the decorous front seat of the car. First the footman looked back along the road, then the chauffeur, after which a thrill of excitement seemed to fairly race up and down their liveried backs. The car itself took a notion to quiver with the promise of joy unrestrained. In less than a minute they were going more than a mile a minute over a short stretch of the Avenue de Longchamp. At the Porte de Hippodrome they slowed down and ran into the Bois, taking the first road to the left. In a few minutes they were scudding past Longchamp at a "fair clip" to quote R. Schmidt. Instead of diverging into the Allee de Longchamp, the car took a sharp turn into the Avenue de l'Hippodrome and, at the intersection, doubled back over the Allee de la Reine Marguerite, going almost to the Boulogne gate, where again it was sent Parisward over the Avenue de St. Cloud.

Miss Guile was in command of the flight. She called out the instructions to the driver and her knowledge of the intricate routes through the park stood them well in hand. Purposely she evaded the Cascades, circling the little pools by narrow, unfrequented roads, coming out at last to the Porte de la Muette, where they left the park and took to the Avenue Henri Martin. It was her design to avoid the customary routes to the heart of the city, and all would have gone well with them had not fate in the shape of two burly sergeants de ville intervened at a time when success seemed most certain. It was quite clear to the pursued that the car containing their followers had been

successfully eluded and was no doubt in the Champs Elysees by this time. For some time there had been a worried look in the Prince's eyes. Once he undertook to remonstrate with his fair companion.

"My dear Miss Guile, we'll land in jail if we keep up this hair-raising speed. There wouldn't be any fun in that, you know."

She gave him a scornful look. "Are you afraid, Mr. Schmidt?"

"Not on my own account," said he, "but yours. I've heard that the new regulations are extremely rigid."

"Pooh! I'm not afraid of the police. They—why, what's the matter? Oh, goodness!"

THE car had come to a somewhat abrupt stop. Two policemen, dismounted from their bicycles, formed an insurmountable obstruction. They were almost in the shadow of the Trocadero.

"Do not be alarmed," whispered Robin to the fast paling girl, into whose eyes the most abject misery had leaped at the sight of the two officers. "Leave it to me. I can fix them all right. There's nothing to be worried about—well, *sergent*, what is it?"

The polite officers came up to the window with their little note-books.

"I regret, M'sieur, that we shall be obliged to conduct yourself and Mademoiselle to the office of a magistrate. Under the new regulations set forth in the order of last May, motorists may be given a hearing at once. I regret to add that M'sieur has been exceeding the speed limit. A complaint came in but a few minutes ago from the Porte de la Muette and we have been ordered to intercept the car. You may follow us to the office of the magistrate, M'sieur. It will soon be over, Mademoiselle."

"But we can explain—" she began nervously.

The *sergent* held up his hand. "It is not necessary

to explain, Mademoiselle. Too many motorists have explained in the past but that does not restore to life the people they have killed in the pursuit of pleasure. Paris is enforcing her laws."

"But, *sergent*, I alone am to blame for any violation of the law," said Robin suavely. "Surely it is only necessary that I should accompany you to the magistrate. The young lady is in no way responsible —"

"Alas, M'sieur," said the man firmly but as if he were quite broken-hearted, "it is not for me to disobey the law, even though you may do so. It is necessary for the lady to appear before the judge, and it is our duty to convey her there. The new law explicitly says that all occupants of said car shall be subject to penalty under the law without reprieve or pardon!"

"Where are your witnesses?" demanded Robin.

The two men produced their watches and their notebooks, tapping them significantly.

"M'sieur will not think of denying that he has been running more rapidly than the law allows," said the second officer. "It will go harder with him if he should do so."

"I shall insist upon having an advocate to represent me before —"

"As you like, M'sieur," said the first officer curtly. "Proceed!" he uttered as a command to the chauffeur, and forthwith mounted his wheel. A score of people had gathered round them by this time, and Miss Guile was crouching back in her corner. Her veil was down. In single file, so to speak, they started off for the office of the nearest magistrate appointed under the new law governing automobiles. A policeman pedaled ahead of the car and another followed.

"Isn't it dreadful?" whispered Miss Guile. "What do you think they will do to us? Oh, I am so sorry, Mr. Schmidt, to have dragged you into this horrid —"

"I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world," said he so earnestly that she sat up a little straighter and caught her breath. "After all, they will do no more than impose a fine on us. A hundred francs, perhaps. That is nothing."

"I am not so sure of that," said she gloomily. "My friends were saying only yesterday that the new law provides for imprisonment as well. Paris has constructed special prisons for motorists, and people are compelled to remain in them for days and weeks at a time. Oh, I hope —"

"I'll inquire of the footman," said Robin. "He will know." The footman, whose face was very long and serious, replied through the tube that very few violators escaped confinement in the "little prisons." He also said "Mon Dieu," a half dozen times, and there was a movement of the driver's pallid lips that seemed to indicate a fervent echo.

"I shall telephone at once — to my friends," said Miss Guile, a note of anger in her voice. "They are very powerful in Paris. We shall put these miserable wretches in their proper places. They —"

"We must not forget, Miss Guile, that we were breaking the law," said Robin, who was beginning to enjoy the discomfiture of this spoiled beauty, this girl whose word was a sort of law unto itself.

"It is perfect nonsense," she declared. "We did no harm. Goodness! What is this?"

Four or five policemen on wheels passed by the car, each with a forbidding glance through the windows.

"They are the boys we left behind us," paraphrased Robin soberly. "The park policemen. They've just caught us up, and, believe me, they look serious, too. I daresay we are in for it."

In a very few minutes the procession arrived at a low, formidable looking building on a narrow side street. The cavalcade of policemen dismounted and stood at attention while Mademoiselle and Monsieur got down from the car and followed a polite person in uniform through the doors. Whereupon the group of *sergents de ville* trooped in behind, bringing with them the neatly liveried servants with the golden letter L on their cuffs.

"I believe there is a jail back there," whispered the slim culprit, a quaver in her voice. She pointed down the long, narrow corridor at the end of which loomed a rather sinister looking door with thick bolt-heads studding its surface.



"Mademoiselle," with a profound bow, "permit me to express the most unbounded regret"

An instant later they were ushered into a fair-sized room on the left of the hall, where they were commanded to sit down. A lot of chairs stood about the room, filling it to the farthest corners, while at the extreme end was the judge's bench.

"I insist on being permitted to telephone to friends — to my legal advisors —," began Miss Guile, with praiseworthy firmness, only to be silenced by the attendant, who whispered shrilly that a trial was in progress, couldn't she see?

Two dejected young men were standing before the judge, flanked by three *sergents de ville*. Robin and Miss Guile stared wide-eyed at their fellow criminals and tried to catch the low words spoken by the fat magistrate. Once more they were ordered to sit down, this time not quite so politely, and they took seats in the darkest corner of the room, as far removed from justice as possible under the circumstances.

Presently a young man approached them. He was very nice looking and astonishingly cheerful. The hopes of the twain went up with a bound. His expression was so benign, so bland that they at once jumped to the conclusion that he was coming to tell them that they were free to go, that it had all been a stupid mistake. But they were wrong. He smilingly introduced himself as an advocate connected with the court by appointment and that he would be eternally grateful to them if they would tell him what he could do for them.

"I'd like to have a word in private with the magistrate," said the Prince of Graustark eagerly.

"IMPOSSIBLE!" said the advocate, lifting his eyebrows and his smart little mustachios in an expression of extreme amazement. "It is impossible —" A sharp rapping on the judge's desk reduced the remainder of the sentence to a delicate whisper — "ible, M'sieur."

"Will you conduct me to a telephone booth?" whispered Miss Guile, tearfully.

"Pray do not weep, Mademoiselle," implored the advocate, profoundly moved, but at the same time casting a calculating eye over the luckless pair.

"Well, what's to be done?" demanded Robin. "We insist on having our own legal advisors here."

"The court will not delay the hearing, M'sieur," explained the young man. "Besides, the best legal advisor in Paris could do no more than to advise you to plead guilty. I at least can do that quite as ably as the best of them. No one ever pretends to defend a case in the automobile courts, M'sieur. It is a waste of time, and the court does not approve of wasting time. Perhaps you will feel more content if I introduce the assistant public prosecutor, who will explain the law. That is his only duty. He does not prosecute. There is no need. The *sergents* testify and that is all there is to the case."

"May I inquire what service you can be to us if the whole business is cut and dried like that?" asked Robin.

"Not so loud, M'sieur. As I said before, I can advise you in respect to your plea, and I can tell you how to present your statement to the court. I can caution you in many ways. Sometimes a prisoner, who is well rehearsed, succeeds in affecting the honorable magistrate nicely, and the punishment is not so severe."

"So you advise us to plead guilty as delicately as possible?"

"I shall not advise you, M'sieur, unless it pleases you to retain me as your counsellor. The fee is small. Ten francs. Inasmuch as

the amount is charged against you in the supplemental costs, it seems foolish not to take advantage of what you are obliged to pay for in any event. You will have to pay my fee, so you may as well permit me to be of service to you."

"My only concern is over Mademoiselle," said the Prince. "You may send me to jail if you like, if you'll only —"

"Mon Dieu! I am not the one who enjoys the distinguished honor of being permitted to send people to jail, but the judge, M'sieur."

"It is ridiculous to submit this innocent young lady to the humiliation of —"

"It is not only ridiculous but criminal," said the advocate, with a magnificent bow. "But what is one to do when it is the law? Of late, the law is peculiarly sexless. And now here is where I come in. It is I who shall instruct you — both of you, Mademoiselle — how to conduct yourselves before the magistrate. Above all things, do not attempt to contradict a single statement of the police. Admit that all they say is true, even though they say that you have run over a child or an old woman with mortal results. It will go much easier with you. Exercise the gravest politeness and deference toward the honorable magistrate and to every officer of the court. You are Americans, no doubt. The courts are prone to be severe with the Americans because they sometimes undertake to tell them how easy it is to get the right kind of justice in your wonderfully progressive United States. Are you attending? Pray do not feel sorry for the two young men who are now being led away. See! They are weeping. It is as I thought. They are going to prison for — But that is their affair, not ours. I advised them as I am advising you, but they insisted on making a statement of their case. That was fatal, for it failed in many respects to corroborate the information supplied by the police. It —"

"What was the charge against them?" whispered Miss Guile, quaking. She had watched the exit of the tearful young men, one of whom was sobbing bitterly, and a great fear possessed her.

"Of that, Mademoiselle, I am entirely ignorant, but they were unmistakably guilty of denying it, whatever it was."

"Are they going to prison?" she gasped.

"It is not that which causes them to weep so bitterly, but the knowledge (Continued on Page 206)

Elfin
By Madison Calverin

I FOUND a vale, a haunted dell,
Where, in the air, there hung a spell;
And underneath a streaming stone
A glimmering something made its moan,
Now murmuring like a faery shell
And now an elfin harp, while, blown
About the place, the wild foam fell.

I RAISED the rock that held it bound,
And lo! it turned into a sound,
That danced beside me dimly, yet
Smelling of fern and violet,
In mossy green and crystal gowned—
A silver girl of shimmering wet,
Who round my neck her cool arms wound.

UPON my eyes she kissed me thrice,
With chilly lips of rosy ice;
And with her kisses, like the foam,
My heart grew light and fain to roam
Away from all its human ties,
And so it came, I left my home
To dwell with her who never dies.



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To Every
Woman

HERE'S the daintiest
gift you ever laid your
eyes on—a whole week's supply of Marinello Face
Powder—FREE. Of course, you know of Marinello
Powder, but perhaps you have never used it, so simply
let us see how delightful it is, we will give
you enough of this exquisite powder to last you a
whole week. Daintily put up in a charming, useful
Lucky Elephant Coin Purse and Vanity Case finished
in Gold, one side of which holds \$1.50 in change—the
other contains a puff, mirror and powder. Send us
your name, address, 3 dimes and 3 two-cent stamps,
and both the case and the free Powder come to you
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ENDLESS NECKTIES Something new,
twelve ties in
one. Costs no more than old style. Man made \$70
three days. Woman made \$92 week. Write for spe-
cial agents offer: includes free tie.
Endless Necktie Mfg. Co., Dept. 17, Kansas City, Mo.

Tabs on the Famous

By Fred C. Kelly

WHEN he was a student at
Heidelberg, John Sharp Wil-
liams was regarded as having
the most robust imagination in the
student body. That truth is stranger
than fiction, however, was proved one
day at his boarding place, when the
future United States Senator chanced
to describe the kind of potatoes he
had been raised on in his native Mis-
sissippi. They were so unlike pota-
toes as the German people knew
them, that the whole proposition was
beyond belief. Yet John Sharp had
done nothing but describe the ordi-
nary sweet potato of every-day com-
merce.

Senator Lippitt of Rhode Island is
a man of wealth and owns a costly
yacht or two. Yet when he plays
golf he carries only one stick. He
could easily afford many more and
without depriving himself of any-
thing else, but he finds that golf with
more than one stick is so compli-
cated that it ceases to be a sport. He
desires to reduce the game to its
lowest common denominator.

Victor Murdock, the Bull Moose
floor leader in the House of Repre-
sentatives, says that the best advice
he ever received in regard to public
speaking was from a hack driver.
After making one of his maiden
speeches, out in Kansas, he was being
driven to the railway station by the
polite liveryman.

"Like the speech?" asked Victor.
"Yeh," answered the driver, "only
you'd get more hand claps if you'd
always put the names at the last
when you say anything."

Victor didn't understand, so the
driver explained:

"You spoke of Henry Clay and
Grant, and James G. Blaine, and then
went on to tell about what they did.
You ought to go over the things they
did, and then say: 'That's what was
done by Clay and Grant and James
G. Blaine!' Always put the names
last and the crowd'll take more in-
terest."

Representative Clarence B. Miller
of Minnesota has a peculiar hobby.
It is battlefields. Whenever he has
a day or two to spare, he packs in a
kit a couple of pairs of holeproof
socks and other accessories, and sets
out for a tramp over some battlefield.
He probably knows more about the
details of the battles of the Civil
War than any man in Congress—
even though he wasn't born until
some years after the affair at Appo-
mattox.

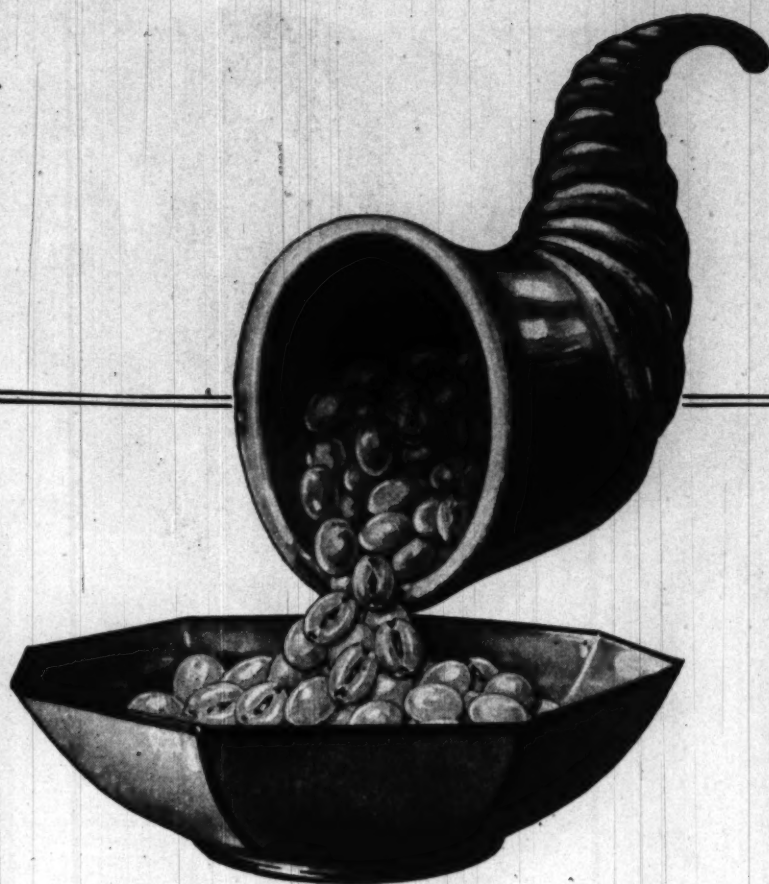
Miller has another hobby—books.
He will buy almost any book at any
time or place, and it is said that
book agents leave secret signs on his
door to denote that he is an easy
book mark.

Representative Bell of Georgia
once spent about two weeks carrying
a law case through the courts to
obtain a writ of habeas corpus to
free a man from jail down in his
county. When he finally got the writ,
after much difficulty, and handed it
to the sheriff, the latter took one
look and then remarked disgustedly:
"Huh! That feller broke out o' here
a month ago and I ain't seen him
since."

Senator Works of California is
fond of horseback riding, but rarely
humors his hobby in Washington. A
friend asked him why.

"Oh, I don't feel like going to the
expense of bringing my horse clear
on from California," replied Works,
"and I don't want to buy another."
"But why not hire a horse when
you want one?"

"Why, there's no sport in riding
a horse unless you own him. I'd
just as soon hire a dog to go walking
with."



The Horn of Plenty

In a Child's Idea

Flows Puffed Grains Nowadays

When children grow up their idea of plenty may be heaps of gold. But now they only dream an abundance of what they like best. And that, with countless children, is Puffed Wheat or Rice. Every such child should have it.

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For these are scientific foods.

Every granule has been exploded. Every element is made available as food.

Such things can't be done by any process save Prof. Anderson's. So, as whole grains made wholly digestible, these foods are unique.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
CORN PUFFS 15c
Except in Extreme West

Every month we tell you here the delights of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. We picture the grains in actual size—which is eight times the size of raw grains.

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But no words or pictures can do justice to Puffed Grains. Whatever you expect, the first taste will surprise you. You'll say we never told you how good these morsels are.

Won't you let the grains themselves tell their story to you? Get a package of each and compare them. Each has a distinct fascination.

Do this today. You've missed them long enough.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(643)

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The autumn of life is man's glorious season. In every department of human effort, where mind and experience count, age is master. But the thinning blood of age must have a food with the maximum of power to produce energy. Such a food is

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Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry. 1 oz. of pure

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Black Flag Insect Powder chases bugs

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Comedies and Tragedies of Snobbery

(Continued from Page 200)

and asked her and her husband to stay at Stowe without any thought of exploiting the diva. He thought that she might like to spend a week at that famous house, while he and his guests would certainly appreciate any music that she felt inclined to give them.

Catalani and her husband accordingly joined the house party at Stowe, and she was occasionally asked to sing, which she did with all apparent willingness; and of course she delighted the Duke and his guests. The visit passed with all prosperity and very pleasantly for everyone. When the morning came for Catalani and her husband to go and the carriage was at the door, her husband took the Duke aside and put a little note into his hand. Opening it the Duke read as follows:

"For seven songs by Mme. Catalani, £700."

The Duke showed no surprise, but went into his study and at once wrote a cheque for the amount and said good-bye to his guests with all the cordiality in the world.

Attempts at getting the finest singers to give their performances for nothing had a success for a time in certain circles in England twenty or thirty years ago. But the singers at last got wary; they would accept the invitations, but refuse to perform, and this way of resisting a mean encroachment on their incomes is embalmed in an old story which may bear repetition.

A famous pianist, a foreigner of rather nondescript appearance but of fine physique and with the conventional long hair of his profession, was asked to dinner by an aspiring hostess who had invited a large number of important guests to hear him play. As soon as the company had assembled in the drawing-room after dinner the hostess said to him: "We thought, Professor, you would like to try the new Broadwood."

"No, ladies," was the reply, "I will break de poker on my arm; I will put de candle in my mouth widout putting him out. But I cannot blay de biano after dinner."

BUT I am wandering from the subject—the effect of social ambition upon different natures. I think I was never so struck with its power to warp the best feelings of humanity as when a year or two ago I heard the following story from a leading physician in Berlin.

This doctor numbered among his friends an American married couple with an only daughter, a girl to whom they were devoted and whose welfare, especially her social advancement, was their chief care. They had set their hearts upon having the girl presented at Court, and for a long time had been doing all in their power to secure what they considered a social triumph for her. After great efforts they had at last got the necessary formalities completed, the dresses made, and were looking forward to the great day, when the father was taken suddenly and seriously ill.

Their friend the physician was at once called in. He made no secret of the serious nature of the attack, and at once told his patient that he would have to take great care of himself if he was to recover. Above all, he must be careful to follow his instructions. The wife was present, and at once joined in at the consultation.

"O yes, Charles," she exclaimed in very imperative tones, "you must do everything the doctor tells you. It would be a most terrible thing to have you die before the presentation comes off. You know how important it is to your daughter."

Dining in Paris one spring I met a number of my fellow countrymen and countrywomen from Chicago. Among these was an elderly lady who had an only daughter. A short time before this girl had made a very advantageous match, and with her husband had come to Paris and taken their places among the American colony.

I met the mother a little later and was much distressed to hear from her that since I had last seen her her daughter's husband had been taken ill and had died. It was not long before I met the young widow, and could not resist offering her my condolence on her bereavement.

"I am so sorry," I said, "to hear of your great trouble since we last met."

She looked up with a dreary and rather bored expression as she replied, "O—Yes—Yes. Poor man, he is gone. But you know, he had a stroke. It is really far better that he went. If he had lived he could never have been anything but a drivelling idiot."



Your Baby May Get Consumption From Cow's Milk!

The British Royal Commission spent ten years studying this thing, and has warned the world that babies can get consumption from the milk of a tubercular cow.

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There is a safe way. If you cannot nurse your baby, give him the best and safest substitute—the one that does not need the addition of cow's milk.

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From cows that have passed every rigid test for health, the milk is taken fresh and unhandled. All that part of cow's milk that is meant for the calf's four stomachs is modified. All the special baby needs are added.

And there you have "NESTLÉ'S" in the airtight box—"NESTLÉ'S" that has brought joy to mothers in every land, for forty-five years. You add water, boil, and give your baby a Food so light, so clean, so pure that the little one must grow fat and strong.

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She can end that Corn

End it in two days.

Blue-jay would stop the pain the moment she applied it. Then it would gently loosen the corn. In 48 hours, the whole corn would lift out, without any pain or soreness.

Blue-jay, each month, ends a million corns in that way. No hard corn can resist it. Since this invention it is utterly needless to suffer from a corn.

Yet thousands of people still pare corns, or use some old-time treatment. They simply coddle corns, and every little while they become unendurable.

Try this scientific way.

See how Blue-jay stops the pain. See how it undermines the corn. And see, in two days, how that corn forever disappears.

After that, so long as you live, you will never let corns bother you.

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Thousands of people suffer from eye troubles because they do not know what to do. They know some good home remedy for every other minor ailment, but none for their eye troubles. They neglect their eyes because the trouble is not sufficient to drive them to an eye specialist, who would, anyway, charge them a heavy fee. As a last resort they go to an optician or to the five and ten-cent store, and oftentimes get glasses that they do not need, or which, after being used two or three months, do their eyes more injury than good. Here is a simple prescription that everyone should use.

5 grains Optona (1 tablet).
2 ounces water.

Use three or four times a day to bathe the eyes. This prescription and the simple Optona system keeps the eyes clean, sharpens the vision and quickly overcomes inflammation and irritation; weak, watery, overworked, tired eyes and other similar troubles are greatly benefited and oftentimes cured by its use. Many reports show that wearers of glasses have discarded them after a few weeks' use. It is good for the eyes and contains no ingredient which would injure the most sensitive eyes of an infant or the aged. Any druggist can fill this prescription very easily. Try it and know for once what real eye comfort is.

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I was horrified, and struck dumb for a moment by one of those shocks we receive from time to time in that great social world we are apt to think so much of and by which we are often reminded of its hollowness. What a fate, and what an end for the life companion of this young woman who had striven with success that she might want for nothing, and whose very efforts in her behalf were the cause of his premature death.

There is a similar flavor of heartlessness in another story I heard from my friend Miss Robbins. She had been engaged a short time before to dine with a very dear friend. But on the eve of the dinner she heard of the serious illness of her own sister in Baltimore, and she called up her friend to tell her that the cable said her sister was desperately ill, that they were about to operate upon her with little hope of success, and that of course she, Miss Robbins, must give up her engagement for that night.

Her friend gave expression over the telephone to what was almost a shriek of despair. "What on earth am I to do?" she exclaimed. "You will break up the whole party. Can't you make an effort to come? After all, your sister may not die tonight!"

Overcome by this revelation of her friend's worldliness Miss Robbins, as she told me, realized the power of the world of fashion and of social ambition to turn the head and harden the heart of one who had entered it as a really amiable woman. Her story reminded me of a similar experience and I told her how I was once at a luncheon party where we were all waiting for one of the guests, a charming young woman of the inner set of New York society, but who had been somewhat spoiled as a girl by the petting of her family. The petting had been continued by the man she married, but her little peculiarities were well understood and allowances were made for her on account of her many good qualities. Our hostess, however, having waited for twenty minutes was rather annoyed, and she at last determined to wait no longer. We were just sitting down accordingly when the late comer was at last announced.

"O, you must excuse me for being so late," she exclaimed, "but I have been to the most lovely funeral I have ever seen in my life. All the very smartest people there and who should sit next to me but Eliza Williams. And dear, she gave me such nudges as people came in that she nearly knocked me off my seat. I was afraid others might see it. But it was such fun and for a time we both forgot the corpse and why we were there."

We all could not help ourselves and the whole table broke into a roar of laughter. It was the most cheerful account of a funeral any of us had ever heard.

I HAVE often been struck by the analogy which seems to exist between the socially ambitious climbing with difficulty from one social plane to another, and the explorer making his way through morass, jungle, and forest to attain the height of some great range of mountains in the wilderness. Others again are born in the serene air and need never be exposed to the dangers below unless they seek them by descending. The morally great among these remain always on the heights and welcome the traveler from below who has kept his eyes and his aspirations fixed upon the peak. The morally small are those who descend and instead of helping those aspiring to leave the swamp stretch out their hands only to thrust them back into it. For these there is no excuse. They themselves are free from the temptation to snobbery, and it is a crude selfishness and a natural malevolence which alone enable them to become snobs. But they are the most hopeless snobs of all. Such a snob I think was that Duke of Grafton who twitted Lord Chancellor Thurlow in the house of peers with his lowly origin. Thackeray himself was the victim of another.

The great writer once gave a dinner to three or four men all of literary tastes, and one of whom was a recently created peer. Thackeray had produced a couple of bottles of a very choice Madeira and they had come to the end of the second bottle and there was but a single glass in the decanter. The new peer being the senior of the party, as well as the highest in rank, Thackeray in the kindest possible way filled his glass with the Madeira and patting his shoulder remarked:

"There, my dear old boy, drink that."

"I'm not your dear boy, and I'm not old, and damn your wine," replied his lordship.

That peer's lineage was old though his title was young. But I do think he must have been born a snob, and it is most



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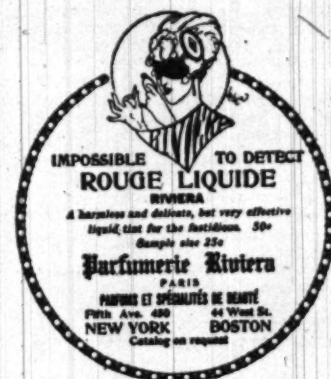
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likely he died a snob. But we must not be intolerant. He was known as a man of irascible temper, and we will hope that he made amends to Thackeray when his temper cooled. There is another story of his hot temper which is more amusing. Despite his distinguished birth, he was of quite plebeian appearance and was once waiting in the vestibule of the opera, in the crush which always takes place after the performance, for an opportunity to find his carriage. Some other man in the same predicament took him for the boxkeeper and told him to call "Mr. H's carriage." Without a word the peer walked down the steps of the portico and called loudly for Mr. H's carriage. The coachman at length drove up, and the peer turned and shouted in the well-known formula, "Mr. H's carriage blocks the way." He then ran up the steps and addressing Mr. H said: "I've found your carriage, now perhaps you'll find mine. I'm Lord D."

One of the Earls Fitzwilliam was once riding with his grandson who later succeeded to the earldom, but was then a little boy, when they passed a small farmer, who raised his hat. The grandfather rode on for nearly a mile talking with the boy on various subjects. The old peer then suddenly stopped and remarked:

"You remember passing that farmer at the top of the hill?"
"Yes," said the boy.

The Prince of Graustark

(Continued from Page 202)

that their names are to be posted on the bulletin boards in the Place de l'Opera, the Place de la Concorde, the —

"Good Lord!" gasped Robin. "Is that being done?"

"It is M'sieur, and the effect is marvelous. Three months ago the boards were filled with illustrious names; to-day there are but few to be found upon them. Come," he said, and he did not whisper, "let us be as expeditious as possible. Approach the court. It is —"

"See here," said Robin savagely, "this is too damned high-handed. Are we to have no chance to defend ourselves? We —"

"Just as you please, M'sieur," interrupted the prosecutor patiently. "It is nothing to me. I receive my fee in any event. If you care to defy the law in addition to what you have already done, it is not for me to object."

"Well, I insist on having —"

A thunderous pounding on the bench interrupted his hot-headed speech.

"Attend!" came in a sharp, uncompromising voice from the bench. "What is the delay? This is no time to think. All that should have been done before. Step forward! Sergeant, see that the prisoners step forward."

Robin slipped his arm through Miss Guile's, expecting her to droop heavily upon it for support. To his surprise she drew herself up, disengaged herself, and walked straight up to the bench, without fear or hesitation.

"Will you be so kind as to raise your veil, Madam?" spake the court.

She promptly obeyed. He leaned forward with sudden interest. The prosecutor blinked and abruptly overcame the habitual inclination to appear bored. Such ravishing beauty had never before found its way into that little court-room. Adjacent mustaches were fingered somewhat convulsively by several sergeants de ville.

"Ahem!" said the court, managing with some difficulty to regain his judicial form. "I am compelled by law, Mademoiselle, to warn you before you are placed under oath that the lowest penalty for giving a false name in answer to the charge to be brought against you is imprisonment for not less than sixty days. I repeat this warning to you, young man. Be sworn, if you please."

Robin experienced a queer sense of exultation, not at all lessened by the knowledge that he would be forced to reveal his own identity. Would she call herself Bedelia Guile or would she —

"State your name, Mademoiselle," said the prosecutor.

CHAPTER XVI. THREE MESSAGES.

MISS GUILLE lowered her head for an instant. Robin could see that her lip was quivering. A vast pity for her took possession of him and he was ashamed of what he now regarded as unexampled meanness of spirit on his own part. She lifted her shamed, pleading eyes to search his, as if expecting to find succor in their fearless depths. She found them gleaming with indignation,

"Did you raise your hat as he spoke to us?"

"No."

"Then just ride back and beg his pardon. I'll wait for you here."

SUCH stories indeed seem to me more instructive than those which record the doings of the snobs themselves. It is quite as easy and certainly more pleasant to note what a snob is not and then by a reasoning backward to arrive at a pretty good idea of what a snob is. There is another story which concerns a man in a lowly rank of life but of whom it is safe to say that he could never have been a snob in whatever station he had been born. It was first related by Mr. Roebuck, a well-known and respected politician of the Victorian period, and has often been quoted in the periodical discussions which take place in the British press as to the proper definition of a gentleman. But I make no apology for repeating it.

Mr. Roebuck met an old laborer at his work in the country on the very morning that England heard of the death of the Duke of Wellington. He stopped to pass a few words with the old man. "I don't know whether you've heard the news this morning," he said. "No, Sir." "The Duke of Wellington is dead." "I'm very sorry, Sir," replied the old man, his first thought a feeling of pity for the death of a fellow creature, "But who was he?"

suddenly aroused, and was instantly apprehensive. There was a look in those eyes of his that seemed prophetic of dire results unless she checked the words that were rising to his lips. She shook her head quickly and, laying a hand upon his arm, turned to the waiting magistrate.

"My name is — Oh, is there no way to avoid the publicity —" she sighed miserably — "the publicity that —"

"I regret, Mademoiselle, that there is no alternative —" began the judge, to be interrupted by the banging of the court-room door. He looked up, glaring at the offender with ominous eyes. The polite attendant from the outer corridor was advancing in great haste. He was not only in haste but vastly perturbed.

Despite the profound whack of the magistrate's paper weight on the hollow top of the desk and the withering scowl that went with it, the attendant rushed forward, forgetting his manners, his habits and his power of speech in one complete surrender to nature. He thrust into the hand of the judge a slip of paper, at the same time gasping something that might have been mistaken for an appeal for pardon but which more than likely was nothing of the sort.

"What is this?" demanded the judge ferociously.

"Mon Dieu!" replied the attendant, rolling his eyes heavenward.

The magistrate was impressed. He took up the slip of paper and read what was written thereon. Then he was guilty of a start. The next instant he had the prosecutor up beside him and then the advocate. Together they read the message from the outside and together they lifted three pairs of incredulous eyes to stare at the culprits below.

Robin bent close to Bedelia's ear and whispered: "We must have killed some one, the way they are acting."

Her face was glowing with triumph. "No. Luck is with us, Mr. Schmidt. You'll see!"

The magistrate cleared his throat and beamed upon them in a most friendly fashion.

Robin grasped the situation in a flash. His own identity had been revealed to the judge. It was not likely that the daughter of William Blithers could create such lively interest in a French court of justice, so it must be that Gourou or Quinnox had come to the rescue. The court would not think of fining a prince of the royal blood, law or no law!

"M'sieur, Mademoiselle, will you be so good as to resume your seats? An extraordinary condition has arisen. I shall be obliged to investigate. The trial must be interrupted for a few minutes. Pardon the delay. I shall return as quickly as possible. Sergeant! See that Mademoiselle and M'sieur are made comfortable."

He descended from the bench and hurried into the corridor, followed closely by the prosecutor and the advocate, both of whom almost trod on his heels. This may have been due to the fact that they were slighter men and more sprightly, but more than likely it was because they



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were unable to see where they were going for the obvious reason that they were not looking in that direction at all.

Policemen and attendants, mystified but impressed, set about to make the culprits comfortable. They hustled at least a half dozen roomy chairs out of an adjoining chamber; they procured palm-leaf fans and even proffered the improbable ice-water!—after which they betook themselves to a remote corner and whispered excitedly at each other, all the while regarding the two prisoners with intense interest.

"I fancy my friends have heard of our plight, Mr. Schmidt," she said, quite composedly. "We will be released in a very few minutes."

He smiled complacently. He could afford to let her believe that her friends and not his were performing a miracle. "Your friends must be very powerful," he said.

"They are," said she with considerable directness.

"Still, we are not out of the scrape yet, Miss Guile," he remarked, shaking his head. "It may be a flash in the pan."

His hand fell upon hers as it rested on the arm of the chair. They were in the shadows. She looked up quickly and their eyes met. After a moment hers fell, and she gently withdrew her hand from its place of bondage. "We are pals, Bedelia," he went on softly. "Pals never go back on each other. They sink or swim together, and they never stop to inquire the reason why. When it comes to a pinch, one or the other will sacrifice himself that his pal may be saved. I—"

"Please do not say anything more," she said, her eyes strangely serious and her voice vibrant with emotion. "Please!"

"I have a confession to make to you," he began, leaning still closer. "You have taken me on faith. You do not know who or what I am. I—"

SHE held up her hand, an engaging frown in her eyes. "Stop! This is no place for confessions. I will not listen to you. Save your confessions for the magistrate. Tell him the truth, Mr. Schmidt. I am content to wait."

He stared for an instant, perplexed. "See here, Miss Guile,—Bedelia,—I've just got to tell you something that—"

"You may tell me at Interlaken," she interrupted, and she was now quite visibly agitated.

"At Interlaken? Then you mean to carry out your plan to spend—"

"Sh! Here they come. Now we shall see."

The magistrate and his companions re-entered the room at that instant, more noticeably excited than when they left it. The former, rubbing his hands together and smiling as he had never smiled before, approached the pair. It did not occur to him to resent the fact that they remained seated in his august presence.

"A lamentable mistake has been made," he said. "I regret that M'sieur and Mademoiselle have been subjected to so grave an indignity. Permit me to apologize for the misguided energy of our excellent sergeants. They—"

"But we were exceeding the speed limit," said Robin comfortably, now that the danger was past. "The officers were acting within their rights."

"I know, I know," exclaimed the Magistrate. "They are splendid fellows, all of them, and I beg of you to overlook their unfortunate — er — zealousness. Permit me to add that you are not guilty — I should say, that you are honorably discharged by this humble court. But wait! The sergeants shall also apologize. Here! Attend. It devolves upon you —"

"Oh, I beg of you —" began Robin, but already the policemen, who had been listening open-mouthed to the agitated prosecutor, were bowing and scraping and muttering their apologies for enforcing a cruel and unjust law.

"And we are not obliged to give our names, M'sieur le juge!" cried Miss Guile gladly.

"Mademoiselle," said he, with a profound bow, "it is not necessary to acquaint me with something I already know. Permit me to again express the most unbounded regret that —"

"Oh, thank you," she cried. "We have had a really delightful experience. You owe us no apology, M'sieur. And now, may we depart?"

"Instantly! LaChance, conduct M'sieur and Mademoiselle into the fresh sweet open air and discover their car for them without delay. Sergeants, remain behind. Let there be nothing to indicate that there has been detention. Mademoiselle, you have been merely making a philanthropic visit to our prison. There has been no arrest."

(Continued in our next issue.)

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